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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
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The Professor in his Labor-tory.

PROFESSOR JULIUS CESAR HANNIBAL

OF THE

NEW YORK PICAYUNE.

BLACK DIAMONDS;

OR,

Humor, Satire, and Sentiment,

TREATED SCIENTIFICALLY

BY

PROFESSOR JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL.

IN

A SERIES OF BURLESQUE LECTURES,

DARKLY COLORED.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN "THE NEW YORK PICAYUNE."

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TO MY FRIEND,

LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK,

EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,

Who is among the first to discover, appreciate and applaud
Genuine Humor,

This Volume is Respectfully Dedicated, by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The old excuse, the "earnest solicitation of friends" to have the Lectures of Professor Hannibal preserved in permanent form for future laughter, might be plead in extenuation for daring to inflict them upon the public in book form. But the author does not wish to avail himself of such excuse, and at once frankly confesses that the reason for thus collating them was, that he might sell them, and that the proceeds might be devoted to the novel purpose of supporting his family.

The Lectures may be found very unequal in point of merit (if they have any), but let it be remembered that they were written upon a bed of pain, when the brain was slow to work, and the muscles had *struck* all together. When the simplest movement was intense agony; when night brought with it no sleep, and the remedies of the physician insignificant relief. In all of the Lectures, however, the author has attempted hits at the prevailing follies of the time, and to draw a moral therefrom; and if some of the itinerant lecturers of the day should find themselves satirized, none will stop to weep.

> "A little nonsense now and then,
> Is relished by the wisest men."

If this be true, he may hope to brush away the cobwebs of care from the brow of the most learned, and carry smiles into the homes of all classes. If they are found to lighten the heart of the burden of life, and drive dull care from the weary, it is all that can be expected by

THE AUTHOR.

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Professor before his audience.

INTRODUCTION.

LECTURE I.

FELLER SITIZANS:

I HAB come, as you all know, from 'way down in Ole Warginna, whar I studded edicashun and siance all for mysef, to gib a corse of lectures on siance gineraly, an events promiscuously, as dey from time to time occur. De lettter ob invite I receibed from de komitee from dis unlitened city, was as full ob flattery as a gemman ob my great desernment, edication, definement, and research could wish.

I 'greed to deliber my fust discourse dis ebening, but de fattig ob trablin in de kars hab jolted all de ideas out ob me, notwistandin' de kornductors was bery sibil to me, an mity perlite to Sister Bartolemew, who trabeled under my 'tection all de way. Dey gib us fuss rate kar, an on de teamboat dey gib us fuss rate bed—sep'rate, ob korse.

What you all snikerin 'bout?—don't you noe dat to laff rite out in meetin am wulgar? but I spose you don't noe no better. It am all owin to de brougtens up of de chile. You got nobody dat noes notin to tell you notin.

You will find de words o' my text in de lass claws ob de ninety-furst chapter of de Pilgrim's Progress, whar it says—

An' Simon said unto Peter, Let not dy conscience be made ob injin rubber, lest it struch dy sole into dat lake which burns wid fier an' brimstone, kian pepper an' assefedity.

You must not spose, in de fust place, dat de Simon an' Peter 'luded to in de text was de Simon an' Peter wat libed in de time when Jerusa-lam was a little willage, an' when de possle Noah wore swaddlin clothes, kase it wasn't he at all. It was Simon Smock talkin' to he son Peter, when he lebe he fadder's manshun, in Tater-pelin alley, one mornin' on a carryin' in wood speckilation. Now Pete was a bad feller, an' would lie, and take tings 'casionally wich didn't 'long to him, an' de same 'wich may 'ply to you all, derefor I warn you get de tex by hart.

Dere am a grate many men in dis comunity dat hab injin rubber consciences, an' de most prominent ob de class am considered de lawyer—next de showman, and den de doctorman. De lawyer's conscience will 'low him to struch it furder dan de rest, an' some ob dem hab nearly broke it in too by continual stretchin. One ob dese days, snap it will *go*, and den good Mr. Lawyerman, 'way he go to de lake dat burn wid all dem 'grediances 'splained in de text. Dis lake, my fritened hearers, must be a mighty big one to hold all de lawyers, if nobody else in de world but lawyers go dere, kase dere am seberal lawyers to ebery inhabitant troughout de State. Whar dis lake am sitewated am a puzzler to me, an' all succeeding stronimers dat hab libed afore my time. But I find, by what I can glean, arter burnin' seberal quantities of midnight oil in deep and laborus resarch, dat it must be nie de gulf whar de walcanoes mountanes am, else whar de debel do de walcanoes get up sich a fire from? Why, de cat-a-kize sez dat de 'rumptions ob Mount Wociferous can be heard fur seberal days, fur several miles off, previus before de fire fly, an' previously arterwards. Now, do you wish to noe, you poor trembling sinners, wat noise dat am dats heard 'seeding from de mount? Well, I'll tell yer. It am de grones, de lamonta-

shuns, and de smashing ob teeth ob de wicked peoples who hab let their consciences struch like injin rubber.

Dis lake, my friends, am sebrel hundred miles in sarcumference, an' 'bout half dat distance round de edges. It am a hundred miles perpendicularly measured, an' no bottom hab been found to it yet, dat we nose on. De Rochester knockin' spirits didn't come from dis place, else we find out all 'bout it. Dere was some wicked sailors got so nie to de top of de mountain where de 'ruption comes from once, dat next day dey found demseffs broke out wid a 'ruption all ober dere bodies, which de dockter struched him conscience 'fishently to pronounce de measels, and he condemd the whole proceedings as bein' *rash*. Dis drefull place am for bad colored man, as well as bad wite man, an' no matter how much you 'spize de moon-truck tribe on dis eart, you got to mix up wid dem in dat warm climate, an' no doubt many in dis extremely southern climate will be found to hab *northern* principles. An' ole Simon noein dis fact, he spake out to de boy Pete to warn him from de greezy road ob sin, and pint him out de rite paff to kingdom cum.

An' now, let me tell you dat a man who possesses an injin rubber conscience, and libs only to skin him brudder out ob him eye teeth, can neber be happy in dis world nor in enny oder country; his sinful follies will fall on him own head, like a slege hammer on a carpet tack, and sooner or later he get smashed, like rotten egg in egg nog time. De more you tuist and turn dis fac, de bigger it git, gis like snow-ball.

While Brudder 'Rastus Putts passes round de hat, de congregashun will please sing de useal Ducksholiday to de same good ole tune.

LECTURE II.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT DISTURBANCE.

My B'lubbed Lams:

I is almoss 'shamed ob myseff for 'pearin' afore you in de shape ob de 'pology; but I better 'pear in dat shape dan in the shape of Satin. De fack am, I am so cornfounded and cornfused sens New Year's day, dat I don't noe wedder my hed am a bee hive or a saw mill, for I hear one minnet de bees in one ear, an' de nex I hear a saw mill in de odder, an' I ain't been able to git up a ginewine lectur dis time. I'll tell you how all dis happen. I made frequent calls on New Year's day, as moss of ob you noe, an' I was berry 'tickler not to 'tempt to karry more den my strength would 'low, kase I seed at ebbery corner men wid bildin' terials in dere hat, so I keep my top eye open. Well, in de ebenin' I met de kummitty dat presented me wid my new year's, at Anty Clawson's seller, as 'prebeously before 'greed 'pon, and dey gub me de trowsers an' seckon'-han' boots, an' de ober-cote an' Hungagarian's hat, as I 'luded to you lass week, an' arter de spechefyin' we had a little colission ob clam soup an' hot stuff. Well, de hot stuff was berry nice an' sweet, an' I foun' out arterwards mitey strong, an' by de time I drink a pint, my hed snap an' crack like a country tavern's swingin' sine in a nor'-easter, an' den I felt in a perfec state ob happiness. Arter a little I rose to go hum to my wartus bed, but Brudder Libberlip an' Anty Clawson seduced me to stay all nite, kase you all noe it war a berry

bad nite for peeple ob my age to be out. Well, I went to bed dar, an' got asleep, but it didn't lass long, for de fust ting I node I hear a feller singin' to Mary dat lib up stares I speck, dat he war a settin' on the style whar dey set side by side. By golly, tinks I, you got a cold burth ef you set dar long, an' it wasn't a minnet afore de same feller assured me dat he wouldn't go hum till mornin'—till daylite did appear. Well den, sez I, stay out; who de doose cars? oney don't bodder me. Agin I dosed, when sum young bloods come to de winder, and brag'd 'bout dere bettin dere money on a bobtail nag, an' dat sum body bet on de gray. I node it wasn't me dat bet on de gray, kase I nebber hab money 'nuff to bet, an' I dont noe nofin 'bout hoss racin', an' I was gwane to git up to tell dem so, when I hear a woice cross de treet 'nounce, in a loud key, dat Ole Dan Tucker had come to town, an' was a walkin' de treets 'round. Well, dat make me mad, to tink a pusson muss be woke up in de nite time to be told dat Dan Tucker cum to town, when we'd all seen it in de Herald in de mornin', if Daniel was worth noticin'. I was gis gwyne to trow my boot at him, when some kuller'd man near by kummenced beggin' people to carry him along. He wanted to be carried "down to de berryin' groûn'," an' tole he massa not to cry. Dat made me feel bad, till I hear de same feller tell his Susanna dat he cum all de way from Alabama wid a banjo on his nee, an' beg her not to cry for him. I was wrothy den. I felt boun' to get up an' lam dat chap; but my 'tention was 'rested by a chap rite by de winder, tellin' me in a cornfedenshul tone dat Nelly was a lady, but dat she died the night afore, an' he wanted all de bells toled for he dark Wargina bride, an' he had just poured his sorrow in my ear when a paterotic young Dutchman, 'bout two houses off, 'formed de sleepin' world dat de star-spangled bang-danger did wabe

ober de hum of the grabe. Well, den, I tink ebbery body must go mad, an' I turned ober to try go to sleep, when a party ob 'bout a duzen cum rite in front ob de dore, an' sung out togedder, "Wake up, Mose, de fire am burnin' roun' de corner; de ingine comin." Oh, tinks I, dey hab mistook de house; so I got up an' opened de dore, an' stuck my hed up, an' tole dem to go long wid dere noise, dat Mose didn't lib dar, an' dat it muss be in the nex treet. Well, wood you b'lebe it, as soon as dey see me, one feller holler'd, "Hillo! here's ole Julius Ceaser Hannabel. Let's crown him King of de Darkeys," an' dey went to to the curb stone an picked up a barrel dat was a sittin' dar haff full ob ashes, an' put it rite ober my head. I holler'd "Murder" an' "Fire," but my hed bein in the barrel, nobody hear me but Anty Clawson, who got up an' exagerated me from my perulus siterwashun, ob bein smudder'd in de ashes. When I cum'd out I felt bad; my eyes, nose, an' mouf was full, an' when I blow'd em out, an' dey got so I cood see, dere stood Anty Clawson in her nite gown, an' dere was I wid oney my linin to cubber me. I felt mity streeked an' dusty, but I shook off de moss ob it, an' went to bed. When I fust looked out ob de cellar, to tell the lofers to go 'way, I seed a poleeceman on de corner, but as soon as he seed a row he skulked down a airy till it was all ober. Well, den I git a little nap, an' when I wake up I found I hadn't sleep'd none all nite, an' my hed felt as big as a new recruit on his fuss parade day; an' I aint got clar ober it yet. Some ob my 'ponents want to try to 'sinewate dat I was drunk; but de fuss brudder or sister dat 'siniwate dat fack will get red out ob de meetin'. I do b'lebe dere was eder rum or camfene in dat hot stuff, or sumfin else dat make your hed feel as if it was a hangin' by de hair unconnected wid de shoulders altogedder.

De moral of my discord to-nite will be found in de lass claws. Don't drink much hot stuff, ef it be eber so sweet.

I hope my 'pology am 'scepted, an' nex week I'll perpetrate somefin' dat'll be a libin' monument to de siantifick institute.

De collecshun dis ebenin' will be for cole an' lites, and for to bye your poorly surported lecturer anudder shurt, kase de nasty ashes spile de only one I had.

Brudder Gustus Arlington Snubs will please pass roun' de sasser, an' be careful to gib back no change.

LECTURE III.

WOOLLY.

My Steem'd Fren's:

Habin' sumwat 'cubberd from de 'fecks ob dat hot stuff dat de kommitte made for me at Anty Clawson's on New Year's nite, and also likewise from de 'fecks ob de ash barrel dat de rowdies put on my hed, I begin my lecturs on siantific subjecks, an' de fuss ting I shall call your 'tention am to de beaufull cretur none as

DE SHEEP.

De lubly anamile spoken ob in de tex am konsidered won ob de moss inosent an' abused fellers seen in de spellin' book. He am a full bluded wully hed, an' allers sticks to he party. In fack, you seldom see dem separated de one from de odder, for de poet sez dat—

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"Sheeps ob a wool
All flock to one skool."

An' dat's a fack, for I nebber seed eny class ob de kommunity stick togedder so klose as dese fellers, not eben de Quackers or de Jews, an' dey allers follow dere leeders wid de same blind dewotion dat de polytishuns do dere different leeders, an' to 'splain dis 'kuliarity, I'll tell you leetle anickdote dat happen'd to ockur to me long time ago. One day, when I was younger den I am now, an' lib'd on my good ole massa's plantashun, afore de great lebler Deff kum 'long an' karrid him off to de berrin' ground. I war a gwane to hoe korn in de feeld, an' I trow'd my hoe ober my sholder, an' started. In gettin' to de korn feeld I had to cross a paster lot whar a hole flock ob sheep war a grazin'. When I jumped ober de fence dey set up a terable blattin', dat sound like a kamp meetin', an' dey all run to de odder side ob de lot, jis whar I war a gwane. Well, de sun had got up a good while afore brexfuss dat mornin', an' he make my shadder on de groun' look twice as big as me, an' my hoe handel's shadder look long as a well sweep. Well, when dese foolish sheep seed me a kumin' towards 'em, de ole he ram rushed pass'd me, an' when he kum to de shadder ob de hoe handel he jumped four feet high to get ober it, an' ef ebery sheep in de hole flock warn't fool enuf to do de same ting, I hope I may neber hab my sallery raised to a libin' pint. I laff'd tull I swet like race hoss to see de sheep jump, and den I tort dat dar am odder fools in dis world 'sides dem, dat mistake de shadder for de substance, ebery day.

De oldest ram am ginerly de leader ob de flock, an' he allers look in de face like a man newly shabed and powdered. You will noe Mr. Ram by his horn: aldo, he cannot conwenantly blow it. He wares it more for ornament den use.

He moss allers hab too, an' dey am sitewated on de hed, jis like dey am on a good many odder sheeps' heds, found 'mong mankind. Sumtimes de ole ram gits in a fite wid anudder ole he feller, an' den he uses his horns to sum purpose, a buttin' his antygonist. Dar horns am allers as crooked as a sute at law, an' sumtimes it happen dat dey git so dubble an' tribley corkscrewed togedder dat it take dem a hole day to get out ob tangle.

Notwidstanin' de sheeps am sich a inosent set ob creturs, dey am one ob de moss useful to be foun' in de hole book, an' aldo dey don't noe much, what, I ax you, kood we 'speck from a sheep's hed? Dey ain't ob much use while libin', 'ceptin for dar wool, which am used to make flannel shirts for de African childern on de kost ob Siberia, an' dey am more lucky den moss odder people, kase dey only git fleeced once a year, while I an' meny odders git fleeced ebery day.

De lam am de puttyest kind ob sheep, an' eberybody lub to see dem play, as ef dey war kittens on de grass. In anshunt times, afore de City Hall was bilt, dey used to offer dese lams as a sacrifice 'mong de hedens; an' ef we am to belibe de butchers, lam am offer'd at de same rates now. De sheep, like de poet, de hog, an' de foolosefer, am more appreciated arter dey are ded den while in a libin' state, kase den dey am konwerted into sheep, lam, an' mutton. Dis latter dish am seldom foun' in boredin houses, kase de lanladies allers call it lam, if it am as ole an' rank as ded dog.

Dere am no use ob my gibin' you a 'skription ob de sheep, kase you all noe him like a book. De only ting I will 'fur to am his tail, which am ob no more use to him den a pump handle. He don't need one, an' darfer he neglects it, an' dar it hangs down like a penny candel. History sez, dat sum ob dar tails in warm klymates grow so big an'

fat dat de shipperd hab to bild a little wagon to karry it in, which am, ob korse, fastened to de sheep, an' dat's de oney time de sheep tail am seen in a *wag*in condishun. It am not so wid de lams. Dar tails fly like a woman's tongue all de time.

Brudder Griff will pleese han' roun' de sasser, an' pleese keep from trowin' sheep's eyes at de sisters.

LECTURE IV.

HAIRY.

LADIES AND GEMMEN:

IT am oberwhelmin proof dat a great thirst for nolage hab bin wakened in your minds, to see you all turn out dese cold nites to har your suspected lecturer lucidate de grate an' fundimental principels ob siance, and ef de collecksbun wus only large nuff to buy a haff a ton insted ob a haff a peck ob cole at a time, your toses and noses wood be a good deel more comfurtable. I shall on dis 'tickler 'casion lectur on de history, costume, and occepashun ob—

DE GOAT.

De goat, my ignumrent harers, muss be one ob de moss beuiful anamiles in crisendom, or else de buck dandies would not try so hard to make demseffs look so much like him. It seems to me dat as soon as a young man's beard shows itseff suffishent to indicate de approach ob whiskers, his ambition is to cultivate it to look like de Billy Goat, and den as soon

as a positive goatee am rased he puts on a crewat wid de ends stickin out each side ob he head, which make him look like a he goat wid a yoke on to keep he head out ob mischief, and den he may be called a buck goat.

Dar am two kinds ob goats; de Billy goat and de Nanny goat. De one am de hemale and de odder de shemale. You will see a grate many ob de former round de treets New Yeer's day, wen you ob korse kan 'zammon de anamile in a perfect state ob labender. De shemale goat gibs milk jis de same as de cow only not so much ob it, nor is it as good as ole mudder cow's, kase you karnt make butter nor cheese wid it. De hemale don't gib enything but butts.

De goat am found all ober town, 'speshely round hoss stables mong de hosses. Dey am berry fond ob hosses, and like to sleep wid dem wen dey don't kick. He am a berry corragous anamile, and will fite wid odder goats till he die. I don't belibe dey tink demseff as good lookin as de dandies tink dey am, kase ef you put a looking-glass whar he can see heseff, he will at once, widout de least sarahmoney, raise heseff upon he hind legs and make fite at he own likeness and butt de glass into a tousand pieces. Sometimes dey butt odder tings beside goats. Ef dey don't happen to like de 'pearance ob a sheep or a man dey will go at em like a house a fire. Ole Brudder Sampson was butted off de bridge one day by one ob dese fellers. He had bin a fishin and was standin nie de side ob de bridge, and was a stoopin over pickin up he fish, when a big he Billy Goat, not likin de way Samson rounded up, rushed at him and butted him on de trousers and oberboard he went. Billy looked at him in de water for a minit, and den run and skipped round in de greatest glee to see de mischief he had done. He am full ob pluck, but we nebber see him jine eny ob de soger compenies. He am a berry wicked feller, and it am easy seen

what am ment by compairin de wite trash to de goat. It am kase dey got de long har; and it am as easy seen who am ment by de lams ob de flock and de sheep ob de fole. It am de cullerd peepil, kase dey got de wool, and dar's whar we got de wite peepil plumb.

In anser to de kummitty dat wated on me and wished to noe what would be moss excepshunable to me fur a New Year's present, I hab de honor to say dat I want a new pair ob second hand trouserloons mity bad, and my boots wants haff solein berry bad—de snow has played de debbil wid dem boots—dese, wid a hundred Cow Bay clams, would be tankfully recebed, purwidin I git an obercoat and a Hungarian hat wid dem.

Brudder Lewis Cowsuth Mazzini Kinkel will purambullate de lectur room in de most 'publican manner wid de useal sasser, purwiding he kan see de bad pennies from ober dat towerin shurt kollor.

LECTURE V.

OILY.

CHOSEN CHILDREN:

As I hab heretofore an' heretohind 'splained de natur an' costume ob de beests ob de feeld, I shall on dis great 'casion spoke to you 'bout de beests an' monsters ob de deep, an' as I allers 'tack de bigest end ob a joke fuss, I shall lectur dis ebenin' on de big cod fish, none 'mong de saylers as

DE WHALE.

De whale, my frens, am seldom found in enny odder place den de Middleterainin, an' de Specific Oshuns, aldo dar was a yung Daneish gemman, named Hamlet, dat de 'posle Shakspeare slew'd in a dewel, an' an old fogey, named Pelonius, dat tort dey seed sumfin berry like it in de clowds; but it turned out to be a camel.

De peeple dat go arter de whales am called whalers. Now, my ole skool master was a whaler; but he nebber was to see in he lifetime. But I'm off de track ob my diskorse, like a spil'd lokomotiff.

De whale am 'mong de fishes what de elemfint am 'mong beastesses; de biggest lofer ob dem all. A fisherman, named Jona, swaller'd one once; but it oberloded he stummuck to dat degree dat in tree days he leff 'em up agin. It war too much ob a muchness for him.

When you fuss see one ob dese fellers at see, you see sumfin' wurth seein', as he am spurtin' de water up true he nose,

like de Park fount'n. Soon as de man aloff, in de royal top-gallen main chains sees him true he spiglass, he sings out at once to de man dat got charge ob de seller dore dat swings on 'hind de ship, "Luff! blast you eyes, luff!" Den de cap'n kums on de poop deck an' pulls out he gemometer, an' takes a elewashun. Den you hear his woice, "Take in a reef ob de bowsplit, an' unship de hatchway ob de hen-koop for axion. Put out you jib an' tackle, an' take de kerboose house up stairs." Den you see de sailors run roun' like kittens, up an' down de mass hed. Den you har de mate sing out tru a fire horn, "Ebery man take tree hitches at he trowsers an' a chow ob bacco, an' be darn quick 'bout it. Take a reef in de mainmass, an' luff go de rudder. Splice de mein-brace. Down wid de jib-boom, an' up wid de still yards, an' put on de pot. Now de 'citement begins, kase de ole whale am 'sashain nie to de lubber's side ob de ship. Now, de cap'n bravely drows his led pencel, looks tru his ginbometon agin. Take down de longertude, lassestude an' a glass ob brandy. Den he get red in de face wid de 'citement, an' calls to de men, "Boys, man de botes an' look out for whale." Den de boys git in de batto bote, an' dey take de harpoon wid dem, tied to 'bout five miles ob bed cord, an' 'way dey row to de whale. When dey git 'long-side ob de monster, he look big as Cooney Island, an' den an ole whaler in white pants, straw hat, an' a long black ribbon on it, gumps 'pon de ole whale's back, an' gits up nie he hed, an' feels for a soft spot, which, as soon as he fin's, he sticks de harpoon in an' swims to de bote. Den de ole whale dives rite doun to de bottom ob de see, an' de man in de bote pays out de lined dat's fass to de harpoon, as fass as a man dats got a lor-sute pays out money.

Arter de ole whale rolls heseff on de bottom, to get de harppoon out he hed, an' he sees he can't do it, he git mite

mad, an' kums up an' make fite wid de ship, an' hits it a crack wid he tail, which am as big as a full grown barn dore. Dat make de cap'n "smile" agin, an' he orders more harpoons in de whale's back. Dis am soon dun by de krew, an' de poor whale kums week from de loss ob blood an' he temper, an' gibs up he ghoss.

Sumtimes he hits de leetle bote, when all de men am in it; an' stabes it all to tunder, an' 'way flys de men up in de air, like man kites, an' kum down agin kerswat in de water. Well, arter de whale am ded, dey cut him up in chunks an' hawl him on borde, an' sich stakes you nebber did see. Sturgeon am no suckemstance to 'em. Why dey am 'nuff to make codfish balls for all ole King Cole's army. When he am all cut up, de saylers 'pear to feel bad 'bout him, an' dey all go to *blubberin'*. Day bile de ile out ob de meet, jis de same as dey do de greese out ob de mummys at de Museum, an' put it up in bar'ls. De bones dey put down de hole. De one am used for feedin' de luminary apperatesus, an' de odder for makin' de ladies' korsits wid when dey ribe home to Nantucket.

De whale am de big fish—de codfish aristocracy ob de sees, de same as de big bugs an' de codfish aristocracy ob de lan'; but de former hab got de 'wantage ob de latter, kase, notwidstanin' de whale dewoures a good eel, he produces sumfin, but de lan' codfish aristocracy dewours eberything, an' produces nuffin'.

Dat's all I fine 'bout de whale, an' I read de Pilgrim's Progress rite true, an' it didn't say nuffin 'bout it.

Will Brudder Woolly Dave pleese pass roun' de sasser, an' look out for bad pennies, kase dey will stick me ef dey kin.

LECTURE VI.

INDIGNATION.

DEEB BRUDDERM:

'TIS my wish dis time
To lebe off prose, an' spoke in rime,
Jis to luff de wite trash see
Dat I kin 'dress you in sweet poetree.
Dey tink dey got all de edication,
Dat no odder peeple in de nation
Kin call de aid ob all de muses,
But dey'll see I kin, ef I chooses.
Well, den, to begin, you all do noe,
Dat de wite trash am a gwane for to go
To send de kuller'd popelation
'Way, off t' Liberia, in anudder nation,
War de sunshine am so skorchin' hot,
Dat its rays will bile de dinner pot;
An' dar, my fren's, you got to toil,
To make a libin' *from de soil*,
An' aldo, ob korse, you will be free,
An' each man hab his liberty,
Dat liberty consists in de rite
To work all day, jis like de wite
Man, or else starve an' die,
Like lazy wites in ebery conteri.
Gub'ner Hunt, in he lass proclamation,
Sed, dat de kuller'd popelation

War a dyin' out—meltin 'way,
Like a bar'l ob 'lasses on a July day,
Dat wite an' black togedder coodn't stay,
An' tole de blacks to go away.
Dis onsult, ob koorse, we coodn't pass,
We met, and wrote him down—an ass.
At de meetin' dar war sebral speeches,
By brudders, dat 'moss buss dar breeches,
Wid elemquence an' indignation
'Ginst eberyting like kulonization.
We passed a wote by acklemation,
Dat de black folks best ob all creation,
An' show'd de abolish'nists plain,
Dat we cood see rite tru dar game.
Ole Hunt sees de race absquatchelate,
But kan't tell wat produce dis state.
But I kin, an' by your approbation,
I'll name it—Amalgamation!
De abolish'nists won't let our gals alone,
An' now want to send de *men* from home.
Golly! wen I tink ob it, my blud bile
Like hasty pudding, all de wile.
Anty Clawson sez she'd gib a doller,
To hab a wite man try to fool her;
She sez, ef dey'd come roun' her, she'd lam
Dem on de hed wid Cowbay clam;
Darfor, I 'wise Bill Seaweed, an' all sich,
To 'woid de seller as dey would de ich;
But I'm off de track ob wat I ment to site,
Wen I kum har dis blessed nite.
I ment tu lend my feeble yell
'Gainst kulonization, an' to tell
Dis kongregation, one an' all,

Not to be humbug'd by de skeeme at all.
Wat rite hab dey to klub togedder,
To sen' de kuller'd folks 'way, wedder
Dey will or no? I'll luff 'em see
I'm a Kousuth an' Lolo Monkee
Kumbined in one; I'll show
Dat I'm roun', an' boun' to blow.
Ef we go dar, *to work* we got to go,
A ting all darkies hate, you noe;
Darfor, I tink, we'd all be fools,
To try to larn de use ob tools.
Wat do we want to noe 'bout bricks,
Or bildin' houses, an' sich tricks?
Ef we larn dese tings, an' sich like,
We'll hab to work from morn till nite.
No longer kan we lofe 'roun docks
Or markets, but muss work like ox—
No longer dance de jig an' reel,
At Kafrine Market, for de lunch ob eel—
No longer for de porgies sing,
Nor dance de juba in de ring;
All our pleasure will be gone away,
When kulonization gits de sway.
Tru, dar we all wood lib togedder,
One black man jis as good as tedder;
We'd hab our own laws an' skools,
But wat's all dis, you simple fools,
If you got to work to make it?
Darfor, I say, de debel take it.
De dandy darkey won't go 'way,
Bekase Liberia hab no Broadway,
Wharin, on Sunday arternoons,
He kin sport he fancy trowserloons,

An' dandy coat, jis good as new,
Only he boss wore it a year or two
Afore he did ; but wot ob dat ?
De kuller'd ladies arn't so flat
As to spurn a secon'-handed cote,
Wen de chap dat's in it, wars a gote.
Dey neber ax 'em whar dey get dar close,
Hence, it am inferred, dey nose.
But I muss stop dis brilliant epic here,
Bekase its growin' late, I feer.
De sisters want to go a sparkin',
Darfor I klose, by dus remarkin'—
Let de kulonizationers do dar mite,
You all kum har each lectur nite,
An' keep de subjick in a blaze,
An' bring all de money you kin raise,
An' han' de cash each nite to me,
Kase I'm de Gineral Kommittee—
Dat am I'm one ob dem, I mean,
But not one ob de gay tirteen.
Will Brudder Kuff be so perlite
As to pass de sasser roun' to-nite,
An' look out for shillin's made ob tin.
Bekase de lofers ring dem in ;
An' as my eyes am old an' bad to see,
Dey'm offen pass'd away by me.

LECTURE VII.

HORNY.

EFLUBIOUS BRUDDERN :

You will find de tex ob my diskorse dis ebenin a swimin' in enny ob de fresh water ribers or ponds, trouout de country, an' ef you want to noe in pertickler wat dat am, I will tell you. I mean to 'liten you on de beauties ob de

CAT FISH.

Dis fish am a lofer fish, enny how you can fix him. On klose 'zamenashun he will remind you ob seberal tings you can't tink ob. He's as humbly as a hoss hed skinned, an' he's all mouff like a clam, an' darfor he am also likewise like a skoldin' wife, all jaw, an' he look like a cullerd man wen he laff, in de countenance. He eyes am on de top ob he hed, so he can't look down on eny ob de odder fish, like de big codfish aristokracy dat swim abuv Union Square do on de odder fish below dat inflated region. He am slimy as slander all ober, an' as slippery as a gold doller. Sum cullerd men s'pose dat dese fish am sum 'lation to ole Belzebub, kase he got horns like dat augustus personage. But aldo he wears de horns, he am no kin to de debil, an' ef all mankind dat am sitewated like de cat fish in dis respect, am to be classed in 'mong his 'latives, he wood hab too big a famaly to feed. Darfor I say unto you, in de langwage ob de poet, de cat fish am not de debil, more am de debil a cat fish.

I sed in de fuss klaus ob dis epic dat de cat fish am a lofer. I still stick to dat fack ef it "make Rome houl." De reeson I say he am a lofer am kase he distroys more den he earns, an' de man dat does dat am a lofer all de world ober, an' we all know dat de caty does dat ting. He am a sucker, an' like de lofer he libs by suckshun, an' sucks in he nabors, perwidin' dey am small 'nuff to anser he purposes. He am like de Canabells we hear ob 'mong de mishenarys, kase he eats he own children; but I b'lebe he ginerly perfers odder fishes' bodies.

I don't noe why he am called de cat fish, onless it am bekase he am such a pussylanamus feller, and *pussy*lanamus am *cat*amount to bein' called a ramtomas. One reeson dey call him so may be 'kase he am so sportive an' *kitten* like when he am out ob de water.

If dar am one fish dat de fisherman 'spise an' abhor more den anudder, it am dis same tom cat fish, kase dey fool em so offul. You nebber node one ob dese fish to take rite hold ob de hook like a 'spectable week fish or tom cod. No. Dey go sneekin' round de bate bitin' off de side a little now an' a little den, tryin' to steel de bate, an' it am only when you gib a galwanick jirk, an' hook him in de topper jaw dat you kotch him, an' den you may safely make up your mind dat you got him on a string. Well, wen you got him, wat den? Look out how you fool your time wid him, or you'll get he horn in your hand, for he am sure to make fite wid you. Brudder Bob Roberts, ob New Orleans, rites me a berry perfectic story 'bout he, an heseff, Simon Bines, he, an' heseff a gwane a fishin' to de lake ob Pont-char-martram, nie dat Creshent City, whar de battles ob Lake Shampain and Erie Canal was fit, an' he 'scribes how he got de horn ob de cat fish in he hand, an' in slingin' de fish off he fell on de spot war Simon war jis a settin' down, an'

Simon set on de fish an' jumped up immediately, ef not sooner. But didn't Simon rub an' swar, an' didn't he lam dat fish? May be not, an' may be yes; but Bob sez he war mitey glad he warn't dat cat fish 'bout dat time.

De fate ob de cat fish an' de fate ob de green countryman am boff alike, wen edor cum to dis city, kase dey boff get beaufully skin'd. De former am allers well kooked, but de latter, aldo he am konsidered well *done*, he ginerly remains as *raw* as eber.

Dat's all I find out 'bout de cat fish. Ef de telligrafick noose sez enny ting 'bout him, I'll let you noe nex week.

I is inquested to state dat de black swan, accumpanyed by sebreal wite an' black brudders, will ribe in dis city soon, an' I speck she will gib a consart at Pete Williams' or sum odder place. It am 'spected de wooley heds ginerly will turn out in one muss, an' 'scorch her tru Larence street an' de Five Pints. She will lay all de wite trash singers out cold:—

De fame ob Jenny Lind
Will be wasted to de wind,
An' no longer we hear de praises
Of no more Cafrine Hayzes;
But all de praise will be let loose,
On de black swan, alias goose.

To make dat lass line rime,
I got to say goose dis time.

Sister Swan may not be sich a sweet singer, but she will be found a mitey strong one.

Will Brudder Sam Slofield please to pass round de sasser, an' stop laffin at de axident dat happen to Simon Bines. Sich conduc in people ob his size am berry irreproachable, berry.

LECTURE VIII.

SYKESY TAKING THE BUTT.

ARTER settlin' de questshun as to who an' wat Mr. Aztic was, who lets his children be made a show shop ob in Broadway, I see no odder questshun dat 'quire de interference ob de larned an' siantifick, but one, an' dat am sartinly a puzeler. De town am goin' mad 'bout it, an' unless I come out an' settle de hole ting in one full swope, I don't noe to wat pitch de peepil will git demseffs. Dar am no noein' wat wood becum ob dis cummunity ef it wasn't for your humble speeker. I blush, as much as sarcumstances will admit, to tink dat I am de great leder dat ballances public 'pinion in dese days. De subjick dat I hab reference to dis ebenin' am call'd on de han'bills all 'bout town—

PSYCHOLOGY.

an am one ob de modern siances 'culiar to dis klimate.

Sykeology am deribed from de name of Sykesy, an' Sykesy war de man spoken ob in de anchent history ob Joe Sefus, who war so politely 'quested by Moses to "take de butt." Dis history dates fudder back dan de fuss axedent on de Harlem Railroade, an' dat you noe am a long time ago. Sykesy war a lazy dissyple, an' nebber wood take de butt, unless he war drobe to it. He pertended to study siance, an' one ob his siances war dis, which am suspishusly called arter his name. Dar am a good menny perfessers ob

dis siance runnin' round an' doin' de peepil brown whenebber dey git a chance.

As de public mind am berry much cogitated 'bout de matter, I 'cluded to go to one ob de 'xrbishons, an' see how it war done, an' settle de pint by tellin' you all I noe 'bout it. An' I tink I got dem perfessers dis time on de hip.

Sykeology am a sister siance to musmerism, mental achohal, an' de odder black arts or blygards, I forgit now which. It consists ob puttin' de folks to sleep, while dey am wide awake, an' make em cut up all kinds ob shindees wid dar eyes wide open. In short, it am gittin' drunk widout enny ob de useal stimelets, an am considered by de larned a new doge ob de temperance allegience. But I'll 'splain de hole ting to you, an' not keep you in suspended anxiety no longer. Ef you want to be frown in de state, as dese perfessers call it, you muss go dar, an' go up to de platform, an den de perfesser look at you smack in de eye, as brabe as a sheep. Den he gib you a piece ob money to hold in your hand, arter he blows he breff on it, an' den he passes he han's ober you face to pull de wool ober you eyes, an' den he can make you b'lebe you am Andrew Jackson Allen, Major Crawley, Gen. Jones, me, or enny odder great man ob de age. Den he can make you sing a song, laff, or cry a hole bason full ob tears, jis as he likes, and arter dat he can tetch a bump, an' let you cum to yourseff, an' feel as flat as my pocket book. Now all dis seem queer, strange, an' unaccountable to de ignumrent; but to me an' de ress ob de stugents ob siance, its as clar as lager bier.

You all see dat dis delusion am brot 'bout by piece ob money. Well, you all noe dat money am de root ob all ebel, darfor it muss be dat it cum from de ole debil heseff, an' here I will state, for inflammashun, dat notwidstan'in' it am so much ob an ebel, all de churches an' all de preechers

don't 'pear to care how much ob dis ebel dar am on hand 'bout dese days. Well, den, dis money bein' closely related to de ole square foot feller, it am naturally to be s'posed he got a big finger in de pie, an' dis I tink am de fac. De influence ob a piece ob money on some peepil's hands am always different from odders; but wen it am charged wid dis mental alcohol, as dey call it (which am noting else but de debel in a liquid form), it act on de lumbolus muzzels ob de human sistem, an' de lumbolnses aggrewates de artickular fibres, which, actin' in a direct function on de catagory nerves, an' de perry nostrum wessels am conducted fru de culinary canal, which am widen'd for de purpose, an' fines its way to de gastric jucces, whar it am mejetly sent by de tubical ob de heel to de brane pan. When de brane pan am full ob de influence, den you can 'sperement on de creetur, an' make dem play tom fool as lodg as you like, kase de creter am den as full ob de ole Belzebub as a big woodchuck.

Now, you noe all 'bout de sianee ob Sykeology 'bout as well as de perfessers demseffs; but I warn you not to fool wid it, noe how, for ef de fluids go 'rong, an' you shood put de money in you pocket, insted ob holdin' it in your hand, dar's no noein' what de consequence mout be. Likenuff when you "cum to," you'd find youseff colapsed in de Tooms, or some odder place ob recreation.

Brudder Kel Longlogue will pleese pass roun' de sasser, an' luck out for bad pennies. It seems dat I git all ob dem, an' all de tin shillin's dat am in sarculation.

LECTURE IX.

THE BULL FROG.

MY SUSPECTED FRIENDS:

I SHALL on dis 'portant 'casion lucidate on de siantifick siances ob prolific genius, 'cordin' to natur. My remarks on dis 'ticlar casion will agin be fotched from de animal kingdum, 'cordin' to de 'possel Goldsmith, an' de critter dat I shall honor wid notice dis time will be ob de *bull* species. Now dar am sebril kinds ob bull, de bull calf, de bull ox, de bull dog, de bullefant, John Bull, an' de Irish bull, whose fuss name am Pat Bull, 'cordin' to de Greek, an' dar's de bull hed fish, an' de bull what de Pope spoke 'bout, an' de Wall street bull. We hear ob de bull fiddle, but none ob dese, you black seed ob Kain, 'tract my 'tentshun in de leest, but de bull I speck to splanify from him hed to him tail, am a bull dat hab made considera*bull* noise in de world, 'specially summer nites, an' am called by us in nateral histry, de

BULL FROG.

An' as I bin so bizzy ob late 'tendin' to odder fokes bizness, I ain't had time to study out de 'culearities ob de beest, I will darfor, for dis once, gib de 'pinion ob a nudder foolosefer on de subjick. I shall gib you de benefit ob de 'sarches ob Perfesser Pompey Godolphus Squash, Esq., who sleeped two nites in a frog pond to find out dar *moses operandi*, as we say in Latin. You will, no doubt, recumlect dat Perfesser Squash war a lecturin here when I fuss broke out in

de siantifick world, but de Drummond lite ob my geenis outshone de feeble rushlite ob he talent for siance, an' he busted up, an' went out ob de 'Nited States to Jursey, an' got a sitewashun in a lunatic 'silam.

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De hind legs ob dese chaps am de Frenchmen's delite, dey skin 'em an' cook 'em wid as much relish as culler'd man eats de possum fat an' hoe cake. Dese fellers am putty cute,

too; you can't get dem "on a hook," or "in a horn," but you hab to nett de ting wid dem, or you can't kotch 'em. So fur, dar hab oney bin bull frog diskibered. As soon as dey find out de cow frog, I will open de subjec agin for de wancement ob siance.

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Me an' Daniel Webster an myseff war inwited to de Picayune Ball on Monday nite.

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THE NEW ROAD.

BLUBED SINNERS:

De words ob my text on dis 'portant 'casion you can't find in eny ob de books dat hab bin printed, nor in eny ob de noose papers, kos I neber spake from dem afore, but neberdeless dey am giss as good as do dey had been sounded from one end ob de world to de odder, tro de tellugraff or Baalam's trumpet. De words am—

"GO TO HEBBEN YOUR OWN RODE."

I noe, my 'spected hearers, dat all de different 'nominations will be down on me for telling you dis, kase dere am none dat will 'low you dat pribelige ; dey all tell you dat if you don't belibe jis as dey do, and come into de 'tablished church, you am lost obberboard in de big gulf ob sin; *all* de churches am 'tablished churches, and dey all tink de rode dey hab picked out trough de miserable thickets ob truble, wexations, and odder grevences ob dis life, am de rite one, and de odders am all rong. Bishop Hughes says dat his creed am de only one dat will popelate hebbin, and de prisbeterians, on hearin dis 'sertion, held a meetin right away at de Tubernicle, an' contadicted de hole ting, told some good nany-gotes 'bout ole Giles Croggins' hoss and kart, and 'spirsed satified dey wor on de rite rode. De Metodist, de 'piscopailfulls, de Baptist, de Tairrians an' Worsilest, all tink dey see de golden gates ob hebben rite afore dem, and feel sure ob being 'wited in to take a seet as soon as dey nock at de dore. Dey am gis like a lot of skoolboys playing base, dey all see hunk, but all take a different paff, in order to git in fust. Now, my ungrateful frens, I don't want to say dat eny ob dese 'nominations am wrong, but I am goin to take my own rode, and cut cross lots. I am goin to do unto all I meet de same as I'd wish dem to do untó me—treat dem kindly—relieve all de sufferin' I kin along de paff, and when I reach de golden gate, I shall strip myself ob all de worldly tings, and 'pear wid de nacked truff for my breast plate, and I tink by ilein myself all ober wid de ointment 'posed ob lub, charity, and faith, dat I will slip in while St. Peter am 'zaminin de credentials of Brudder Beecher and Brudder Hughes. If I kin git a chance to say a sly word to St. Peter, I'll ask him if charity am one ob de principal foundations of Christianity ? and if he say yes, which I tink he will, den I'll tell him dat Brudder Beecher show no charity

toward de actor people, an I'll take his lectur on de 'bolishin ob teatres in my pocket, and show it to him, wherein he see dat Brudder Beecher sends all de actors to hell wedder or no ; den St. Peter will say, "dat don't look christin like, but den Brudder Beecher got much charity and lub for de nigger race, of which you, as a member, should feel tankful and prowd. It shows 'clusively dat he lubs darkey more dan actor." Yes, I'll 'mark, dats a fac, he does tink colored man better dan actor man, kase de colored man don't interfere wid he bread and butter ; but I don't, so long as de actor man behaves hisself.

My lubed Sisters and Brudders, you can all git to hebben if you like, and 'woid de big lake dat I spoke 'bout toder week. To do dis, you mus go true de world wid a clare conshuns, kick hipocracy to de ole debil, where it belongs, rong nobody, help one anodder along in de trials ob life ; keep out ob debt and all de low rum shops ; stop playin bluff ; don't steal anyting, not eben a chicken ; do as near rite as you noe how ; and try to learn to do all de good your limited sphere of life will 'low, and you hab as good a sight for a front seat in hebbin as de loudest brawler among de whole tribes ob mankind ; you, ob course, hab got to do your duty jis as well as de rich, influenshul man hab got to do his'n, an' one ob your duties am to put all de money you kin in de plate, when Brudder Gustus Lemonskins hans it round.

I wish to state afore closin' de shop, dat de Hannibal Guards, de colored company ob soldiers ob dis city, dat paraded todder day, was raised in honor ob myself, and named arter me, for de great 'spect dey hab for 'spected laborer. Dere will be open house in de sellar New Years, and sister Johnson will make de ele chowder on dis 'ticlar 'casion, chowder ready from 8 "M.A." till dark, and little

arter, an I trust you will all joy yourselfs and keep sober. Santa Klaus visited sebral ob de early risin' gineration ob dis congregation, and left peanuts, baloney sassage, and odder good tings. Anty Cuff hung up her 'tockin, but one ob de board ob health happened to "smell a rat," ordered it down, else ders no 'noin what might hab bin in it.

LECTURE XI.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

DEAR SISTERS AND BRUDDERN:

YOU will find de words of my text for this ebenin' in de 'gography written by an ole gouty gemman, named Peter Parley, de text reads dus,

> "Dis, world is round, and, like a ball,
> Seems swinging in de air."

Now, my ignorant deciples, you must know dat dere am seberil kinds of worlds; dere's de teatrical world, whare de theatres fust come from; den dere's de literary world, whare all de literary come from; den dere's de world ob fashion, whar all de "bong tong" lib; den dere's de world ob sciance, ob which world I claim to be a native. But none ob dese worlds am de world ment in de tex; de world ment dere am dis sircumlambula busitarian world, on which we am at dis minute restin' our enlarged understandins. But how de foolosefers ob old find out it am round am a puzler to me. De fust man who said dis world to be round

Simon set on de fish an' jumped up immediately, ef not sooner. But didn't Simon rub an' swar, an' didn't he lam dat fish? May be not, an' may be yes; but Bob sez he war mitey glad he warn't dat cat fish 'bout dat time.

De fate ob de cat fish an' de fate ob de green countryman am boff alike, wen edor cum to dis city, kase dey boff get beaufully skin'd. De former am allers well kooked, but de latter, aldo he am konsidered well *done*, he ginerly remains as *raw* as eber.

Dat's all I find out 'bout de cat fish. Ef de telligrafick noose sez enny ting 'bout him, I'll let you noe nex week.

I is inquested to state dat de black swan, accumpanyed by sebreal wite an' black brudders, will ribe in dis city soon, an' I speck she will gib a consart at Pete Williams' or sum odder place. It am 'spected de wooley heds ginerly will turn out in one muss, an' 'scorch her tru Larence street an' de Five Pints. She will lay all de wite trash singers out cold:—

De fame ob Jenny Lind
Will be wasted to de wind,
An' no longer we hear de praises
Of no more Cafrine Hayzes;
But all de praise will be let loose,
On de black swan, alias goose.

To make dat lass line rime,
I got to say goose dis time.

Sister Swan may not be sich a sweet singer, but she will be found a mitey strong one.

Will Brudder Sam Slofield please to pass round de sasser, an' stop laffin at de axident dat happen to Simon Bines. Sich conduc in people ob his size am berry irreproachable, berry.

LECTURE VIII.

SYKESY TAKING THE BUTT.

ARTER settlin' de questshun as to who an' wat Mr. Aztic was, who lets his children be made a show shop ob in Broadway, I see no odder questshun dat 'quire de interference ob de larned an' siantifick, but one, an' dat am sartinly a puzeler. De town am goin' mad 'bout it, an' unless I come out an' settle de hole ting in one full swope, I don't noe to wat pitch de peepil will git demseffs. Dar am no noein' wat wood becum ob dis cummunity ef it wasn't for your humble speeker. I blush, as much as sarcumstances will admit, to tink dat I am de great leder dat ballances public 'pinion in dese days. De subjick dat I hab reference to dis ebenin' am call'd on de han'bills all 'bout town—

PSYCHOLOGY.

an am one ob de modern siances 'culiar to dis klimate.

Sykeology am deribed from de name of Sykesy, an' Sykesy war de man spoken ob in de anchent history ob Joe Sefus, who war so politely 'quested by Moses to "take de butt." Dis history dates fudder back dan de fuss axedent on de Harlem Railroade, an' dat you noe am a long time ago. Sykesy war a lazy dissyple, an' nebber wood take de butt, unless he war drobe to it. He pertended to study siance, an' one ob his siances war dis, which am suspishusly called arter his name. Dar am a good menny perfessers ob

dis siance runnin' round an' doin' de peepil brown whenebber dey git a chance.

As de public mind am berry much cogitated 'bout de matter, I 'cluded to go to one ob de 'xrbishons, an' see how it war done, an' settle de pint by tellin' you all I noe 'bout it. An' I tink I got dem perfessers dis time on de hip.

Sykeology am a sister siance to musmerism, mental achohal, an' de odder black arts or blygards, I forgit now which. It consists ob puttin' de folks to sleep, while dey am wide awake, an' make em cut up all kinds ob shindees wid dar eyes wide open. In short, it am gittin' drunk widout enny ob de useal stimelets, an am considered by de larned a new doge ob de temperance allegience. But I'll 'splain de hole ting to you, an' not keep you in suspended anxiety no longer. Ef you want to be frown in de state, as dese perfessers call it, you muss go dar, an' go up to de platform, an den de perfesser look at you smack in de eye, as brabe as a sheep. Den he gib you a piece ob money to hold in your hand, arter he blows he breff on it, an' den he passes he han's ober you face to pull de wool ober you eyes, an' den he can make you b'lebe you am Andrew Jackson Allen, Major Crawley, Gen. Jones, me, or enny odder great man ob de age. Den he can make you sing a song, laff, or cry a hole bason full ob tears, jis as he likes, and arter dat he can tetch a bump, an' let you cum to yourseff, an' feel as flat as my pocket book. Now all dis seem queer, strange, an' unaccountable to de ignumrent; but to me an' de ress ob de stugents ob siance, its as clar as lager bier.

You all see dat dis delusion am brot 'bout by piece ob money. Well, you all noe dat money am de root ob all ebel, darfor it muss be dat it cum from de ole debil heseff, an' here I will state, for inflammashun, dat notwidstan'in' it am so much ob an ebel, all de churches an' all de preechers

don't 'pear to care how much ob dis ebel dar am on hand 'bout dese days. Well, den, dis money bein' closely related to de ole square foot feller, it am naturally to be s'posed he got a big finger in de pie, an' dis I tink am de fac. De influence ob a piece ob money on some peepil's hands am always different from odders; but wen it am charged wid dis mental alcohol, as dey call it (which am noting else but de debel in a liquid form), it act on de lumbolus muzzels ob de human sistem, an' de lumboluses aggrewates de artickular fibres, which, actin' in a direct function on de catagory nerves, an' de perry nostrum wessels am conducted fru de culinary canal, which am widen'd for de purpose, an' fines its way to de gastric juces, whar it am mejetly sent by de tubical ob de heel to de brane pan. When de brane pan am full ob de influence, den you can 'sperement on de creetur, an' make dem play tom fool as long as you like, kase de creter am den as full ob de ole Belzebub as a big woodchuck.

Now, you noe all 'bout de siance ob Sykeology 'bout as well as de perfessers demseffs; but I warn you not to fool wid it, noe how, for ef de fluids go 'rong, an' you shood put de money in you pocket, insted ob holdin' it in your hand, dar's no noein' what de consequence mout be. Likenuff when you "cum to," you'd find youseff colapsed in de Tooms, or some odder place ob recreation.

Brudder Kel Longlogue will pleese pass roun' de sasser, an' luck out for bad pennies. It seems dat I git all ob dem, an' all de tin shillin's dat am in sarculation.

LECTURE IX.

THE BULL FROG.

My Suspected Friends:

I shall on dis 'portant 'casion lucidate on de siantifick siances ob prolific genius, 'cordin' to natur. My remarks on dis 'ticlar casion will agin be fotched from de animal kingdum, 'cordin' to de 'possel Goldsmith, an' de critter dat I shall honor wid notice dis time will be ob de *bull* species. Now dar am sebril kinds ob bull, de bull calf, de bull ox, de bull dog, de bullefant, John Bull, an' de Irish bull, whose fuss name am Pat Bull, 'cordin' to de Greek, an' dar's de bull hed fish, an' de bull what de Pope spoke 'bout, an' de Wall street bull. We hear ob de bull fiddle, but none ob dese, you black seed ob Kain, 'tract my 'tentshun in de leest, but de bull I speck to splanify from him hed to him tail, am a bull dat hab made considera*bull* noise in de world, 'specially summer nites, an' am called by us in nateral histry, de

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was a schoolmaster dat libed prebiously just arter de flood, by de name ob So-crates, and de peeple all laffed at him, an' ole King Cruso, who rained at de time, seein' dat he node so much pholosphy, cotched him one nite while he was on a coon hunt, and got him into de Tombs, and pizened him wid mixture of padlock bark, and Mr. So-crates drink him down jis like cider spirits, smacked his lips, pulled up his shirt collar, an' laid himself down an' died. He was a 'stonishing perssin, 'cordin to Hoil's 'counts ob him. He libed in a sugar hogshead, and led a sweet existence. De next man dat 'serted de fac was de ole rheumatic genius whose poetry serbes your 'litened laborer wid a tex dis ebenin. De fac ob de world being round, like a big pumkin, seems to strike your understandings in a 'circular way, and make all you eyes look big as sassers. I'll e'splain de holl ting to you so you will know hencearter all 'bout it, jis as well as odder peeple. You must noe, in de fust place, dat dis world am bounded north by de Pasific Ocean, as fur as longitude North Pole, an' on de east by de Gipsian Piramids, south by Witney's Railroad depot, and west by de Rocky Mountains. Dere am a South Pole, as well as a North Pole. De South Pole am made ob a mity big red hot crowbar, bigger den 30011 liberty poles, an' on de top of it de world rests one end ob itself on its axel-trees. De odder end rests on de North Pole, which 'cordin to Spokeshake, am made of icebergs. De odder end ob de big axletree dat runs true de middle ob de globe rests on de top ob dis pole, an dat's what bring new-year's day in de cold season, and you see what keeps de world in proper equolibriam trimmins, and perwents it from upsettin' earsterly or westerly, am de mighty Gipsian Pyramids on de one hand, an' de spontaneus Rocky Mountains on de odder. Dis I found out myself! Some times dese axle-trees want greasing, to

make it slip round easy, an' how dey go to work to do it remains one ob de "Misteries of Adolphin." I tink dat de arthquakes dat we read so much 'bout in de papers, am caused by de takin' down ob one or odder ob the axel-trees, when dey go to grease de top ob de pole. An' one ob dese days, my stingy hearers, de North or South Pole will give way, an' bust up all creation. De wolcanoes will fall on de icebergs an' melt dem all up into water, which will oberflow dis world, and you will be swamped alive! In sich a case ob 'mergency, I would 'wise you all to rush for de ferry boat, an' git on Brooklyn Hights, as soon as de will ob Providence and power ob steam will carry you; dar you will find de wicked cease from grumblin, and de lazy am at rest.

Dis watery pictur dat I draw afore your distorted wisages may be 'sidered out ob place in dis season ob brandy toddy, gin slings, whiskey punches, hot stuff, an' Jersey lightnin'; but noein' you all got pretty well corned on new-years, I thought a more refreshing subject could not be touched 'pon on dis 'portant 'casion. I myself got a little dizzy in de head an' sick at de stomack, after makin' 437 calls 'mong my flock, which may in a small (horn) measure 'polagise for my disinterestin' discorse this ebenin. Noin dat, so soon arter de holidays, it would be useless, I fourbear passing round de sasser on dis 'casion.

LECTURE XII.

FACETIOUS.

LADIES AND GEMMEN:

MY discourses dis ebenin will be drawn from de annals of sciance, according to Gunter, and de sciance I 'tend to lite on your understandings wid, will be de sciance ob

NOSEOLOGY.

Noseology, my frens, had a good deal to do wid tings ob dis life, for by it you can tell to wat race every man you meet in de street b'longs.

Noseology, ob course, means nose ob de face ob wite man, red man, black man, half black man, and monkey. Dere am sebril classes ob noses, which was classed in King Crusoe's time, under de heads of Wegetable noses, Hook noses, Roman noses, Pug noses, Grecian noses, and flat and Poke noses, and odder noses dat I nose not ob. De wegatable nose am wulgerly called turnup noses. Dese kind am bery prebilent wid young misses when dey git a new bo, if dey happen to meet dere old bo in de street. Anodder wegetable nose am de redish; dese am generally found on the faces ob ole bachelors who had patronized de dimajog frequently offen. Some time dese redish noses wegetate and cumulate, one on top ob de odder, till dey am piled up like a heap ob pabin stones on a load ob red sand, and dis my ignorant frens, am what Spokeshape means by de tex,

On horror's head horrid noses' cumulate.

De redish nose am often called de Rumen nose; de hook nose is most frequently met in Chatham street, 'mong de Jews; and wo be to de customer who gets hooked under dere nose. He's sure to be sold someting better ash new, and sheep as dirt. De hook nose is *some* 'mong de yankees up East. Joseph Miller, Esq., an elderly gemmon, node one wunst, dat had sich a big one dat when he went to pick cherries, he used to hang by de limb wid it, and pick wid boff hands; dey made him President ob de hook and ledder company. De Roman nose seems to be a mistery mong all de foolosefers, and Mr. Milton, or some odder fur seein' chap, said dat

No one nose
What a Roman nose.

Derefore I pass on dem kind ob noses, and splain de pug nose. Dis nose seems to be permiscusly sent by human natur to all babies, who seem proud ob dem from de time it am no bigger den a piece ob putty wid two holes in it, till it swell to de size ob de hickory nut. Natur seems, in gibin de finishin touch to babies, to hab hit dem on de end ob de nose and turned it up so it would not be in dar way in gitting dere sebril meals a day from de mudder; dese little noses am none as Greesein, as de child grow up 'specially on cold mornins.

De next nose under 'sideration am de poke nose; dese am de wust noses of all. Dey am ginerally long and pinety, and found 'mong de old maids, slip shod married wimming, editors, and now and den it am found 'mong de preecher mans.

My dear deluded lams, beware ob de poke nose. You noe dem in a minit by dere sneakingly, downwardly, pintingly 'pearance. If you don't look out for dem, you'll wish

you better had, kos day'll find out all your business. Noe how many sasingers you eat for dinner! Whar you git your close! How much you git for white-washing a day! and sich tings, an' den go glab it on de corner an' in de cellar.

De flat nose am great mark ob 'stinction 'mong de colored folks, if dey am not too flat. Now, dere's young Sister Cole hab got nose so flat dat she hab to put tar on her finger to make dem stick long enuff to blow it. But you may tink I'm blowin' it. Not de nose, but de fact ob her habin' sich nose, but I only mention it in pint ob 'lustration.

De next human being dat hab got flat nose am de monkey. An' aldough dere am not a race ob men on dis circumfering earth dat I so much dispise for dere lazy an' cunnin' perpensitys, still I don't wish to 'radicate no honor from eny section ob de great family ob human natur.

Brudder Cato Puggs, who mistook de orango-tang in de Museum for his grandmother, and gib her a Christmas present, has 'plied to me to sew Mr. Barnum in de Sperm City Cort, to recobber de half pound broken candy, big orange and stick ob likerish which she took from him widout eben saying tanky sir. I recline to hab notin' to do wid it, 'case he ought to noe better.

Brudder Klem, pass roun' de hat, an' look out for tin sixpences.

but she am in lub wid de speeker, an' she don't car who nose it. Her 'pistol goes off wid dese lines—

"De raze ob lite dat flize
From your 'lectric ize,
Spangles lik de shinin' sun,
Ef dey don't, why, I'm don."

I pity de poor woman, but I'ze too old a rooster to be caught dat way. Anudder sister rites a few lines reflectin' sewerely on my complexshun. She sez—

"De rose am red,
De wilet's blew,
De debil's black,
An' so am you."

She better look to home. I don't b'lebe dar am eny kosmetic or emetic yet diskuber'd dat will change her skin or karacter. De Wolentine dat sum sister sent, commencin' wid—

"Hail, Kalumpus, happy lam,
Hail, you hearers, seven horn'd ban."

am not 'riginal. I tink I got a faint recollexshun ob hearin' dem at sum free an' easy, or sumwhar else. One ob de Wolentines I resebe was from my washerwoman, statin' dat I owe her for washin tree shirts. Now I neber had tree shirts at once, an' I tink de ole woman want to cheat a little. Dat she hab washed dis shirt tree times am a fac, but I aint guane to pay for washin' tree shirts, when I didn't hab 'em to wash no how. I myseff, indewidually, don't rite no lub stuff to de ladees. I work to 'lighten de minds an' de pockets ob de peeple, an' I tink it will be succeeded to me from all quarters dat I lighten de one as much as de odder

I hab rote a song for de peeple, which dey may send to John Bull, ef dey choose, as a Wolentine dun up in turpentine or an enwelop, I don't kar which. Brudder Greeley hab bin a lecturin' on de World's Fair, an' darfor I like to hab sumfin' to say 'bout dat myseff, an' har it am—

SONG FOR DE PEEPIL.

No. 1.

DE WORLD'S FAIR.

Air—"Han' de banjo down to play."

Prince Albert bilt a house ob glass,
An' sent de inwertashun
To all merchanics, young an' ole,
Ob ebery kind an' nashun,
To fotch dar new machinery,
An' spred it in a row,
Wid de fancy cakes an' furbaloes,
To make a mitey show.
Chorus—Den hurra! for Albert's mitey show
It 'couraged inginuity,
An' made de workin' man to noe
He's de salt ob dis community.

Den France, an' Spain, an' Itterley,
Afric, Turkey, an' Japan,
All sent in dar commodities,
An' tort dey'd leed de wan.
John Bull, he feel so mitey proud,
An' chuckled in he heart,
When he se'd de Yankees didn't fill
De quarter ob dar part.
Chorus—Den hurra! for Albert's mitey show, &c.

But, Jonathan, he sat an' grin,
An' tuck John by surprise,
To see dat more dan haff he brot
Had won de biggest prize.

Our churns now make dar butter,
  Our macheens cut all dar grain;
We husk dar corn, we trash dar wheat,
  An' beat dem on de main.
    Chorus—Den hurra! for Albert's mitey show, &c.

When John Bull seen us take de prize,
  He sed, "Sich tings as dese
Am bery easy to inwent,
  But still we rule de sees."
Den Jonathan he snickered out,
  An' spoke to John aside,
Sed he, "I got a skow out here,
  S'pose we take a ride?"
    Chorus—Den hurra! for Albert's mitey show, &c.

Cow Bay war full ob all de botes
  Ob all de clubs in town,
An' dar, wid flag an' sail unfurled,
  Lay de 'Merica ob renown.
Dey started wid a libely breeze,
  Away dey all did fly:
But none ob dem dar cood perwent
  Our Jonathan passing by.
    Chorus—Den hurra! for Albert's mitey show, &c.

Massa Cunard bilt de steamship
  To cross de ragin' deep,
An' when she went in thirteen days,
  She 'nocked us in a heep.
But Collins bilt anudder bote,
  Dat cross de pond in nine,
An' John Bull wonders how it am
  De Yankees beet his time.
    Chorus—Den hurra! for Albert's mitey show, &c.

Dat's wot I call truff an' poetry combined; a good deel ob de one, an' moss all ob de odder. One ob de brudderin in

New Orleans hab written a long letter to me 'bout "cat fish," an' "Simon Bines," which shall be duly laid under de table an' considered, as dey say in company meetin's.

Anudder sister wants to noe ef de Doctor Dobson spoked ob lass week war de Dobson dat lib in de one story house ob a yaller woman in Williamsburg. I don't tink it am, kase de doctor died afore dat town cood boste ob eben a gin shop.

De duty ob handin roun' de sasser will dissolbe on Brudder Sam Morelippe, brudder to Sister Matilda Morelippe.

LECTURE XXII.

ANATOMY.

HÂRDENED SINNERS:

To noe dyself am one ob de fust and most 'portant laws ob de State ob 'Merica, derefore I shall dis ebenin lucidate on de poplar subjick ob

A-NATOMY.

Anatomy, my poor ignorant frens, am de bones, muzzles, wains and sinners ob de human body; and eberybody am human body, colored man an Injin 'cluded.

I shall commence at de head ob de subjeck, and ascendingly go down to de foots, and splain tings as I go 'long. Fustly, den, I 'tack de brane, which lay on top ob de coconun in a pan furnished for de purpose, called de brane pan.

Dis lays alongside ob an odder pan called de tinpanum ob de ear, which am so called, from de fac dat it enables us to hear different kinds ob sounds; dere am nudder pan in de human body, and dat's de neepan, and when all dese pans am shut de human body am ready to go off, specaly if de human body hab got a load on. We next come to de troat, which am made ob somefin like gutta percha, called lumfatix glands, which terminates at de borax, and runs into de juglers wane. Some feller's troat am bigger den odder fellers, and dey drink more bad rum and eat more, which catastrofy am all owein to de size ob de swaller.

De hart am de next.

Dere am two parts ob de hart, and it works in de human body jis like steam injine. It forces de blood to ebery part ob de ramification, eben to de hair, and dat am wat makes so many red heads. It lays rite under de lungs, whar de peeples hab de culenary consumshun; rite below dese am sitewated de diagram, which am full ob holes, jis like a sibe. Dis ting am what keeps de stomack in its proper function, and allows de gastrick jewses to oberflow de jubebus and fall into de pizaringtum, all ober de oilfactory nerbes, and sometimes deranges de whole apparatus, and de human body git sick, send for de doctor man, and funeral expenses hab to be paid by de poor-house.

Dere must be a biler in de human body somewar, kase I hear de doctors talk so much 'bout complaints bein' owin' to de *bile*, and I'll find it out if I hab to go to de Anatomical Museum to do it. De longest bone in de hole structure am called de spine; dis runs horozontaly, dogmaticaly, and catolically long de back bone, as far up as de back-ob-de-neck-a-buss. Dis bone am full ob little jintes, and am de tenderest bone to fool wid, 'septin' de shin bone, in de whole sistem.

De action ob de food will, in all probabiliemity, be mitey interestin' to you all; derefor I will close my discord by gibin' you a 'scription ob de same. You see sister Mussy eatin' dat apple dar, and trowin' de skins on de floor. Well, dat apple pass fust true de lumf-at-ox glans' ob de troat, down de borax, to de diagram, into de stomjack; dere it am diegested into de gastrick juce, and passes into de jubams, tro' de anamal canal and kiuga akeduck, into de pizaringtum, and is dere lost among de infernal regions ob de corporation. Ah, my poor darkened hearers, dis am a subjeck dat few understand; and I would hab been jis at stoopid as you all if I loafed round de warfs, and suck 'lasses from de barrels, like as I seed Pete Bolus adoin' lass week. Dis runnin' round de warf arter de sweets ob life will neber fill de head wid useless knowledge!

Brudder Bromfoozle will please hand round de sasser; I didn't git 'nuff lass week to buy me backer wid, so shell out dis time.

LECTURE XXIII.

ASTRONOMY.

DARKENED DISCIPLES:

YOUR worthy subscriber will 'lighten your bedimed wisionary organs dis ebening on one ob de moss 'fulgint subjicks dat man or woman kind eber listened to. I shall splanify de great siance ob

ASS-TRONOMY.

You must not spose, you hardened sinners, dat I is one ob dem gifted sight seers, or one ob dem wicked fortin tellers, kase I is guane to read de stars, for you noe dat asstronomy means de siance ob how to read de stars in de middle ob de nite time.

Dere am sebril kinds ob stars in de furmanend. Some, about de size ob de head ob a brass nale, an' dey grow larger till dey git as big as a soger's button. It am a most beaufull site, ob a cold nite, to stand out doors, raped up in notin but enthusiasm, an' gaze pon de starry sky, studded wid angel's eyes, all lookin down on you, to see what you am a doin on dis arth, and how you fool around de wimon.

Dere am some comits (and some come-its too), wid long tales, which I shall 'lude to bom buy.

De milkey way, which you no doubt hear a good deel 'bout, runs doo nort, west, and souf, clar from away down below de Battery, clar up to Orange county, and dat's de reason it am called de milkey way. De am anudder kind

ob milkey *whey* dat I will sometime or odder splanify to you.

De fust bright star dat was diskibbered was found out drue de aid ob a double-barrel'd skyglass, by a Jew ob de antshent times, named Peter, and was named arter him (Jewpeter) in a complimentary benefit at de time. De next was Mercury, but we only see dat shine on Sunday mornin in dis city; it am brite as de britest. Wenus am de star ob lub, and always shine britest in healthy warm climates. Mars am de star dat gides de soger man in de dark rode to glory, hallelujah, and E pluribus unum am anudder ob de same family.

De nex planit dat I shall call to your notice, on dis 'portant 'casion, will be de moon. You hab, no doubt, all seen dis planit so often dat it needs no 'tickler description from your learned lecturer dis ebening.

De moon is s'posed by meny ignumrent peeples to be made ob green cheese, but dat logick am 'roneous and false. Odders tink it am a big tin pan, hung out ob de inwissable winders ob hebin, wid a lamp hung in frunt to make it shine, like de Dremmond lite on de top ob Mr. Barnum's Museum, and de reason dat we don't see it all de time am bekase it am taken in ebery now and den to get scowered, kase de nite air gits it rusty, and it must be cleaned.

Sich stories am also a lie. Dere am no foolosefer dat hab diskibered zackly wat de moon am made ob, but de opinion of your 'litened laborer am dis. I look 'pon de moon as de little crystial palace, in which de god ob lub, little bare faced Cupid, libs, kase you all noe dat de moment a human critter falls in lub dey find de greatest delite in loafin about moonlite nites, and gazing on de beufill orb, wid de most intense anxiety, as if dey 'spected to find out somefin dereby condusive to dere happyness Sometimes dese peoples am

called moon struck. De moon struck me one nite as bein berry brite and hansome, but it 'fected Sister Hufferman bery different. She was comin home late from a ball in de moonlite wid de yung cullored man she danced wid last, and it am s'posed she must hab fell in lub wid him, aldo she complained ob feelin' bad rite arter supper. Some ob de gossips dere sez she ete more den haff of a 'possum dat was serbed up on dis tickler 'casion. Well, as dey were walkin' 'long home she fainted in de cullored man's arms, gis as dey got to de corner ob de alley dat she honored wid her residence. Dis skared de young he feller, and he dragged her in de house, roused all de family, laid her on de floe, sent a half-a-dozen arter as menny docktors, an' den rushed for one heseff. Dey all got back wid de different doctors at about one time, and now de berry debil was to pay; kase not one would 'scribe for her till all de rest was turned away, and at last dey got in a row. De Alopatist said she must be bleed in both arms, leeched wid forty-two leaches in de back ob de neck, and a blister ob Spanish flyes must be put on all ober de abominable regions ob de stumjack, and twelve grains ob calomal ebery hour. De Homopatist said dat she woulden't lib under de operation, and dat all she had to do was take as much ob a little powder dat he hab in he pocket-book as dey could put on de pint ob a needle, an trow it in a sist'rn ob rain water, an' take two drop ebery odder Monday nite, at haff-past ten presisely, an' let her hab a smell ob camfor ebery few days in de interum (I 'spect de interum means de nose). Dis made de water-cure doctor mad. He wished to noe wat rite de homapatist hab to order a sist'rn ob rain water under enny sarcumstances? De rite to dat, he said, was his only. He went on to advise de pashent to hab a rope tied to her heels, an' be sowsed in de sistren sebral times [illegible] dar o. [illegible] empty stumjack de-

take a refreshin' shower-bath ebery twenty minits; an' he told dem how to fix up de shower-bath, by settin' de pashunt on de front stoop, an' pourin' a barrel ob cold water on her head, from de third storey windoes. De Tompsonin doctor said all de woman wanted was two or tree good emitics, an' a hot steem-bath, a hundred an' eighty-seben 'grees above alonzo; an' he told dem neber to send for a Tompsonian doctor till dey put de biler on fust.

So de whole ob dem got a-jawin' true one anodder; an' in de middel ob de muss, de yung womon *come two*, an' was as mad as blazes to see sich crowd round her, and she clar'd de house in a little less den no time, an' de doctors arter insultin' each odder togedder, come to de 'clusion dat Sister Hofferman must hab been moon struck, an' notin' else. Ah! my fren's, dis big round moon plays de debel wid weakly-headed people, sometimes.

Will Brudder Thomas Benton Squash please pass round de sasser.

LECTURE XXIV.

ABOUT THE MUSKEETO KINGDOM.

MY DEAR WOOLLY HEADS:

MY lectur dis ebenin will be on de *Manners an' de Fashions, de Costumes an National Character ob de Oderiferous Country, known on de geolomical maps ob de arth as de*

MUSKEETO KINGDOM.

Dis kingdom am siterwated away down souff, below war Dickson's line ob stages run to. It am way down de Missippee, in de logatude 383 97, laffertude 9, under de temperance fluid zone. De best way to get dere am to take a canal boat from har to Buffalo, on to de Hio, den to Chiugo Lake, to Panamrass; from dere you go to Ismarass, on to Shagemrass; den you get on a jackemass, and ride into de Calafernia regions, git into a Chinese chunk, and go on to de Gipsin Pyrimids, take a one-hoss wagon ober de plank rode to de side ob de harbor ob de Moskeeter Kingdom; den you git on board de ferry boat, and cross rite ober into de place, and [illegible]e you am, high and dry, like an' Irishman biles his potatoes.

When you ribe dere you will find de park full ob omnibusses to take you to de king's palace, de high bridge, and odder poor-houses.

De king ob dis kingdom am a he colored man, and a mitey big one at dat. He stands ten foot six, or six foot ten, I forgit now wich; but hir [illegible] great [illegible] man. His

unicorn consists ob a second-hand-me-down British ossifer's blood red soger coat, a pair ob spurs, and a tall bear-skin cap, wid a red and white fedder, a yard and seben inches and-a-half long, and a pair ob moustachoes. Him 'seedinly popular jis now 'mong his 'stituents, kase he lately sent out his whole army ob eight colored sogers, and tuck up all de ole wimons, and poor deluded crippels, who had 'barked in de peanut line; and den he had de wiskers of de dandies cut off, kase dey stuck out an inch or two beyond de mark laid down in de proceedin's ob de common scoundrels, and odder laws 'fectin' siety. De war on de peanut stands pleased de big bugs, an' de war on de wiskers pleased de poor poperlation, and hence his great popelarity.

De principal wegetation ob de island am 'skeeters, and dats de reason it am called 'Skeeter kingdom. Dese critters grow to about de size ob our chicken hawks, and dey lib in bee-hibes, and ebey hibe hab got a grindstone 'tached to it, where de 'Skeeters sharpen dere bills when dey hear ob de ribal ob a furener in de Selestial Empire.

De Skeeters am berry tick at all times here. De natives hab to carry a tin horn wid dem to blow dem away, so dey can see when it am dinner time. De people lib principally on sider spirits, skunk's cabbage, and jerked beef. I never seed any jerked beef but once, and dat was a shin ob beef Sam Cuggo jerked off a butcher stall in Cofarine Market, tudder Saturday nite. De papers say dat de manners ob de people am decidedly gross, derefore I tink a man ob genis, like Cap'n Coggy, would do well dere, if he upset a gross-ery.

When yow git in dis kingdom you can hab jis as many wives as you can afford to keep, and you needn't advertise for a bordin house, widout reference, to lib in, kase any hut takes in lodgers, but dere am bery few *sleepers* found in eny

ob dese houses De country, as it stands, aint worth much, else it would hab bin 'nexed to *dis* long ago. But England habin notin else for her navy to do jis now, am sending wessels dere to scrape acquaintance wid de 'Skeeter king, and see how de land lays. De compliments dat pass between de British orsifers and his 'lustrus highness am 'nuff to sicken all porkdom. I understand dat a committee ob de hole colored folks ob dis city am pinted to send his 'lustrious highness a inwitation to cum on here and wisit de soup house, and odder public substitutions. I 'spect to be on hand on dat 'portant 'casion, and I now send Brudder Bose around wid de sasser, hoping to raise 'ficient money to lay in a five dollar suit in time.

LECTURE XXV.

DE BUCK.

FELLOW TRABLERS TREW DIS WHALE OB TEARS:

I SHALL draw my discord dis ebenin from de works ob Mr. Goldsmif on de wild beasteses, and shall debber to liten your intellect on de life, character, and occupation ob

DE BUCK.

You must noe dat dere am sebral kinds ob bucks—de buck rabbit, de buck soger, de buck goat, de buck tom cat, de buck ram; dere am two kind ob buck rams:—one am de sheep, and de oder am found ginerally mong de tailors, for dese people use him to make de coat collars stiff;

New Orleans hab written a long letter to me 'bout "cat fish," an' "Simon Bines," which shall be duly laid under de table an' considered, as dey say in company meetin's.

Anudder sister wants to noe ef de Doctor Dobson spoked ob lass week war de Dobson dat lib in de one story house ob a yaller woman in Williamsburg. I don't tink it am, kase de doctor died afore dat town cood boste ob eben a gin shop.

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Dis lays alongside ob an odder pan called de tinpanum ob de ear, which am so called, from de fac dat it enables us to hear different kinds ob sounds; dere am nudder pan in de human body, and dat's de neepan, and when all dese pans am shut de human body am ready to go off, specaly if de human body hab got a load on. We next come to de troat, which am made ob somefin like gutta percha, called lumfatix glands, which terminates at de borax, and runs into de juglers wane. Some feller's troat am bigger den odder fellers, and dey drink more bad rum and eat more, which catastrofy am allowein to de size ob de swaller.

De hart am de next.

Dere am two parts ob de hart, and it works in de human body jis like steam injine. It forces de blood to ebery part ob de ramification, eben to de hair, and dat am wat makes so many red heads. It lays rite under de lungs, whar de peeples hab de culenary consumshun; rite below dese am sitewated de diagram, which am full ob holes, jis like a sibe. Dis ting am what keeps de stomack in its proper function, and allows de gastrick jewses to oberflow de jubebus and fall into de pizaringtum, all ober de oilfactory nerbes, and sometimes deranges de whole apparatus, and de human body git sick, send for de doctor man, and funeral expenses hab to be paid by de poor-house.

Dere must be a biler in de human body somewar, kase I hear de doctors talk so much 'bout complaints bein' owin' to de *bile*, and I'll find it out if I hab to go to de Anatomical Museum to do it. De longest bone in de hole structure am called de spine; dis runs horozontaly, dogmaticaly, and catolically long de back bone, as far up as de back-ob-de-neck-a-buss. Dis bone am full ob little jintes, and am de tenderest bone to fool wid, 'septin' de shin bone, in de whole sistem.

De action ob de food will, in all probabiliemity, be mitey interestin' to you all; derefor I will close my discord by gibin' you a 'scription ob de same. You see sister Mussy eatin' dat apple dar, and trowin' de skins on de floor. Well, dat apple pass fust true de lumf-at-ox glans' ob de troat, down de borax, to de diagram, into de stomjack; dere it am diegested into de gastrick juce, and passes into de jubams, tro' de anamal canal and kiuga akeduck, into de pizaringtum, and is dere lost among de infernal regions ob de corporation. Ah, my poor darkened hearers, dis am a subjeck dat few understand; and I would hab been jis at stoopid as you all if I loafed round de warfs, and suck 'lasses from de barrels, like as I seed Pete Bolus adoin' lass week. Dis runnin' round de warf arter de sweets ob life will neber fill de head wid useless knowledge!

Brudder Bromfoozle will please hand round de sasser; I didn't git 'nuff lass week to buy me backer wid, so shell out dis time.

LECTURE XXIII.

ASTRONOMY.

DARKENED DISCIPLES :

YOUR worthy subscriber will 'lighten your bedimed wisionary organs dis ebening on one ob de moss 'fulgint subjicks dat man or woman kind eber listened to. I shall splanify de great siance ob

ASS-TRONOMY.

You must not spose, you hardened sinners, dat I is one ob dem gifted sight seers, or one ob dem wicked fortin tellers, kase I is guane to read de stars, for you noe dat asstronomy means de siance ob how to read de stars in de middle ob de nite time.

Dere am sebril kinds ob stars in de furmanend. Some, about de size ob de head ob a brass nale, an' dey grow larger till dey git as big as a soger's button. It am a most beaufull site, ob a cold nite, to stand out doors, raped up in notin but enthusiasm, an' gaze pon de starry sky, studded wid angel's eyes, all lookin down on you, to see what you am a doin on dis arth, and how you fool around de wimon.

Dere am some comits (and some come-its too), wid long tales, which I shall 'lude to bom buy.

De milkey way, which you no doubt hear a good deel 'bout, runs doo nort, west, and souf, clar from away down below de Battery, clar up to Orange county, and dat's de reason it am called de milkey way. Der am anudder kind

ob milkey *whey* dat I will sometime or odder splanify to you.

De fust bright star dat was diskibbered was found out drue de aid ob a double-barrel'd skyglass, by a Jew ob de antshent times, named Peter, and was named arter him (Jewpeter) in a complimentary benefit at de time. De next was Mercury, but we only see dat shine on Sunday mornin in dis city; it am brite as de britest. Wenus am de star ob lub, and always shine britest in healthy warm climates. Mars am de star dat gides de soger man in de dark rode to glory, hallelujah, and E pluribus unum am anudder ob de same family.

De nex planit dat I shall call to your notice, on dis 'portant 'casion, will be de moon. You hab, no doubt, all seen dis planit so often dat it needs no 'tickler description from your learned lecturer dis ebening.

De moon is s'posed by meny ignumrent peeples to be made ob green cheese, but dat logick am 'roneous and false. Odders tink it am a big tin pan, hung out ob de inwissable winders ob hebin, wid a lamp hung in frunt to make it shine, like de Dremmond lite on de top ob Mr. Barnum's Museum, and de reason dat we don't see it all de time am bekase it am taken in ebery now and den to get scowered, kase de nite air gits it rusty, and it must be cleaned.

Sich stories am also a lie. Dere am no foolosefer dat hab diskibered zackly wat de moon am made ob, but de opinion of your 'litened laborer am dis. I look 'pon de moon as de little crystial palace, in which de god ob lub, little bare faced Cupid, libs, kase you all noe dat de moment a human critter falls in lub dey find de greatest delite in loafin about moonlite nites, and gazing on de beufill orb, wid de most intense anxiety, as if dey 'spected to find out somefin dereby condusive to dere happyness Sometimes dese peoples am

called moon struck. De moon struck me one nite as bein berry brite and hansome, but it 'fected Sister Hufferman bery different. She was comin home late from a ball in de moonlite wid de yung cullored man she danced wid last, and it am s'posed she must hab fell in lub wid him, aldo she complained ob feelin' bad rite arter supper. Some ob de gossips dere sez she ete more den haff of a 'possum dat was serbed up on dis tickler 'casion. Well, as dey were walkin' 'long home she fainted in de cullored man's arms, gis as dey got to de corner ob de alley dat she honored wid her residence. Dis skared de young he feller, and he dragged her in de house, roused all de family, laid her on de floe, sent a half-a-dozen arter as menny docktors, an' den rushed for one heseff. Dey all got back wid de different doctors at about one time, and now de berry debil was to pay; kase not one would 'scribe for her till all de rest was turned away, and at last dey got in a row. De Alopatist said she must be bleed in both arms, leeched wid forty-two leaches in de back ob de neck, and a blister ob Spanish flyes must be put on all ober de abominable regions ob de stumjack, and twelve grains ob calomal ebery hour. De Homopatist said dat she woulden't lib under de operation, and dat all she had to do was take as much ob a little powder dat he hab in he pocket-book as dey could put on de pint ob a needle, an trow it in a sist'rn ob rain water, an' take two drop ebery odder Monday nite, at haff-past ten presisely, an' let her hab a smell ob camfor ebery few days in de interum (I 'spect de interum means de nose). Dis made de water-cure doctor mad. He wished to noe wat rite de homapatist hab to order a sist'rn ob rain water under enny sarcumstances? De rite to dat, he said, was his only. He went on to advise de pashent to hab a rope tied on her heels, an' be sowsed in de sistren sebral times a day in an empty stumjack der.

take a refreshin' shower-bath ebery twenty minits; an' he told dem how to fix up de shower-bath, by settin' de pashunt on de front stoop, an' pourin' a barrel ob cold water on her head, from de third storey windoes. De Tompsonin doctor said all de woman wanted was two or tree good emitics, an' a hot steem-bath, a hundred an' eighty-seben 'grees above alonzo; an' he told dem neber to send for a Tompsonian doctor till dey put de biler on fust.

So de whole ob dem got a-jawin' true one anodder; an' in de middel ob de muss, de yung womon *come two*, an' was as mad as blazes to see sich crowd round her, and she clar'd de house in a little less den no time, an' de doctors arter insultin' each odder togedder, come to de 'clusion dat Sister Hofferman must hab been moon struck, an' notin' else. Ah! my fren's, dis big round moon plays de debel wid weakly-headed people, sometimes.

Will Brudder Thomas Benton Squash please pass round de sasser.

LECTURE XXIV.

ABOUT THE MUSKEETO KINGDOM.

MY DEAR WOOLLY HEADS:

MY lectur dis ebenin will be on de *Manners an' de Fashions, de Costumes an National Character ob de Oderiferous Country, known on de geolomical maps ob de arth as de*

MUSKEETO KINGDOM.

Dis kingdom am siterwated away down souff, below war Dickson's line ob stages run to. It am way down de Missippee, in de logatude 383 97, laffertude 9, under de temperance fluid zone. De best way to get dere am to take a canal boat from har to Buffalo, on to de Hio, den to Chiugo Lake, to Panamrass; from dere you go to Ismarass, on to Shagemrass; den you get on a jackemass, and ride into de Calafernia regions, git into a Chinese chunk, and go on to de Gipsin Pyrimids, take a one-hoss wagon ober de plank rode to de side ob de harbor ob de Moskeeter Kingdom; den you git on board de ferry boat, and cross rite ober into de place, and [illegible]e you am, high and dry, like an' Irishman biles his potatoes.

When you ribe dere you will find de park full ob omnibusses to take you to de king's palace, de high bridge, and odder poor-houses.

De king ob dis kingdom am a he colored man, and a mitey big one at dat. He stands ten foot six, or six foot ten, I forgit now wich; but him a mity great roger man. His

unicorn consists ob a second-hand-me-down British ossifer's blood red soger coat, a pair ob spurs, and a tall bear-skin cap, wid a red and white fedder, a yard and seben inches and-a-half long, and a pair ob moustachoes. Him 'seedinly popular jis now 'mong his 'stituents, kase he lately sent out his whole army ob eight colored sogers, and tuck up all de ole wimons, and poor deluded crippels, who had 'barked in de peanut line; and den he had de wiskers of de dandies cut off, kase dey stuck out an inch or two beyond de mark laid down in de proceedin's ob de common scoundrels, and odder laws 'fectin' siety. De war on de peanut stands pleased de big bugs, an' de war on de wiskers pleased de poor poperlation, and hence his great popelarity.

De principal wegetation ob de island am 'skeeters, and dats de reason it am called 'Skeeter kingdom. Dese critters grow to about de size ob our chicken hawks, and dey lib in bee-hibes, and ebey hibe hab got a grindstone 'tached to it, where de 'Skeeters sharpen dere bills when dey hear ob de ribal ob a furener in de Selestial Empire.

De Skeeters am berry tick at all times here. De natives hab to carry a tin horn wid dem to blow dem away, so dey can see when it am dinner time. De people lib principally on sider spirits, skunk's cabbage, and jerked beef. I never seed any jerked beef but once, and dat was a shin ob beef Sam Cuggo jerked off a butcher stall in Cofarine Market, tudder Saturday nite. De papers say dat de manners ob de people am decidedly gross, derefore I tink a man ob genis, like Cap'n Coggy, would do well dere, if he upset a gross-ery.

When yow git in dis kingdom you can hab jis as many wives as you can afford to keep, and you needn't advertise for a bordin house, widout reference, to lib in, kase any hut takes in lodgers, but dere am bery few *sleepers* found in eny

ob dese houses De country, as it stands, aint worth much, else it would hab bin 'nexed to *dis* long ago. But England habin notin else for her navy to do jis now, am sending wessels dere to scrape acquaintance wid de 'Skeeter king, and see how de land lays. De compliments dat pass between de British orsifers and his 'lustrus highness am 'nuff to sicken all porkdom. I understand dat a committee ob de hole colored folks ob dis city am pinted to send his 'lustrious highness a inwitation to cum on here and wisit de soup house, and odder public substitutions. I 'spect to be on hand on dat 'portant 'casion, and I now send Brudder Bose around wid de sasser, hoping to raise 'ficient money to lay in a five dollar suit in time.

LECTURE XXV.

DE BUCK.

FELLOW TRABLERS TREW DIS WHALE OB TEARS:

I SHALL draw my discord dis ebenin from de works ob Mr. Goldsmif on de wild beasteses, and shall debber to liten your intellect on de life, character, and occupation ob

DE BUCK.

You must noe dat dere am sebral kinds ob bucks—de buck rabbit, de buck soger, de buck goat, de buck tom cat, de buck ram; dere am two kind ob buck rams:—one am de sheep, and de oder am found ginerally mong de tailors, for dese people use him to make de coat collars stiff;

den dere am de de man buck dat you see swelling down Broadway, buried betuene two yards ob shirt collar ; den dere's de buck nigger wot swells out on Sunday arternoons in he master's clothes, when he master happen to be out ob town ; but I don't mean any ob dese fellers, kase dey got no character or occupashun wort speakin bout.

You must not mistake de buck man for de buck goat, aldo dey look berry much alike about de face, kase dey boff got mitey long beards. You will noe de buck man by he's alers habing a segar in he mouth, de smoke ob which he puffs in people's faces as dey pass him in de treet.

He differ from de buck goat in an nodder spect too, kase de clothes dat de buck goat wear he come honestly by, while de clothes ob de odder anamal de tailor often suffer for, kase he gets cheated out ob de same ; but I aint lecturin on de buck de tailors made, but on de buck de Lord ob human nature made in de year 1, and sent him in de woods to be de companion and husband to de doe.

De buck, my ignorant hearers, am bout de size ob a yearling heffer, only much more beautifuller made at all pints. His feet differs immediately from de cullured man's in size and shape, dey being small for dere size and round for der formation. His skin, which am sleek, and shines like a puter dollar in a swill tub, am bout de culler ob a grizly, gray, brown rat, and is mity nice, soft, and silky to feel ob, but dey wont let you feel em much, less you catch em fast asleep in de middle ob de day time.

De buck may be classed, if he was fit to go to school, between de bull and de race horse, for he can beat all creashun on a long run, which smack ob de race horse, and dat make him a bulley on de track, and hence resembles de bull. He am de only animal dat has beat de

telegraph to any great extent. De inguns use him for carrying de males from one wigwam to de odder, same as we use de steam loferfotive for de same purpose. Mr. Ingun, as he jump 'pon his back, cotches hold ob his horns, and stears him strait true de woods, and like Brandeth Pills, dey find dere way out in a short time. He head am de most beautifull part ob he countenance, if he'd only keep his nose clean. He hab horns on he head, which begin to grow bout de third month arter marriage wid Miss Doe, and de older he grow de biggar dey git, until dey git as long as a dull leader in de noosepapers.

Dis kritter, you all know, you ungratefull scamps, am de wensen dat you hear 'bout, and sometimes smell when you go past de fashionable eatin' houses! De hind quarters am considered de best part, but "dareby hangs a tail," as de 'posel Shakespere said 'bout de play-house. Wensen, my friends, am deer meat; it am worth 20c. a pound, and when it am fried in a fryin' pan, it looks for all de world jis like slices ob Ingun rubber biled down in molasses, and smells like de same, specially in dog days time.

De occupation ob de buck am like odder people's, who hab to *pick up* a libin as dey go along trew life, and his character stands A No. 1 among de sportin' gentry; for we often hear ob dese gemmen riding all day gis to get in company mid one ob em; he am, in fact, much sort arter; but, like a Subbern nigger, he don't 'pear to return dere affections in de least, for he no sooner hears or sees dem arter him, den he sticks him nose rite strate afore him, and trowin' his horn on he back, lifts up he tail, and shows his agility in a most surprising manner. When de gents find dat he don't want to suasheate wid dem, dey generally send a bullet-due arter him, on de reception ob which he merely stops, and allows heself to be conducted to whereber

dey wish to take him. Dis, my friends, is all I can find out 'bout de buck. [illegible] a skittish subjeck, and I tink you ort to be mighty proud ob your suspected lecturer dis ebening.

Brudder Wose will please pass round de sasser, and look out for de California lumps.

LECTURE XXVI.

DEEP REFLECTIONS.

LAMBACIOUS HEARERS—

I FIND 'pon lookin' abroad on de expence ob creashun, dat no one man war ebber found dat cood pleese eberybody. No matter how good a deciple, a man may be—no matter how hard he may toil to pleese all, or how nigh he may cum to doin' it; still dar will be found some antibilious chap, whose sentements does not agree wid de ress ob mankind, an' he am dissatisfied wid de world in general, an' somebody in partickler. Sich a koon as dis I hab jis foun' out, an' he will hear find dat I hab noticed his 'pistel to me.

You all recomleck dat 'bout two weeks and a fortnite ago I lectured on Mr. Azteck's children, an' gub it as my 'pinion dat dey cum from Jarsey, an' gub my reesons for sposin' de same. Well, wood you b'lebe it? Dar am sum feller, hailin' from dat orful country, who want to pick up a muss wid your long suspected speeker in consequence darof. He sez he am a Jarseyman, and won't stand it; I tell him I'm anudder, an' *will* stand it, an' har de argement stans arter he second letter to me. He talks ob swords at fifty paces.

I say luff him cum, ef it's a hunderd paces. I don't care, when my blud's up. Nex ting I speck he'll freten to prostitute me for breech ob promise, an' now I tink ob it, I tink I can sue dis congregashun for de breeches dey promised me two weeks ago, an' nebber keep de promise a tall. Dat, I tink am a clar promice ob breeches, ef not a breech ob promise, an' will cum under de iron statue ob de law, an' you ort to be ashamed ob youseffs to luff you ole lectural sarbent go fru de town lookin' like a turkey buzzard.

Dar am anudder discontented disciple rote to me lass week to noe what am my pollyticks, an' 'quests me to refine my own position on my own platform, an' adds dat I am excumsizin' a greater influenza on de public mind dan peeple am awar ob. Did you eber har sich nonsence? But I'll anser dem 'quiries to sassegefry de brudder.

Fustly, I'm authordocks all ober—b'lebein in tings as dey am, tinkin', wid de 'posel Shakspeer, dat all tings am better, am it am.

Secondly, As 'gards pollyticks, I'm a conserbatur belongin' to buff parties. I'm a Noddern man wid Suddern imperdence, an' a Suddern man wid Noddern cumplaints. I go for de bess man for orfice, an' I 'spect to git into de Custom House, poor house, or betterin' house; I don't noe which yet meseff, but I'm a caddydate for all. I wood be a alderman, but as dat am equibelent to bein' ritten down an ass by de noosepapers, I refuse from offerin' myseff for de sufferin' ob de peepil.

As to my kreed I don't bleebe my refactory frend will like it, but as he calls for it, I will reed ober de articles, as de tailor sed, when he persented his bill, tree yards long to de dandy.

Fust, I blebe in laffin, kase it eases de conshunce, aids digestion, and laxitudes de muzzle ob de face.

Secondly, I don't blebe in cryin', kase it am a fringement on de water laws ob de human body, makes a feller rinkel up he countenance in an orful manner, an' siles de pocket hankershings.

Thirdly, I'm principald aginst gittin up in de mornin' afore de bell rings for brexfust, alway perwidin I got a brexfuss to git up to, an' I tink it best not to quit de table as long as dar am anyting to eat.

Fourthly, I'm too tinder harted to see a feller cretur suffer fisical or povertical sufferin', an' darfor when I meet enybody in distress, I git out ob dar way as soon as possable. De Almanac sez dat's benebolence, an' I speck it am.

Fifthly, I nebber tink it worf while to mind my own bizness, as long as I can find enybody's else's dat I tink ort to be quired into. Else, how in natur wood I find out de chunks ob siance.

Sixthly, I belebe dat as long as a man can pay he dets, he am a good feller, an' when he can't he am a scounderl. Dat's de way de world go, an' ob corse I go wid it.

Seventhly, I neber swasheate wid de wite trash no how, an nebber dine out, ef de famely don't hab clam soup for edder de dinner or de puddin.

Eightly, and lastly, I nebber work as long as I can lib widout it.

Dar, dat's my kreed. Ef it sutes you, well an' good; ef not, good an well.

I hab jis fooled 'way dis ebenin' anserin' dem noisy members, an' hab not delibered de lectur I 'tended to do; but nex week I will make up for all delinquints. Pussonal matters I allers did disgus, but dey will "cum ober us like summer toad, widout our speckeld gander," as Mr. Macbeth sed to de murdered Donkey.

Will Brudder Jake Harrington pleese pass round de sasser?

LECTURE XXVII.

DOGMATIC.

REBELLIOUS SCORPIANS—

HAR I is agin, wid a wagon lode ob siance, which I is reddy to unlode for de wancement ob wisdom. . As sich full 'tendence as dis 'sures me dat my Herculian efforts to enlarge your dark understandins am well depresiated, I shall continue to hold fort till I lick all de sin out ob you, or take de shirts off your backs an' ebery penny out your pockets.

I war rumenatin' todder nite, dat is, foolosifizein on tings in general, an' de almanack in partickler, kase I find in dat book dat it sez dat "nofin war created in wain." *Dat* set me to tinkin' on human natur, an' woman natur (which naturs, I blebe, am two distink kinds ob natur), an' I cum to de 'clusion dat de ole almanack lie dis time like a wite man. I shood raley like to noe wat good de bed-bugs an' flees, an' de big bugs am made for? An' wat use edder ob dem am to dis community? De more I cogetate de matter ober, de more I blebe dat dar am menny tings created, "'gardless ob expense an truble," dat am ob no use to demseffs nor nobody else, an' when I don't blebe it

"Chasehoss am cum agin!"

as Brig a dig-Gen. Othello sed to Iagrum, when he cotched him a foolin round Desdamonerum.

When de preecher man wants to corr-vinch he hearers o-

enny tickler fack, he allers tells dem a putty story, in order to do de same. Darfor I will tell you a annygote to probe to you dat my pinion am founderd on a chunk ob wisdom as hard an' as big as de rock ob Gibit's Altar. De story am 'bout an ole cullard man, an' he noein' dog. You see dar war a black man in Ole Warginia, named Tone, dat owned de humblest dog de eye ob man or beest ebber beheld. He war so humbley dat he coodn't shut he eyes widout hurtin' he countenance, an' what war a little curious 'bout dis dog war de fack dat he messured from de tip ob he tail to de cold spot on he nose, jis as much as he messured from de cold spot on he nose to de tip ob he tail. Dis singelarity, ob corse, make him a great curiosity town meetin' days. But dis didn't make a "dif a bitterence" to de owner, who lubed him jis as much as ef he war ob a kuller node in de wokabulary ob tints, an war as well shaped as enny odder common dog. Well, ole Tone war offin seen a trainin' he dog in de woods alone by heseff, an' eberybody got to noe dat he war a great dog. One day a berry rich sportin' gemman who happend to hear ob de dog, sent a rambassader to ax de price ob him, an ef he war a good 'coon dog?

"Oh, yes, mastrum, I got de dog you want. He'm a fuss-rate 'coon dog, an' he sute de gemman all ober," sed ole Tone.

"How much do you want for him?" axed de rambassader.

"Well, I ort to git ten dollars for dat dog, kase he mus' be one ob de bes' 'coon dogs in de hole naborhood."

De bargin war struck, an ole Tone war so mity pleesed dat he laffed 'way down in he boots. De gemman took de dog an' left, an' in less dan an hour Tone war drunk at de tabern, an' bragin to eberybody 'bout de price he git for de anamil. Well, time don't stop in Ole Warginia no more.

den hear, an' it roll'd on for 'bout a week, when de rambassader come back wid de dog, as mad as blazes; an' on meetin' Tone he grab him by de koller, an sed—

"Look here, you 'furnal, cheatin', black raskal, you sold me dis son ob a cur for a fuss-rate 'coon dog."

"Well, ain't he?" 'quired Tone, "by Ginger, I tort he war."

"You *tort* he war. You *told* me *he war*, an' I have been out two days wid him, an' de moment he sees a coon he runs away from him. Now, what cood make you *tink* he war good at huntin' 'coons?"

"Well, now, look a here, mastrum. Don't be so mitey mad, an' I'll tell you wat made me tink he war good for huntin' de 'coon. I read in de almanack dat eberyting am made fur sum purpose, an' I bin a-tryin' dat dog at eberyting under hebbin, 'ceptin' 'coon huntin', an' he warn't worf a ledder button at all I tried him on, and so I *tort* dat he *must* be good at *dat*, as he warn't at nuffin else, an' I 'cluded dat he war manerfactered *on purpose for it*."

Well, my frens, don't dat sassagefry you dat I'm rite? Now I ax, in de name ob all dat's sweet, what was dat dog good for? *Nufin!* But dis one am not de only puppy in dis community dat am walued at de same high price.

My nex lectur' will be my twenty-eight, on which 'casion de seller will be 'luminated wid six penny candles, an' my motto, "Honesty, independence and wartue," will be frown to de breeze. A man possessin' dese tree ingredients can lib in happiness as long as clams am eighteenpence a hunderd.

Brudder Dan Pinchback will be honored by passen round de sasser dis ebenin'.

LECTURE XXVIII.

THE VAMPIRE.

(Long Island Song.)

DEAR DELUDED SINNERS:

ANUDDER page in de book ob time hab bin turned ober since I lass distressed you from dis ole roostrum, an' a new an' clean sheet am open'd, on which we can rite down our wartues or wices, jis as we pleese; but you muss tink, as you go 'long in de big boots ob sin, dat you can't rub nufin' out arter it am once put down on de page ob ole Time's book. You all see, den, how nessessary it am dat we keep a putty close ballanse ob honesty an' wartu aginst de sin an' wickedness we kommit, or else, on de lass day, when de 'count cum to be posted up, we may find ourseffs bankrupt, an' hab to fork ober, or be forked ober, I don't noe which; but I guess boff. Darfor, look out how you fool you time, an' see dat you hab as large a score ob charity an' goodness as you hab ob sin an' folly to put down for an aginst you characters. Ef you git de bess ob ole Satin, you kin laff at him; but ef he get de bess ob you, you will laff de todder side ob your mouff. But I lebe dese tings to dose whose bisness it am to 'tend to dem. My misshem har am 'tirely siamtifick, darfor I fly to de subjick dat I 'speck to spoke bout dis ebenin.

You will find my tex in de picter book, on de fird page, nie de top ob de leef. Fird page—nie de top ob de leef, whar you will find a anamil bout as big as a bat, a bat an a haff,

or two bats, or two bats an haff. Dat looks like de bat, oney it am'ent de bat. It am called by dose whose wisdom am suffishently dewalloped to know one beastesses from anudder—

DE WAMPIRE.

An' ob all de low bred wicked scounderls in dis atmosfear he am de moss big raskal. He am, in ebery sense ob de word, a sucker. Dar am sebril kinds ob suckers, but dis chap takes um all down. Ef he lite on you, de bess ting you can do am to say you prayers, kase he will suck ebery drop ob blood out ob you. He will cling to you wid all de affectshun displayed by a lawyer to a rich cliant, an will hold on wid all de strenft ob a Long I'land darkey. Speakin ob Long I'land darkies, jis fotches to my mind dat I got a beufull piece ob poetry from one ob dat class dat I will reed to you on dis portant casion, an luff de ole wampire run along till nex time, when I'll show him up in he tru cullers. Dar am a good menny wampires in dis community dat wants sturrin up. De poetry luded to am de nee flux ulster ob songs, as we say in Latin, an was rote by Long Cudgo heseff, gibin a count ob a little suckemstance dat curred todder nite on de I'land, which I tink you will all be interested in.

SONG.

BY LONG CUDGO.

Air—"I'm gwane to run all nite."

De greatest darkeys I ebber seed,
Wo a wo, wo ah,
Am de ginewine Long I'land breed,
Wo a wo, wo ah,

Dar's none wid dem dat kin cumpare,
Wo a wo,
Bekase dey dance an sing so rare,
Wo a wo.

Coris—Dey laff an work all day,
Dey dance an sing all nite,
Dey'm up an dress'd by de break ob day,
"Sum pumpkins" in a fite.

De green corn grow 'pon de stalk,
Wo a wo,
De odder day I shoot a qualk,
Wo a wo,
I took him home to hab a fry,
Wo a wo,
When de hot greece flew rite in my eye,
Wo a wo.

Coris—I rub'd dat eye all day,
I rub'd dat eye all nite,
It swell'd so big by de breek ob day,
I tort I'd had a fite.

I shoot no more bird 'pon de wing,
Wo a wo,
Bekase my eye war in a sling,
Wo a wo,
An den one day, de truff I tell,
Wo a wo,
Dat same ole eye, he bin got well,
Wo a wo.

Coris—An I laff'd an worked all day, &c.

Todder nite, at Sister Jenny's ball,
Wo a wo,
I wore a cote dat took em all
Wo a wo,

Big brass buttons, rolin collar,
Wo a wo,
When I cum in de ladies holler,
Wo a wo.

Coris—An I laff'd an worked all day, &c,

I danced wid de gal in de yaller dress,
Wo a wo,
An' her hand I squeese an press,
Wo a wo,
Den a big buck darkey ax me why,
Wo a wo,
He shoodn't black my odder eye?
Wo a wo.

Coris—An I laff'd an worked all day, &c.

I tole him dat de gal was free,
Wo a wo,
To dance wid enny company;
Wo a wo,
Den he called me dat I tole a lie,
Wo a wo,
When I hit him bim rite in he eye,
Wo a wo.

Coris—An I laff'd an worked all day, &c.

De constables dey har de spree,
Wo a wo,
An' all de darkeys sed 'twar me,
Wo a wo,
An de oney way dat I cood flee,
Wo a wo,
War by climin up de chimbalee,
Wo a wo.

Coris—An I laff'd an worked all day, &c.

When I got on de top de house
Wo a wo,

I creep long like little mouse,
Wo a wo,
An den I take a look around,
Wo a wo,
An landed squar upon de ground,
Wo a wo.
Coris—An I laff'd an worked all day, &c.

Den home I run wid all my mite,
Wo a wo,
An got dar by de breek ob lite,
Wo a wo,
Jumped in bed, under de kibber,
Wo a wo,
For fear dat I shood be diskibberd,
Wo a wo,
Coris—An I laff'd an worked all day, &c.

Cudge cum putty nie cotching heseff dat time.
Here, Jake, hand round de sasser.

LECTURE XXIX.

JOAN D'ARC.

FELLER TRABLERS:

EF I had bin a eatin dried apples for a week, an' den took to drinkin for a monf, I coodn't feel more swell'd up den I am dis minit wid pride an wanity at seein sich full tendence har dis ebenin; an wen I refleck dat it am rite in de wite-washun seeson, wen de bruddern am seen a gwanin roun de treets a lookin' like ole Gypshun mummies persarved in lime, an de sisters am up to dere ankles in de skrubbin time, my heart yarns towards you, like a peece ob Ingin rubber nie a hot stobe, an I feel dat I hab an afflickshun for you dat noting can estrange, or syringe, I forgit now which; but one am jis de same as todder.

It will not be a tall strange to you, ef I too am putty bizzy bout dis 'portant seeson—too bizzy to select a subjick for your deep siderashun, an ef I war to open de door ob de dark lantern ob siance, an let de full force ob its lite shine pon your enlarged understandins, I don't belebe you wood take time to rebel in its moonshine, darfor I will pass on enny partickler subjick in de siantifick world dis time, an spoke to you some tings dat I hab jis diskibber'd consarnin Gubner Hunt an de kullerd poperlashun, dat will 'stonish some ob you mazin'ly, ef not more.

Eber since de ole anty delugian world xisted—an I can bring de Almanac an de Esyklopeedia ob Human Natur to probe my sershun—de kuller'd man hab bin none as de moss gay deceber. From de time dat Jane Ar ob Ark eff d

Secondly, I don't blebe in cryin', kase it am a fringement on de water laws ob de human body, makes a feller rinkel up he countenance in an orful manner, an' siles de pocket hankershings.

Thirdly, I'm principald aginst gittin up in de mornin' afore de bell rings for brexfust, alway perwidin I got a brexfuss to git up to, an' I tink it best not to quit de table as long as dar am anyting to eat.

Fourthly, I'm too tinder harted to see a feller cretur suffer fisical or povertical sufferin', an' darfor when I meet enybody in distress, I git out ob dar way as soon as possable. De Almanac sez dat's benebolence, an' I speck it am.

Fifthly, I nebber tink it worf while to mind my own bizness, as long as I can find enybody's else's dat I tink ort to be quired into. Else, how in natur wood I find out de chunks ob siance.

Sixthly, I belebe dat as long as a man can pay he dets, he am a good feller, an' when he can't he am a scounderl. Dat's de way de world go, an' ob corse I go wid it.

Seventhly, I neber swasheate wid de wite trash no how, an nebber dine out, ef de famely don't hab clam soup for edder de dinner or de puddin.

Eightly, and lastly, I nebber work as long as I can lib widout it.

Dar, dat's my kreed. Ef it sutes you, well an' good; ef not, good an well.

I hab jis fooled 'way dis ebenin' anserin' dem noisy members, an' hab not delibered de lectur I 'tended to do; but nex week I will make up for all delinquints. Pussonal matters I allers did disgus, but dey will "cum ober us like summer toad, widout our speckeld gander," as Mr. Macbeth sed to de murdered Donkey.

Will Brudder Jake Harrington pleese pass round de sasser?

LECTURE XXVII.

DOGMATIC.

REBELLIOUS SCORPIANS—

HAR I is agin, wid a wagon lode ob siance, which I is reddy to unlode for de wancement ob wisdom. . As sich full 'tendence as dis 'sures me dat my Herculian efforts to enlarge your dark understandins am well depresiated, I shall continue to hold fort till I lick all de sin out ob you, or take de shirts off your backs an' ebery penny out your pockets.

I war rumenatin' todder nite, dat is, foolosifizein on tings in general, an' de almanack in partickler, kase I find in dat book dat it sez dat "nofin war created in wain." *Dat* set me to tinkin' on human natur, an' woman natur (which naturs, I blebe, am two distink kinds ob natur), an' I cum to de 'clusion dat de ole almanack lie dis time like a wite man. I shood raley like to noe wat good de bed-bugs an' flees, an' de big bugs am made for? An' wat use edder ob dem am to dis community? De more I cogetate de matter ober, de more I blebe dat dar am menny tings created, "'gardless ob expense an truble," dat am ob no use to demseffs nor nobody else, an' when I don't blebe it

"Chasehoss am cum agin!"

as Brig a dig-Gen. Othello sed to Iagrum, when he cotched him a foolin round Desdamonerum.

When de preecher man wants to cornwinch he hearers ob

enny tickler fack, he allers tells dem a putty story, in order to do de same. Darfor I will tell you a annygote to probe to you dat my pinion am founderd on a chunk ob wisdom as hard an' as big as de rock ob Gibit's Altar. De story am 'bout an ole cullard man, an' he noein' dog. You see dar war a black man in Ole Warginia, named Tone, dat owned de humblest dog de eye ob man or beest ebber beheld. He war so humbley dat he coodn't shut he eyes widout hurtin' he countenance, an' what war a little curious 'bout dis dog war de fack dat he messured from de tip ob he tail to de cold spot on he nose, jis as much as he messured from de cold spot on he nose to de tip ob he tail. Dis singelarity, ob corse, make him a great curiosity town meetin' days. But dis didn't make a "dif a bitterence" to de owner, who lubed him jis as much as ef he war ob a kuller node in de wokabulary ob tints, an war as well shaped as enny odder common dog. Well, ole Tone war offin seen a trainin' he dog in de woods alone by heseff, an' eberybody got to noe dat he war a great dog. One day a berry rich sportin' gemman who happend to hear ob de dog, sent a rambassader to ax de price ob him, an ef he war a good 'coon dog?

"Oh, yes, mastrum, I got de dog you want. He'm a fuss-rate 'coon dog, an' he sute de gemman all ober," sed ole Tone.

"How much do you want for him?" axed de rambassader.

"Well, I ort to git ten dollars for dat dog, kase he mus' be one ob de bes' 'coon dogs in de hole naborhood."

De bargin war struck, an ole Tone war so mity pleesed dat he laffed 'way down in he boots. De gemman took de dog an' left, an' in less dan an hour Tone war drunk at de tabern, an' bragin to eberybody 'bout de price he git for de anamil. Well, time don't stop in Ole Warginia no more

den hear, an' it roll'd on for 'bout a week, when de rambassader come back wid de dog, as mad as blazes; an' on meetin' Tone he grab him by de koller, an sed—

"Look here, you 'furnal, cheatin', black raskal, you sold me dis son ob a cur for a fuss-rate 'coon dog."

"Well, ain't he?" 'quired Tone, "by Ginger, I tort he war."

"You *tort* he war. You *told* me *he war*, an' I have been out two days wid him, an' de moment he sees a coon he runs away from him. Now, what cood make you *tink* he war good at huntin' 'coons?"

"Well, now, look a here, mastrum. Don't be so mitey mad, an' I'll tell you wat made me tink he war good for huntin' de 'coon. I read in de almanack dat eberyting am made fur sum purpose, an' I bin a-tryin' dat dog at eberyting under hebbin, 'ceptin' 'coon huntin', an' he warn't worf a ledder button at all I tried him on, and so I *tort* dat he *must* be good at *dat*, as he warn't at nuffin else, an' I 'cluded dat he war manerfactered *on purpose for it*."

Well, my frens, don't dat sassagefry you dat I'm rite? Now I ax, in de name ob all dat's sweet, what was dat dog good for? *Nufin!* But dis one am not de only puppy in dis community dat am walued at de same high price.

My nex lectur' will be my twenty-eight, on which 'casion de seller will be 'luminated wid six penny candles, an' my motto, "Honesty, independence and wartue," will be frown to de breeze. A man possessin' dese tree ingredients can lib in happiness as long as clams am eighteenpence a hunderd.

Brudder Dan Pinchback will be honored by passen round de sasser dis ebenin'.

LECTURE XXVIII.

THE VAMPIRE.

(Long Island Song.)

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Bekase dey dance an sing so rare,
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Dey'm up an dress'd by de break ob day,
"Sum pumpkins" in a fite.

De green corn grow 'pon de stalk,
Wo a wo,
De odder day I shoot a qualk,
Wo a wo,
I took him home to hab a fry,
Wo a wo,
When de hot greece flew rite in my eye,
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Coris—I rub'd dat eye all day,
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It swell'd so big by de breek ob day,
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I shoot no more bird 'pon de wing,
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An de oney way dat I cood flee,
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War by climin up de chimbalee,
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I creep long like little mouse,
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An den I take a look around,
Wo a wo,
An landed squar upon de ground,
Wo a wo.
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Den home I run wid all my mite,
Wo a wo,
An got dar by de breek ob lite,
Wo a wo,
Jumped in bed, under de kibber,
Wo a wo,
For fear dat I shood be diskibberd,
Wo a wo,
Coris—An I laff'd an worked all day, &c.

Cudge cum putty nie cotching heseff dat time.
Here, Jake, hand round de sasser.

LECTURE XXIX.

JOAN D'ARC.

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It will not be a tall strange to you, ef I too am putty bizzy bout dis 'portant seeson—too bizzy to select a subjick for your deep siderashun, an ef I war to open de door ob de dark lantern ob siance, an let de full force ob its lite shine pon your enlarged understandins, I don't belebe you wood take time to rebel in its moonshine, darfor I will pass on enny partickler subjick in de siantifick world dis time, an spoke to you some tings dat I hab jis diskibber'd consarnin Gubner Hunt an de kullerd poperlashun, dat will 'stonish some ob you mazin'ly, ef not more.

Eber since de ole anty delugian world xisted—an I can bring de Almanac an de Esyklopeedia ob Human Natur to probe my sershun—de kuller'd man hab bin none as de moss gay deceber. From de time dat Jane An ob Ark leff de

Ark on Mount Haireat, dressed up in a coat ob mail soger cloffs, an claimed relashunship to Napolion Bonypart, de uncle ob his ill-begotten nefew, to dis day, no one hab bin so fool hardy as to dout for one minute de deseptial facultees ob de darkey. As I hab here 'luded to Jane Ann ob de Ark, I s'pose some ob you wood like to noe little 'bout her; darfor, I will transgress from de subjick under de hammer, an tell you dat Jane Ann ob Ark war a soger woman, an went into de discontented field, and slew more men dan all de bed bugs dis hole congregashun hab killed during de lass two weeks. She war a fitein woman ob de rashest kind, an used to ride on a white hoss, clad in de moss brilliant armor dat war eber maid. History sez dat her armor war made ob steel an brass scales, an war moss elefent to behold; but it allers kinked my wool to see how her armor cood be so brilliant, an yet look so scaley as to be mentshuned in print. I neber found out zackly what made de peepil call her "Jane Ann ob Ark," bekase history don't say dat she came ober in de Ark a tall. But I count for it in dis way. It am well none mong de stugents ob siance dat all de anamiles dat entered de Ark went aboord in pares; but dar neber war two such sheroines as Jane Ann ob Ark. Har mate coodn't be found, so dey luff her go on har own hook; and when she leff de bote, de peepil in de Ark hab to gub her dat nickname. She war a good soger, but her whitewashun an stockin darnin wasn't much to brag bout; but to my diskibbery. You all recumlect dat in de lass procklamashun ob Gubner Hunt, he serted as a fack dat de culler'd race war a dwindlin' away, an in a few years wood be xtink. An dar war a public meetin held by de culler'd folks in dis city; wharat he war call'd a jackass for sayin so. It brot out a poem from me dat will be remembered by ebery man, woman an child till dey forgit it.

Well, my poor deluded frens, I jis found out dat de Gubner am not to blame for dat sershun, an I am sorry to say de fault lies at de frunt doe ob de mulatto poperlashun. De Gubner's agents dat took de senses ob de State, war fool'd, bamboozled, an' humbugged by dese stuck up wheat an injin darkies, who got de senses takers to put em down as *white* on de books; an when de Gubner cum to suffer it all up, he see a mitey fallin' off in de culler'd poperlashun, an dat's de way he cum to spoke bout it in he Message. Dar muss hab bin sum bribein goin on, or else de senses men war mitey neer sited. I tort I'd mentshun dis fac, kase I don't want you all down on de Gubner, kase he can't stand it no longer, an' he am a ole fren ob mine, an one dat I berry much suspect. He offen used to spoke to me when I war a mercanic, an used to do he witewashun up town.

De S'iety for sendin' fine tooth combs an Kalogne water to de Siberia Ingins will meet at Sister Prude's on Friday, to take into 'siderashun de priety ob supplyin de Cork market wid gutta purcha potatoes. I tink de ting will pay, bekase de more dey chaw 'em de bigger dey grow.

Dis congregashun will meet as a Committee on de Hole to raise your poorly supported speeker a pare ob boots, as soon as Wilmot Proviso Johnson passes round de sasser; an ef I cotch a bad penny in it, I'll come down on you like a shower baff.

LECTURE XXX.

MORNING WALKS.

ODERIFEROUS DISCIPLES:

"DE AIRLY BIRD COTCHES DE WORM."

DE spring ob de year am cum at lass, an de warm sun makes a culler'd man feel as lazy as de husband ob a bordin house keeper. It am berry deliteful for your poorly supported speeker to git up dese plesent mornins an' walk 'bout de town an foolosefize on tings as dey am, used to war, an ort to be. Some ob de anshent Dutch an Irish foolosifers an pertenders to siance, used to find meat for reflexion in a stone, and I find dat a good menny ob dar desendents am great seekers arter nolege, for I find dem deep in de study ob de contents ob de ash barrels by daylite in de mornin'. Dar is no 'countin for de works ob de inquirin' mind. Sum wags sert dat de anchent stugents had dust froun in dar eyes; but ef dey cood see de dust dese fellers kick up in ash barrels, dey woodn't wonder ef dey got dar mouffs an hair full, as well as dar eyes. Dese moddern foolosefers carry a bag on dar backs, an a basket on dar arms, in which dey put all de coorious specemens dey find, an' take em home to study 'pon; but moss all dey find turns out to be cole ob sum kind—de antecrite, de luckywarner, de peachpit, de Lehigh, de slate ash, an de brickbat. Some eben pick up de different kinds ob rags dey cum across, in order to see what dey am made ob. Oh! my ignorant

hearers, siance hab reached a conniptious standin' since I commenced lecturin firty weeks ago.

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honest libin. But to liberate all de slabes at once, and put de cars ob life 'pon dem as dey am, bloodshed and crime wood stalk abroad in de land, and de "Sun" wood haff to brush up dere ole steretipe murder notices, and gib dem anudder run true de nex wolume. Well, when you found dat you coodent walk into de peepils houses at de Souff, and hab dem do jis as you dicktated, you went home and put a stop to smokin in de streets, for fear de light ob de segar mite show de hipockracy in your faces—and now eben tobacker chawers and snuff takers hab to steal de chance to endulge dere propensities.

De last sclimax ob all your *wisdom* was de passage ob de Maine Licker Law, dat perwents a man to drink a glass ob somfin to take wid anudder human bein. Har's de way de ting stan's. Two men says to one man, "We don't like licker, no how—darfore *you* shant have it." "But," says de man, "I hab bin brought up to take a nip casionly, an I can't bery well do widout it, an I see no reason dat I can't hab it, jis case you two fellers don't like it. I tought you boasted ob dis bein' a free country, and dat eberybody cood do as dere conshunce dictates; wat de debil am your 4t ob July for, ef you act in sich tiranical ways?" "But, my fren," sez de two men, "dere am a drunkin lofer round de corner dat wont take cur ob he family, and we, de peepil, hab to take cur ob dem. Now if we luff you drink, we must luff him drink too, and you see it wont do." "But," sez de one man, "aint dere a law to punish dat drunken lofer if he kicks up a muss and wont take cur ob he family?" "Ah, yes, dere am, I beliebe," sez de two men. "Well, den, why must I be punished for de sins ob dat lofer round de corner?" sez de one man. "Becase we consider it best, and we *will* hab it so." And so you go on in your stubborn-headed way till putty soon you will stop de chawin ob tobacker, and dat

will cause a raise in de gutta persha market-house—kase dey muss chaw somfin. Den all Boston will be a gutta persha factory. De snuff takers will hab to take to usein cubebs, kase de snuff will be stopped soon—and den you will make eberybody go to one church, de one *you* like, and compell dem to go sebril times on a Sunday, and twice a Sunday nite, and take up a kollection ebery time dey go. You will make eberybody go up on one side ob de street and come down on de todder; pass a law to show at which door a gent shall enter he house aud he carrage—and as you hab legislated what he shall drink, I speck soon you will lay out he eatables for each week, and ef he calls in enny extras, fine him, and spend de fine in abolishun tracts.

Dere am one claus in dat licker law dat shows de Yankee big as dat Elemfent dat I told you 'bout tudder nite—and dat am de fack, dat you will luff de distillerys continue to make rum to sell out ob de State; but it cant be sold in de State, kase it am pizen, but you sell de pizen to your nabors.

Now aint you a putty set—jis look at youseff inside and out, politically and religiously, and see ef yon hadent ort a git a second pistol from me. I tank Provendence dat I am in a free country, yet whar liberty and mud am as tick as ebber.

Brudder 'Rostus Efronious Lutts will please pass round de sasser, and keep he tievein irons out ob de change. I got my eye on him.

LECTURE XXXIII.

SOMETHING FOR NEW YORKERS.

FRENDS AN SPECTATORS:

As I sent a pistol to de Boston fellers last week, I will dis ebenin elucidate your intellect by luffin you hear my

FUSE PISTOL TO DE NEW YORKERS,

Wharin I shall luff you see dat aldo I kin see de faults, follies, an fanatickism ob dem eastern sleeks, I kan also likewise see de long beem a stickin out ob your eyes like de bowsplit ob a clam slipe. I hab bin a layin low an keepin dark, specbely de latter, for a long time, an I bin a watchin' you wid bull eyes, an tink ef eany community in dis kintrey ort to hab a big klub broke ober its hed, it am you New Yorkers. All you seem to ear about am how to make money. No matter how you make it, so long as it am made, an you kin expire at de West end. You am bery earfull how you spend money indiwidually, but colleektively you go it wid a rush. Your sitty fadders, seein your great lub ob money an stinginess to one anodder, am constantly gibin you lessons in how to spend money. You will all, no dout, reckumleck dat dese daddies hab great lub for liberty, patriotism, tea room, and korporation kontracks, an dey will make a great fuss ober ennybody dat will fite for de same, prowidin allers dat de feller dat edder fites or spouts for dem am a furriner. Dey tink nofin ob spendin twenty-fibe tousand dollars for firin de big guns, an eatin le big dinners an peradin de sogers,

LECTURE XXX.

MORNING WALKS.

ODERIFEROUS DISCIPLES:

"DE AIRLY BIRD COTCHES DE WORM."

DE spring ob de year am cum at lass, an de warm sun makes a culler'd man feel as lazy as de husband ob a bordin house keeper. It am berry deliteful for your poorly supported speeker to git up dese plesent mornins an' walk 'bout de town an foolosefize on tings as dey am, used to war, an ort to be. Some ob de anshent Dutch an Irish foolosifers an pertenders to siance, used to find meat for reflexion in a stone, and I find dat a good menny ob dar desendents am great seekers arter nolege, for I find dem deep in de study ob de contents ob de ash barrels by daylite in de mornin'. Dar is no 'countin for de works ob de inquirin' mind. Sum wags sert dat de anchent stugents had dust froun in dar eyes; but ef dey cood see de dust dese fellers kick up in ash barrels, dey woodn't wonder ef dey got dar mouffs an hair full, as well as dar eyes. Dese moddern foolosefers carry a bag on dar backs, an a basket on dar arms, in which dey put all de coorious specemens dey find, an' take em home to study 'pon; but moss all dey find turns out to be cole ob sum kind—de antecrite, de luckywarner, de peachpit, de Lehigh, de slate ash, an de brickbat. Some eben pick up de different kinds ob rags dey cum across, in order to see what dey am made ob. Oh! my ignorant

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Todder mornin I war up an dressed by de time de sun opened his bloodshod eyes on de uniwarsity, an' puttin' on my speckemtackels, an seizin my big cane I sallyed out for a walk to cogitate somfin for your good. As I mosied long, I lambered up de one treet, an den down de todder, lookin' at de ole time signs on de shop, an tinkin' ob de signs ob de ole times, an when I cum to one treet ob Broadway, I seed a wonder bout dese days. Dar war ackually sebin scavendishers nee deep in de mud, a hoein it in a heep, to lay an' rot, to put on de land for de m'nure. Well, I stood hard by, as Capt. Cuttle sez, a lookin at em dig, when I seed de hoe ob one ob de men strike fire agin a little lump ob sumfin hard, 'bout de size ob a megnut, or a megnut an a haff. Curiosity, which am related to me on my mudder's side, seduced me to pick it up. Pon zamination, I found sum scription on it in high-old-gliffix, an I cluded dat it muss be sumfin grand, an worf perserbin, like de flys in de Museum. But it war so kind a shrunk up an hard dat I coodn't make out de words on it. I showed it to de Irish artist dat dug it up, an he sed he tort it muss be gutter persha, kase it war found in de gutter. So I took it home an put it in hot water, tinkin dat wood stretch it out; but it hab no 'fect a tall. Den I put it by a slow fire, an kind a roasted it for a while, but it cum out as hard an as stubborn as before. I node, from de sperience ob de ting, dat it had been stretched out afore, an dat it war now in a shrunk condishun. Well, wat to do I didn't noe, an I tort I'd do dat fuss, an I did. I axedently put it in my pocket, long wid a dollar bill (de reeson I had de dollar bill war kase my boord wasn't paid to Anty Clawson), an as soon as it came in contact wid money, it begin to thaw out a leetle. Har war a diskib-

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You wasen't willin to buy dem an edemcate dem, but you wanted der owners to leff dem go free, widout noein de fust rudiment ob how to take care ob demseffs. Why don't de Norff, ef dey am so interested in de welfare ob de cullerd man, buy dem by degrees, and put dem in a way to make an

honest libin. But to liberate all de slabes at once, and put de cars ob life pon dem as dey am, bloodshed and crime wood stalk abroad in de land, and de "Sun" wood haff to brush up dere ole steretipe murder notices, and gib dem anudder run true de nex wolume. Well, when you found dat you coodent walk into de peepils houses at de Souff, and hab dem do jis as you dicktated, you went home and put a stop to smokin in de streets, for fear de light ob de segar mite show de hipockracy in your faces—and now eben tobacker chawers and snuff takers hab to steal de chance to endulge dere propensities.

De last sclimax ob all your *wisdom* was de passage ob de Maine Licker Law, dat perwents a man to drink a glass ob somfin to take wid anudder human bein. Har's de way de ting stan's. Two men says to one man, "We don't like licker, no how—darfore *you* shant have it." "But," says de man, "I hab bin brought up to take a nip casionly, an I can't bery well do widout it, an I see no reason dat I can't hab it, jis case you two fellers don't like it. I tought you boasted ob dis bein' a free country, and dat eberybody cood do as dere conshunce dictates; wat de debil am your 4t ob July for, ef you act in sich tiranical ways?" "But, my fren," sez de two men, "dere am a drunkin lofer round de corner dat wont take cur ob he family, and we, de peepil, hab to take cur ob dem. Now if we luff you drink, we must luff him drink too, and you see it wont do." "But," sez de one man, "aint dere a law to punish dat drunken lofer if he kicks up a muss and wont take cur ob he family?" "Ah, yes, dere am, I beliebe," sez de two men. "Well, den, why must I be punished for de sins ob dat lofer round de corner?" sez de one man. "Becase we consider it best, and we *will* hab it so." And so you go on in your stubborn-headed way till putty soon you will stop de chewin ob tobacker and dat

will cause a raise in de gutta persha market-house—kase dey muss chaw somfin. Den all Boston will be a gutta persha factory. De snuff takers will hab to take to usein cubebs, kase de snuff will be stopped soon—and den you will make eberybody go to one church, de one *you* like, and compell dem to go sebril times on a Sunday, and twice a Sunday nite, and take up a kollection ebery time dey go. You will make eberybody go up on one side ob de street and come down on de todder; pass a law to show at which door a gent shall enter he house aud he carrage—and as you hab legislated what he shall drink, I speck soon you will lay out he eatables for each week, and ef he calls in enny extras, fine him, and spend de fine in abolishun tracts.

Dere am one claus in dat licker law dat shows de Yankee big as dat Elemfent dat I told you 'bout tudder nite—and dat am de fack, dat you will luff de distillerys continue to make rum to sell out ob de State; but it cant be sold in de State, kase it am pizen, but you sell de pizen to your nabors.

Now aint you a putty set—jis look at youseff inside and out, politically and religiously, and see ef yon hadent ort a git a second pistol from me. I tank Provendence dat I am in a free country, yet whar liberty and mud am as tick as ebber.

Brudder 'Rostus Efronious Lutts will please pass round de sasser, and keep he tievein irons out ob de change. I got my eye on him.

LECTURE XXXIII.

SOMETHING FOR NEW YORKERS.

FRENDS AN SPECTATORS:

As I sent a pistol to de Boston fellers lass week, I will dis ebenin elemwate your intellect by luffin you hear my

FUSS PISTOL TO DE NEW YORKERS,

Wharin I shall luff you see dat aldo I kin see de falts, follies, an fanatickism ob dem eastern sleeks, I kan also likewise see de long beem a stickin out ob your eyes like de bowsplit ob a clam slupe. I hab bin a layin low an keepin dark, speshely de latter, for a long time, an I bin a watchin' you wid boff eyes, an tink ef enny community in dis kintrey ort to hab a big klub broke ober its hed, it am you New Yorkers. All you seem to car about am how to make money. No matter how you make it, so long as it am made, an you kin expire at de West end. You am bery carfull how you spend money indiwidually, but collecktively you go it wid a rush. Your sitty fadders, seein your great lub ob money an stinginess to one anodder, am constantly gibin you lessons in how to spend money. You will all, no dout, reckumleck dat dese daddies hab great lub for liberty, patriotism, tea room, and korporation kontracks, an dey will make a great fuss ober ennybody dat will fite for de same, prowidin allers dat de feller dat edder fites or spouts for dem am a furriner. Dey tink nofin ob spendin twenty-fibe tousand dollars for firin de big guns, an eatin de big dinners, an peradin de sogers,

when sich genises as Cowshute arribe wid a fedder in he hat, an den it am dat elemquence an fustin breeks out in big sores all ober de body politick. De furriner am toted round in a fore hoss wagon, an wo be to de feller dat don't trow up he hat an du he share ob de hurrain. True, sum ob de "deceptshuns" oney coss six or seben tousand dollars, but who cars when de pepil pay de shot, an dey get all de glory, an sum ob de hallumlujah, too.

New Yorkers, I blush for you, as much as sarcumstancés will admit, to see you make sich big ingredious asses ob youseffs, an my hart am bustin wid indignashun to find dat de dust kicked up by de Parrin pabement hab got so tick into your eyes dat you can't see no patriotism or lub ob liberty in your own pepil; but you muss needs look far ober de deep blue see to find a patriot, on whom to trow your speeches, adorashun, an dollars.

I stood on a corner ob de treet, leenin on my wartue an a big cane, de day Mr. Cowshute cum, an de tear cum in my eye as big as a hoss chessnut, to see de difference atween de fuss made wid him an de reception dat de noble regement ob New York boys met wid when dey ribed in dirty shirts cubbered wid notin but rags an glory. War dere enny big guns fired? No! War dar enny big dinners gibben dem? No! an no one cood hab douted dey looked like hungry un at de time. Did enny wite cote foolosefer send a tousand dollar to dem? No! Did Brigadig General Sanford order out de sogers to meet dem fresh from de feels ob battle an victory? No! Dey carried dar tatter'd banners an dar wounded limbs true de streets, unnoticed an almoss unwelcome. An now, what do you do for dem? Why, allow dose who still lib (an dey am a berry few, for dey all got more disease dan glory in Mexico) ninety dollars a year to lib on, an den dey git it in shillins at a time Why, I git

as much as dat a year myseff, cludin de tin shillins. But dar's no use a talking to you fellers; you hab allers bin a makin jis sich asses ob yourseffs, eber since you kick up de Dickens wid Pickwick Boz to de present time, an look at de way you now 'low your treets to be kept. Why, I'll bet all I git in de sasser to-nite dat it am a harder rode atwixed here an Harlem, on de Fird abenue, dan am found on de Ismarass dat you cross a goin to Californi. But you orten't to say nofin aginst your sitty daddies, for didn't dey lass week put lime in de gutters along Broadway, an odder big treets whar de omnibusters run, an lebe de back treets nee deep in mud an filth, dat hab laid dar all de winter, making great probement in de manure line. I nose wat I am talkin bout, an I say you got good daddies for Fote ob July selembrations, lecktioneerin, lobster an oyster eatin, an considerin de temptashuns dat meets dem on ebery corner from sundown till daylite, I tink dey contribe to keep as much wartue as possible to wrap demseffs up in, jis afore de lectshuns. Some ob you may say dat dis aint none ob my bizness, kase I don't pay taxes; but I'll luff you see who's boss har, mind I tell you. I'll say jis what I pleese on my own platform, an ef enny ob you say a word aginst it, I'll git de feller dat sez it licked like blazes by de short boys, or de killers, dat you keep surroundin de corners ob de treet, an den I'll go 'form de p'lice dars bin anudder fite on de corner, or how wood dey noe it? So take care how you carry youseffs, an if you don't look out, you'll git anudder 'pistol from me nex week.

De collecksbun dis ebenin will be for bieing lime an soap to clean dis room, an I honor sister Jemima Florinda Betty Anna Muffins an Brudder Jemes Godolphus Rompson, by questin' dem to ack in concert wid Anty Clawson in doin de same. Luff de sasser succeed

LECTURE XXXIV.

DARKIES IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

My Dear Constichewents:

I find dat some ob de wite trash ob New York got de mullygrubs, an went off in a coniption fit ob de sulks, at sum stringent marks dat I choose to make on my own platform lass week bout Cowshute an de New York regement. But what do I car for de wite trash? or what do de wite trash car bout me? Dat's de questshun. Sum ob de wite trash pertend to car a good deel bout de culler'd man, but it am all gas an politicks, got up jis to kick up a muss an keep de kedentry at a bilin pint ob xcitement by de Baltimore Conwentshuns. Dese Baltimore Conwentshuns am gittin to be a great nuisance in dis kedentry. You neber hear ob dem in England, an I don't see no use in dem. De oney good ting dey hab done is to nominate Brudder Pierce for de Presidency. Brudder Pierce hab long held a spectable sitewashun in Brudder E. P. (dat means E Pluribus) Christy's band ob minstrels, an he kin play de tamborine to kingdom cum. He am a fuss rate feller, an I long ago profitized dat he talents would be diskibbered by one or odder ob de great parties ob de day. When he git to de White House, we'll hab high ole times. De fuss ting he will do am to call Brudder Bones (darfore you will make no bones in supportin him) an' Brudder Jonson in de cabinet shop to look arter de keys ob de burow, an see ef de decanters am allers full on de sideborde. Dan'l Webster hab to clar out

den, kase he will collect de wisdom ob de nashun round him, an den I will be called pon. I speck notin less den a pintment as Prime Minister, an I speck I make a Prime Minister fuss rate, an de wages am a good deal more dan I git hear now, an den I git no tin shillins an puter quarters, as am continually rung in on me by dis meen, black sliden congregashun. When I git to be Prime Minister, I'll hab stated preechin ebery odder nite in de Wite House. Two nites in de week de band will perform in de big hall, led by Pierce heseff, an nobody else, kase Perfessor Jonson, de leeder at dis time, can't speck to shine den, no matter how big his whiskers, or how high falutin he combs his hair. De two odder nites we'll hab a break down, when all de furrin Rambassenders will be lowed to cum, hair an all, an jine in de real. Oh, my frens, we'll all hab hallumlujah day den, an clam soup de year roun. No man, not eben Bill Seweed or Fred Douglass, will be pinted to orfice, onless he can pat juba, sing "Git out ob de way Ole Dan Webster, or Tucker"—don't make a dif a biterence which—an can dance a break down.

Den dar will be some swellin up an down de lemenade on Pencilwania abenue, an Kolone water will be riz. Darfor, I say, go you deff on Pierce. He's a man arter my own pocket, an I'll bet a cart lode ob Cowbay clams dat he'll be leckted. Jis luff de wite folks hear him make de tamborine ring, an den keep him out ob de cheer ef dey can.

What's dat Brudder Ben Lomans sez? I got de rong pig by de ear? How can dat be, when it am in eberybody's mouff dat Pierce am nomenated? An don't all de noosepapers say so too? An did eber one ob dem lie? Say?

Oh! it am General Pierse, ob New Hamshere, dat's nomenated, am it? Well, by golly, I tort it war Brudder Pierce, de tamborine man. I didn't see no odder Pierce

xcept him, an I don't b'lebe dar am eny odder worf noein. I'll take my dinner I tort it war him, an I'm sorry it ain't, kase dar won't be no fun at de Wite House now no more. But it won't fect me in partickelyer, kase Massa Foolmore an me am berry intimate, an he axes my pinion on all notty pints, frequently offen, speshely bout de nautty Five Pints, an I speck some orfice all ob de time, but I'll find out all bout General Pierce an luff you noe.

I hab recebed a billy-dux from a sister, axin me what am ment by de tea room, whar de common scoundrels, dar frens, an frens' frens git dar supper at de spence ob de pepil. She wants to noe what kind ob tea dey use, an ef dey use distillery milk. Now, I sarch all true de book ob statuary bout law, an I can't find out nofin bout it. But ole Jim Bolus, who ar waiter dar, sez dat de tea dey use am not sich tea as am used outside. Dey hab it made somewhar an sent in dar in dimmy jugs. It ain't called Bohee, Shoeshong, an Highskin tea, like odder fokes' tea; but you will find it libeled as brandy tea, whiskey tea, Bedam gin tea, port wine tea, an Jamaica rum tea. As regards de milk, dey don't use it oney in punches, an den I defy ole Belzebub hesef to tell what kink ob milk it am, wedder cow, goat, mare's, or cocoa nut, or wedder it am de milk ob human kindness. I don't noe much bout dese kind ob teas, kase I neber drink enny ob dem kind myseff.

I is glad de witewashin am ober, an I tank Anty Clawson an de rest ob de Committee on Cleanin for de same.

Will Mr. William Henry Augustus Marsey Potch please pass roun de sasser, an gib back no change.

LECTURE XXXV.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

REBELIOUS SINNERS:

OLD Brudder Samuil Nuckils, who, you noe, was a haff brudder to ole Joxth Heath on he mudder's side, and is now too old to do ennyting but eat spoon witals and sleep, wants me to say somfin 'bout Independence and Fort ob July, and as I was doun dere to his house, and spent de Fort—which cum on de Fif dis year—I tort I may as well say somfin 'bout him, as well as odder pepil.

You ob corse all noe who ole Fort ob July am, and why de fokes kick up sich a muss at de return ob ebery birth day. Ef ye don't, den I'll tell you.

Fort ob July was born in Filemundelfy in 1776. General George Washington was he gran' dadder, and Thomas Jefferson was he farder. He had fifty-six god dadders dat attended his birth, and hear let me say dis fifty-six hab bin consider'd de weightiest fifty-six dat de world ebber seed; kase all Urope cuddent lift or disturb dem. England had de ropes all reddy to lift dem by dere necks, but she found dem too heavy to fool wid. De birt ob Fort ob July was hail'd wid de ringin ob bells and de firin ob cannon, and so has he birt-day ebber since. De wost ob it am, it always will cum in de summer time. As far back as I kin recolemlect I hab notic'd dis fac, and put it doun in my scratch book, for furter futurety. Comin in sich hot wedder as it does, de pepil get de fantods afore it am obber. I don't say

dat dey all git de fantods, but I notic'd a great many who had *fans* and a great many who had *tods*, which blended in one pusson, products de fantods. De Irish pepil boast dat St. Patrick was jis as good a man as Fort ob July is; kase Pat banish'd a few toads and alegators from a little island todder side ob Jorden. But Fort ob July dun more den dat—he lickd a whole army ob sarpints and crockemdiles dat cum obber hear, armed to de teef in soger clothes. Derfore, if you here a bogtroter make any sich 'lusions, de best ting you kin do am to gib him one on he nose for heseff.

Fashenable pepil all go out ob town on de Fort, and lebe de city in de hands ob de poor classes. Derfore, 'cordingly I went out ob town myseff lass Monday, and I got myseff into much tribulation and disgust dereby. I will tell you how it cum. You all noe berry well dat for a few monfs prebious, your wordy speeker hab formed great 'tachment to Bettsy Gemima, de gran'dorter ob ole Sam Nuckels, dat lib down to Hogshead Long Iland. Well, de Saturday afore de Fort I pack'd up my portmantila in de croun ob my hat, and puttin what small change I hab in my cloze in to one west pockit, I put on my specks an ruffel shirt an sallied forf to de cars. When I got in de cars de peepil all star' at me like as if I wos one ob de candydates for de Presumcy. Ebberybody node me, and "how d'ye do, Professor?" met my refulgent gaze at ebbery turn.

Well I ribed down dor, and Bettsy Gemima recibed me in a most blushin' and expirin manner. De ole man sed he was glad to see me, aldo he had bin blind dese twenty years. He ole woman, ober a hundred years ole, was dere lookin' like a dried ingin rubber foot ball stuck in a nite cap. As soon as she seed me, she axed me if I cum down dere on a marrying expedishun, and made Bettsy Gemima look forty

ways for Sunday, wid shame and difushun. I sed I was a moss to ole I feer'd for dat, and I axed her how ole a pusson muss git afore dey gib up all desire to marry. She sed I muss ax somebody older dan her, and dat make Bettsy Gemima laff all ober her face.

Putty soon arter dis, Bettsy Gemima leff de room to open some clams for to make de clam soup, and while she was gone an idear struck me which kinder startled me, as I aint use to bein' struck wid dem. I tort as bein' as how Bettsy Gemima was a gwane to make de clam soup for my speshal stomjack, dat I 'ort to do somfin for her a little nice and pritty. I recomleckted dat I seed a skruce beer sine on de door ob a little shop, near unto de car whar de depot cum in, and I made up my mind to slip off and git a qwart unbenonin to nobody and s'prise Bettsy Gemima wid de same, when de clam soup war reddy.

But what was I to fotch it in? As dis question was a tumblin all true my hair, like a mouse in a bale ob okum, I seed a ole brown pitcher settin on de top shelf ob de dresser, and in a minit I had it in my hand and was on my way to de skruce beer shop. I tole dem to put a qwart in dere as quick as litenin, kase I was in a mity hurry. In a few minits I had de beer, and ribed at de house jis time luff to set it up in its ushal place, afore Bettsy Gemima cum in wid de clams all open'd in a pan. I didn't say nofin, but my hart kept a beetin quicker and faster at de tort ob de s'prise dat waited for de gall ob my 'fections. Well pretty soon de soup was dun, and de ole fokes and Bettsy Gemima and me myseff sot down to de table, when I spoke out and told dem I bro't somfin down from de depot dat wood gladden dere harts, and I rose and went to de dresser and handed my belubed de pitcher. She blush'd and took it, but as I sat down to de table agin I tort she cool a little ned and

I was fritened when she axed me if I specked dem to drink sich stuff; but I answer'd and sed, "In corse I do, kase I got it spressly to tickle your palate!" Den I seed she was rale mad, and she sed no man shouldent tickel nofin 'bout her, and I cood take it all myseff. Wid dis she flung it rite in my ruffle boosum, and it went all ober dem new trowserloons Anty Clawson made me out ob de ole bedtick. I demanded to noe de reeson ob sich treatment, and Gemima, sinkin' in a chare, busted out a cryin', and sed I'd find her reasons in de bottom ob de pitcher. I den, for de fuss time, look'd in de pitcher, and dere I found her reasons in de shape ob a ded mouse, 'bout haff discompos'd, a stump ob segar, a piece ob taller candle 'bout tree inches long, sum corn sabe, a gimlet, a shoe string, and some pills fur to kill rats!

I hab herd ob fellers afore now feelin' streeked, but I felt *nasty*, and megitly leff de house, took de fuss depot dat leff, and cum back home to foolosofize on de succeedin' ewents as dey 'curred. De moral ob all dis am—Always look into tings afore you use dem—specially ole pitchers.

I found out who put de lites out lass week, and I got a rod in pickil dat'll tickil when I use it.

As I was fool'd out ob my collecksbun lass week, I speck a double dose ob small change dis ebening.

LECTURE XXXVI.

THE ELEPHANT.

DELUDED LAMS:

DE subjick for siderashun dis ebenin am a moss too big for me to handle, widout some kind ob tackle. At fuss I tort I'd bess diwide him in too parts, like de preecher mans do dar tex, an lectur on haff ob him at a time. But I didn't noe wich haff to commence on fuss, an I tink ef I tackle him wid de claws ob true siance, I will succeed in showin his different pints as finely as ebber Massa Barnum did in his life. De anamel luded to hab created a great sensashun in dis willage, an folks from all parts ob de country hab flooded de city to find an git a look at him, an singelar to relate, a great menny found him whar dey didn't spect to see him, an whar he war sort for moss he war nebber dere. Some ob de city boys hab from time to time started on a huntin expedishun arter him, an dey ginerly found him by daylite in de stashun house, or some odder kind ob wicked house. From your snickerin I begin to tink you know who de gemman am dat I wish to induce to you. Ef not, I will tell you dat I mean

DE ELEMFENT.

Dis obbergrown lump ob flesh muss hab bin made at de commencement ob de Beast makin. When dey had a obber pluss ob anamile matter on hand; an it seems to me dat human natur, when he made him, don it as a sperement to

see how big a feller he cood make walk, an how much flesh an bone dey could cram in one skin widout spoilin it; an sure nuff it warn't spiled a bit, but walked off one ob de noblest an moss noein ob all de beastesses.

My ignumrent scorpians, as a great menny ob my hearers hab bin a long time tryin to see him widout doin de same, I tink a gineral scripshun ob his bigness will be relished by dose whose labor hab bin in wain.

Ef one ob dese fine mornins you shood see sumfin cumin up de treet, big as a hay stack on four warf spiles, wid a hed like a flour barrel wid a side ob sole ledder flappin on each side ob it, an a nose six foot long a squirmin around like de Ingine rubber hose, an feet dat look 'bout as graceful as a child does a walkin in two swill pails, an a couple ob teef stickin out ob he mouff like two barber poles a stickin out ob a basement barber shop, dat's him—Ole John B Elemfent hisseff.

When he walks he roles from side to side like a sailor man jis landed, an I speck de reeson am bekase his feet am berry tender from carryin round dis big haystack, an he's got corns on all he toes. He foot am shaped somfin like a culler'd man's, oney broader; but like de darkies, de holler ob it make a hole in de ground.

When he war made, it seems to me dat dey stood out four ob dem warf spiles, an piled on all de meat dey could pile on. Den dey made a gravey ob sandstone, gutter persha, broun dust, molasses an gray dog, an pour'd it all ober de flesh, an dar luff it dry. He war so big, an de big long ladders hadn't bin inwented yet, so dey coodn't smoff it doun much, an dat counts for he rough pearance all ober. Wen dey cum to de tail, de stuff gib out, an dey had to cut it short; but unlike menny tales I hab seen, dar am a good an desided pint to it. Ef dey had made it as long as he nose,

it might hab puzzled him which end war to go fuss, kase he look as do he hab a tail at boff ends. He nose am call'd a trunk, but for what reeson no foolosofer hab found out, kase he nebber carry no close in it; but de way he can pick up de apples, an nuts, an candies wid it, am nuff to breek a munkey's heart. He ort to belong to de Poke Nose S'iety, kase I neber met wid a feller dat had such a pensity to poke he nose in odder peepil's bizness in my life. One time, wen I war a seekin nolege in a carrywan tent ob wild beastes, I seed him stick he long Ingin-rubber nose into a lady's satchel, an steel a hunk ob gingerbread, nuff for my supper, which he took in one bite, widout eben winkin or pickin he teef. He jis roled he trunk down he mouff, which, like de culler'd man's, am sitewated in de lower part ob he hed, jis under he nose. Well, I tood dar a laffin at he imperence, wen he grab'd my cap off my hed, an widout chokin a bit, swaller'd it. Den I begin to laff on de odder side ob my mouff, kase I tort my new cap gone sure; but de keeper told me to coxe it out ob him wid apples an sugar tings. So I bied sum ob dem wid my lass sixpence, an gub it to him, an arter a while he put he nose down he troat, pull'd up de cap, an flung it haff way cross de show, widout eben smilin at de trick. He's got a orful swaller. I tink he cood take in a barrel ob taters, haff a dozen bed quilts, an a buffalo skin at one time, jis as easy as I kin swaller a Cow bay clam.

A great menny nannydotes am told ob dis feller's cunningness an trickery, dat wood keep you a laffin all nite; but I am warned by de woise ob Time to shut up. De elemfent am de moss segarshus an noein ob all de anamile creashun; but den, who coodn't be smart wid a hole hogshed full ob branes. It's a wonder to me dat a feller wid his high forhed, don't turn his tentshun to lecturin on de siances.

Dem trousers an dem shoes habn't ribed yet, an ef de Dawcus S'iety don't hurry dem up, I'll hab to lay in bed tomorrow all day till Anty Clawson fixes dem up. I is proud to show dat I ware a shirt, but I is a little tickler which end ob it gibs de occular proof.

Magyar Chawley will pleese pass round de sasser, an be careful wot kind ob money he takes, an gib back no change to nobody.

LECTURE XXXVII.

THE HOG.

My Dear Wooley Heads:

For de wancement ob siance on dis 'tickler casion I shall re-lie on de anamal kingdom for a subjeck to lectur on, and derefore I shall, by 'tickler request, proceed to anatamize an old acquaintance ob you all—namely,

DE HOG.

De hog, my deluded wooley heads, am a native ob de Sixt Ward, aldo dey am frequently often found in odder inhabited districts ob dis badly 'litened city, and no matter war he am found, he am de happiest ob beasteses all de world ober; he always feel perfectly at home anywar, and generally makes out to find a libin'; he am de happyest feller dat runs in de streets. Take him in his single or matrimonial state, dere am no anamal enjoys heseff better; in fact, de deeper he am in de mud de more he am in

de mire ob contentment; he lays heseff down, straches heseff out, and gibs heseff up to glory. Sometimes he spirits am edified by bein' de fust to find out de depot of a new pail ob swill from a fashionable boardin' house, and den he am led to be frisky; and den it am dat he "cuts up" as if de debil was in him. Dis lass obserwation am too true to laff at; for de big book says dat de debil was sent into de swine (swine am de Hebrewer's name for hog), and dat acconnts for de deblish shines he sometimes indulges in, shaking he little tail, rollin' up he little eye, and smackin he chops for joy. Dere am no use for me to describe de 'pearance ob de hog to you, kase you am all "on de most intimate terms wid him," as de politishens always sez, when dey spoke 'bout de President. Dey am tought but little ob in siety, specialy by all polytishens, kase dey can't wote. If dey could, de Sixt Ward would go hog ebery 'lection. Dere am sebril kinds ob hogs: dere am de Wall street hog, whose hogish appetite for money would make him steal de wool off ob a dead darkey's head, to stuff he hair cushin; den dere's de hog landlord, who would sell de bed from under a sick child redder dan lose a shillin rent, if he could; den dere am de hog boarder, who nebber quits de table as long as dere am enny ting left to eat, and when butter am dearest piles it on de tickest, and nebber pays up he board. Ah, my stingy hearers, dere am more hogs in dis world dan wat run around a gruntin' on four legs.

De hog am a useful anamal; but, like all odder genuses, de world neber diskibers his great walue till *arter he am dead*, and served up, young and roasted, at a Yankee train dinner, or staked off in a sixpenny eatin' house, or turned into de sassage market, in company wid dog meat and red flannel. His life generally ends—when he don't

get run ober by de omnibusters—as a countryman's career in de city commences, viz.—by bein stuck.

De hog am a most anshent animal; he must hab libed long afore de flood, kase it will be remembered dat Gen. Geerge P. Noah took a Ham wid him into de ark; and you know dere can't be no hams war dere am no hogs. Hams were so plenty at one time in Garmany, and so bery big, dat de people made houses ob dem, and bilt up a hole town, which am called till dis day, in all de 'spectable arifmatics, *Ham*-burgh. But I am led by de nose to belebe dat dese hams spoken ob must hab bin wooden ones; and, no doubt, some ob de Yankee abolitionists' grandfarders took out a ship-load, and sold dem at a slight profit; and den stole a ship-load ob slaves from de coast ob Ginny, jis to save dem from any loss by de trip. You see I noe dese old Yankee fellers aroun' Nantucket.

But I must close dis interestin' subjec, or else you may tink I am like a hog myseff for habin so much jaw. I will feel obliged to Brudder Porgie if he will pass round de sasser, and don't probe youseffs pigish by refusing to reward your wordy laborer for his brilliant discorse dis ebenin'.

LECTURE XXXVIII.

THE BAT.

BELUBED WOOLEY HEADS:

I SHALL dis ebenin obstruct my discord from de anamal wonders ob creation, and aldo de subjick ob de discord am blind, you musent tink, you ignoramasses, dat your 'spected laborer dont know how to valuminate it —I know it like a book from de head to de tail. De subjick am

DE BAT.

De bat I mean am not a brick-bat (aldo he'm a "perfect brick in his way), dat fly about offentimes in de Sixt Ward, and make you see stars in de day time when he hit you on de shin, nor de bat dat play wid de ball; no! nor de bat on de nose like dat Sam Cowlip struck Pete Coles wen he spit on his new shiny boots at Pete Williams' todder nite. It am no such fluvenile subjick.

Dere am two kinds ob bats: de ole bat and de young bat—and it am de ole bat your poorly supported laborer will pullucilate on, on dis berry 'portant casion.

Whar de bat come from am none ob your bizness, so I nebber took de trubble to go down to de Museasm to find out, but I is fully sassagefried dat dey war made by human natur like all de odder winged beastesses, an my 'pinion am founded on de ritens ob seberal ob de Common Scoundrel,

which I found in de papers, call'd de "Democratick Lebeler," and de "Wig Screacher,', who all say de case am a fac, an ob course it am. De bat, my stingy hearers, am a considerable of a bird; he'm haff inseck and haff anamal, an am 'bout de size ob a haff grown rat. He am like a rat kase it has fur on jis like a tievin' scoundrell, and he am also *rat*-ified by habin a tail in de usual place. He head am like a buck rabbit's, and he resembles an editor 'bout dis regin a good deal too, kase it am defishint berry much in de brains; and he am also like justice—bein stone blind. If justice was stone blind it would do; but dis one-sided, cross-eyed way ob doing justice am "awful papers," as we say in French. He toes am fledged wid sharp claws, like a California pickaxe, and he habits am berry unregular, because he will fly 'bout nites, and human natur, seemin pleased wid his nocturnal propensities, hab gibben him a pair ob wings, seeminly for no odder arfly purpose; and I would 'vise all ob you fellers to be on de look out for dese chaps in de nite time, for if one *bats* you side ob de head, you'd labor under a hallelujah ob de mind for two weeks and a fortnight, and jis as like as not git in de lunatick silam in Centre street. If one ob dem 'tempt to bat me any nite, when I am comin' home late from beein out on charitable purposes, I'll take him afore a alder-e man on a rit ob "heap's-o-corpses," as lawyers call it, and sware salt and *bat*-tery on him.

I hab to 'form dis siety dat Deacon Lofty from Bostun is 'spected in town in a few days prior to his nominating heseff for de presedency. It am not none yet wedder he will bring a trabblin companion wid him or not, but sebrel sisters, haff black and wite, hab kindly woluntered to act in dat compasity to see dat his morals am not tampered wid in dis wicked city. I tink it wisable, my

dear wooley heads, dat you should take up a collection sufficient to purchase a hunderd clams to be made into soup for his special benefit, during his stay among us, as a change ob diet mite play de debbel wid his scrutinary functions; derefore Brudder Fitz will please pass round de sasser, and look out for bad pennies, kase dey will "ring em in" on us sometimes, if we aint carefull. I understand dat de Hanabel Black Guards, a company ob sogers named in honor ob myseff, will turn out on he 'rible, and scorch him true de five pints.

LECTURE XXXIX.

THE CROCODILE.

BELUBED SISTERN AND BRUDDERN:

HABIN receibed a free gratis ticket for notin wid de rest ob de clergy, to wisit de Tom Tumb cattle show ob bullefants, Barnums, and odder queeriosities, I put on my new wite hat which Brudder Knox sent me lass week done up in a "horn" box, and seizin' my big cane, which hab got de hed ob a jackass carbed on de top, which Brudder Greeley leff me to remember him by wile he went to de British John Bull show shop, and puttin on my specks which I got, it am none ob your bizness whar, I wended my way to de carawan, and wen I got dar I foun myseff in a managery. Sum ob de pepil was complainin, kase dey sed dey cudent see Barnum no whar, hut I laff'd at dem, kase I cood see him in 'most ebery cage, 'septin ob course de cages whar de wild beastesses was. Well, I looked all 'round at de old and young bullefants, de liun and de monkeys, wich all surbe

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food fur reflecshun, ef food fur nobody else, and I foun almost ebery species ob human natur 'mong dem, 'septin de beufell cretur none in de anamals ob fame as de krokemdile, and as he was not dar I will splanify his life, charakter, and costume to you, so you'll be posted up on de subjick.

DE KROKEMDILE,

My frens, am a beast and a fish too,—dat means he am anty phebeus anamal. De wise men in de East—dat am on de eastern shore ob Maryland—belebe him to be de connectin link twixt de Abolishunist and de Maremaid, and de more I cogitate de matter ober in my own hed, de more I is led to belebe in de same 'xclusive 'pinion, kase de krockemdile hab got a tale like a fish, so hab de Maremaid, dat makes him like de fish and de Maremaid; and he likes young and tender niggar, so does de Abalishunist, 'specially de female gender, wich makes him like de Abalishunist, and deir lub boff amount to 'bout de same ting. Dese fellers am alike in anudder instink, kase dey boff shed krockemdile tears ober de darkey race.

De lub ob de krockemdile am so strong for de darkey, dat he hab been knone to chase him on a sandy beech for a mile, cryin arter him all de time. He am by natur like an alderman, kase he lubs fresh meat amazin, and he am all jaw and nebber sez enyting ob consequence. He am like de darkey to, kase he lub to lay in de sun and sun heseff jis like lazy niggar in fly time. He will lay on 'him back wid him mouf wide open till he git it full ob flies, muskeetoes, tomattoes, bumblebees, and grasshoppers, and den widout ringin a bell or gibin eny warnin to de insec world, all ob a suddin he slaps down he upper jaw, shuts he mouf like a seller door, and wo be to all inside dem jaw. He lays eggs, so does a

hen, and he am got claws like a hen, but dat dont make him chickin-hearted. Altogedder, my frens, at full lengf or kirled up, he am a scaley chap, and I 'wise you as a fren to cut his 'quaintance wenebber you meet him. If you should pitch fite wid him you will fine dat, like de skunk, he can do "much 'xecushun" (as dey say 'bout de soger man) wid he tail ef he gets a crack at you, derfore, do as I do now, leff him alone.

De darkey dat was so liberal as to put a counterfit dollar-bill in de sasser lass week is knone to me, and if he don't make instant persparushun for de rong committed, I shall 'xpose him to de hole congregashun, so Jim Crolen jis come up here and git your bad dollar, and ef you come dat ober me again I'll turn you out ob meetin.

Brudder Sillyous K. Muffin rites me from Long Island, dat sence he got married lass April he hab bin tendin a protracted "Lub Feast." I should like to tend sich a "Lub Feast" as dat meseff.

Brudder James W. Cobb Webb will honor de company by passin 'round de usual sasser

LECTURE XL.

THE RHINOCEROS.

DEAR SISTERS AND BRUDDERS:

I IS berry glad to find dat a true sirt for 'nolage hab brout so meny ob you to hear me lectur dis ebenin'. De subjick dat I shall spoke 'bout on dis 'tickler 'casion will be one dat shood kommand wide awake listeners, kase I shall splanify some tings dat no foolosefer hab yet diskibered in dis 'ligtined country, and I spect to see my name emblasted on de m'ckutchon ob fame, and handed down to posterity by my antsisturs in preseedin' years to come in konsequence dereof. I shall once more 'xtract my diskushun from natral histreé, and de fust beast dat I shall 'tack will be

DE RINOSSINHOSS.

Some folks mou't call it de rinossincow, kase it hab got a horn on him hed; but he am set down as rinossin*hoss* in de Comic Almynack, and odder elemwated works on siance, and derefor I tink he am considerable ob a hoss, and notin' a tall to do wid de cow speeches. He am a bery fine lookin' kritter, rangin' in size 'tween de mouse and de elemfant, and he am nie de cullor ob a wheat and Ingin nigger, wid de small pox. He 'sembles de cullored man berry sumtously 'bout de mouf, 'septin de nose, kase de darkey's am flat, broad, and soft, while de odder am notin softer or shorter den a horn, and he finds de utmost diffikulty in blowin' he

own horn or nose, and derefore he differs egregiously from de editor, kase de latter anamal blows he own horn jist as easy as if it was natral to him, and looks upon it as a luxery dat neber 'pears to tire him.

My der ignumrent hearers, de rinossinhoss am a anty phebious creter, jis like de crockemdile, and he libs more den haff de time in de water, and hence he am better off den de poorer class ob de wite and de cullered peeple in dis sitty, kase he can get a baff during de hot wedder free gratis for notin' wheneber he wants it, wich shows 'clusibely to my mind dat provemdental natur takes better care ob de beasts ob de feelds den de corporation takes ob de lower classes ob 'siety. I gess I cut somebody's buttons den. One reason why he don't stay on land more'n he dose am kase he got eny quantity ob corns on he tose, which render he "long marches, dreadful measures," as de posel Shakespur sez.

De corns on he toes am jis as hard as de horn on he nose, which make de larned Goldsmith, not de larned blacksmith, class him 'mong de horney anamals; and what makes it worse for him is de fack dat he don't no how to read de noosepapers, dere nebber habin bin no mishenary siety yet 'tablished to go mong dem to upset free schools, to larn dem to read; else, dey could see at once what sab to use to kure dere korns. Ah, my frends, you hab no idia ob de ignumrance dere am in dis world.

De hed ob de rinossinhoss am 'bout de size ob a young flour barrel, and he lips am berry much like cullored man's 'speshaly when him smile. He got a bery 'spressive, open countenance, and his food consists of ebery ting good in de market, 'septin spoon witals and hoe cake, and de only reason he don't lub clams am 'kase he don't noe how to open 'em. His skin lay on him back wid all de ease ob a bed quilt promuskusly trown ober an empty barrel ob sider,

and it am hard as de hart ob a ole miser. Musket bullits fired into his ribs, insted ob hurtin' him, only tickle him so dat it set him a laffin', and de balls 'bound back on de shooter, jis like a big lie 'bound back in de face ob de liar and slanderer. De bess way to *cotch* dese fellers (de rinossinhosses) am to get behind dem and dob molasses on dar little tails, and when dey turn dere heds 'round to lick it off, jis trow a rope ober it, and lasseso him, as dey do de mad bulls in Mexico, and den you got em foul.

Brudder Tom Huskings will please pass 'round de usual sasser, and keep he big blue eyes from peepin' under de bonnets ob de fair sex.

LECTURE XLI.

WHAT WE ALL WANT.

My Dear Wooley Heads:

De subjick dat I is choosed for my tex dis ebening, am one ob great interest to dis community. It am somefin you am all seekin arter, but nebber fine; you offen tink you noe whar de little joker am, but you noe sooner put your finger on it, dan he arn'ent dar. Darfore I shall draw my discord on de subjick ob—

HAPPYNESS.

Happyness, my perspirin frens, am de ting dat all mankine am arter, and human natur made man so different, de

one from de odder, dat what am one man's happyness am anudder man's ratsbane; and so it am in de wegetable kingdom and 'mong de insex. De clam am 'puted to be happy on a sand bank at high water, and a bee am sed to fine happyness in a tar barrel, but dat's not to say dat a cullored man would feel happy a rollin in a tar barrel on de beach at Coney Island. De young look for it in de marriage life, and de old look for it in de grabeyard, but I don't look for it in eder ob dese speres ob life.

My ignorant hearers, I is, on dis berry 'portant 'casion, gwane to tell you what I consider constipates happiness. It am a clar conshence and a full stomach; not too full ob de latter, but de former may be as pure and clar as monshine. It am a glorious ting to hab a clar conschence so you can lay down at nite and tink dat you hab not injured nor ronged nobody all day. Den it am dat you can roll yourseff up in de sheet ob contentment and de blanket ob innosence, and sleep and snore in your wartuos beds wid all de sassegefacshun ob a hog in a mud hole; and den in de mornin wen you wake up, you can walk forth in all your strength ob manhood (I don't mean smellin strength), and am not afeard to look you feller man plump in de face. Dat's de happyness I enjoy. But how different am it wid sum ob you fellers dat will steal chickens and sich tings! You lay down at nite wid your hed cubbered wid de bed-close for fear de policeman cotch you, and den all day you keep doggin 'round de corners in dread and fear ob de same anamals. I recomlect many years ago how I felt arter I had stolen somefin; it was one nite when my fadder and my modder wus gone to bed, dat I cum home late from a huskin frolic dat ole master Wanramseller gib to de darkeys on de plantashun, and wen I lit de candle to go to bed, I foun a baskit ob clams dat fadder hab bin and cotched in de arter-

noon; well I sot down de candle and went at de clams and put 'em away mitey fass, till I eat 'em a moss all up, and den I go to bed; but I cudn't sleep, I role and tumbled all nite like a empty barrel on de brinary osun; I tink wat de debil am de matter! kase I begin to feel suffin queer in de bread basket, when all at wonce I taut I bin eatin a moss a hundred stolen clams, and dey lay like a leaden anker on my conschence, and dey did hurt me like beeswax. My groans 'sturbe de ole woman; she ax me wat ails me, I tole her, and she say it surbed me rite, and wood larn me not to meddle wid odder peepel's clams agin. I got skeard, and rushed out ob de house, model artist as I was, and run to Dr. Bunsby's. Dis doctor was an Alapackest, and he bled me at once, and den gib me a dose or two ob sirrup ob swill and ruebub, and by daylite I got ober it. It was a awful nite, and it larned me de wallue of a clar conschence.

My frens, if you wish to be happy in dis world, do all de good you can to de poor, speak kine to every body, ef it am only a dog. Don't decibe, and lie to your frens; put as much as you kan in de sasser every week, and don't eat raw clams to any 'xtent at bed time, wedder dey am stolen or not, and I tink you can stan a far chance not only ob bein happy in dis world, but you will occupy a snug place in Abraham's bosom, providin' he takes niggers in dat spacious apartment.

I is 'sprised to fine wun or two ob de sisters hab 'dopted de wulgar new Turkey trowsers and Ingin woman's straw hats, which Missus Hickery Smith hab been lecturin on. I tink it wood do well anuff for de young sisters, but wat ebber put it into de hed ob ole fat Ice Cream Anty Clawson to put on her ole man's trowses and broad tale soger coat, wat he used to wear wen he blow'd de base drum in de nigger band years ago, am a mistery to my calculatin'

functions. She look so like a ole obergrown Rang Otang dat she make ebbry body laff rite out in meetin. Ef she cum here agin in her "new custume" as she calls it, I'll 'xpose her to de hole congregashun.

Brudder Slofeel will 'xceed in showin dat new five dollar suit he got on, ef he will hab de perlashness to pass round de usual sasser, and let him remember I'm watchin dem tievin irons ob his'n all de time.

LECTURE XLII.

VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT.

FELLOE DISCIPLES:

I is sorry to hab to pear afore you in de shape ob an 'pology, but de fact am I hab bin so bizzy wid one ting and annudder sence I lass spoke to you, dat I had not hab time to fix up a lectur on any siantific subjeck. Sarcumstances hab followed sarcumstances in sich rapid suckseshun, jist like de cars on 'de railroad track, dat my mind hab bin 'tirely prostitute.

De fust suckemstance dat affect me was de rible ob Massa Foolmore, de presemdent ob dis mitey nation, kase you see I hab a little bizness wid him dat 'quire specific attention. I called on him once at de wite house in Washington; but it happened to be wash day, and I found Mrs. Foolmore bizzy washin, and she was cros as blazes bekase I cotched her widout her Sunday dress on, so Massa Foolmore tipped me de wink, and he gib me sixpence to drink he helf wid, and tole me to call agin. I tanked him soderifously, and promised to do de same which he 'spress; but

my ardent bizness led me to git back to de norf by de nex train. So I nebber call on Massa Foolmore arter dat, till he 'ribed hear lass Tuesday, when tinking it my duty, I went down to de Irwing House and ring de bell. A cullored man, behind a big pair ob mustachoes and a wite apron, opened de doe, and in a gruffy woise ax'd me "wat I wanted at dat doe," and "why I didn't go to de kitchen doe?" I laff at he imperence, and told him I was a friend ob de presemdent, and dat I wished to spoke wid him.

"Don't belibe it," sed de dandy nigger, "but you kin send your caird up, and if he sez you kin come up, I'll 'scorch you to de rooms."

Well den I was in a fix. I neber did hab eny cairds wid my name on in partickilyer, and I was for a minit put to an unblush, but all at once I remembered dat I had a pack ob cairds, in my coat tail pocket dat I took away from Sam Lipley, Guss Trealms, Joe Sampson and Dave Kinney, when I found dem down by Caffrine market playing bluff on a barrel head lass Sunday nite, in de moonshine, so takin out de Jack ob Spades I rote my name dus, J. C. Hanner-Bull, and gib it to de cullored pusson. He showed his ivories clear 'cross he face, and saun'tered up stairs. In a minit I hear Massa Foolmore's woise wich say, "Show her up." Den I hear de waiter say, "It aint a she. It am a he." "Get out," say de Presemdent, "de caird sez it's Hanner Bull, send her up."

"Shill I send up de pusson dat rote dat name on de caird?" axed de waiter.

"Presisely," said Massa Foolmore, and in anudder minnit I was at de doe. I gin a Rochester nock wid my fist, and de doe was opened by de Presemdent heseff, who was more den delited to see me. He shook hands wid me, and 'wited me to take a seat. I sot down and we hab a long confab

togedder 'bout de nation and tings in general, not General Tings. Arter axin me many quisshuns 'bout Brudder Tappin, My Coon Smith and odders ob less note, he sed he wished to ax me 'bout a class ob community which he alers took a great interest in, and he blibed dad he had a good many frends 'mong dem, and thought I node more 'bout dem den odder people. "To wot class do you 'lude," I ax'd wid impatients, seeing how interested he was on de subjeck.

"De New Boys," said he, "dey spend dere short existence in spreadin abroad de lite ob siance."

"Dat's a fac," said I, "dey work for de confusion ob useful nolage."

"Let me ax you, Mr. Hannerbull," again returned he, insultin' de caird which he held wid my name on, "Do de newsboys embrace de privilege ob usin de public baffs, which de corporation so wisely and so nobly instituted for dere use, and for de use ob de rest ob de poor folks dat hab to lib in submarine sellers and penned up apartments?"

I told him he must be crazy, kase I nebber har ob dem baffs, and I didn't blibe from de 'pearance ob de boys dat eny ob dem did edder. He said de boys should be looked arter, kase he 'spected to find a good many ob dem in de "House" in a few years.

I ax'd him which house he meant, de House ob Refuge, de Poor House, or de Station House. Neder ob dem, said he; I mean de House ob Congress. I tole him dat newsboys was found all ober creation, and I 'spected de House ob Congress would be full ob dem.

Den he axe me how de Picayune get along; an he was 'stonished wen I tole him dat obber tirty-five thousand copies was sold weekly; he said he got it ebery week at de Wite House; and den he axed me confidenshely if I couldn't stir up de 'Mare to keep de streets a little clean,

and remarked dat he was 'shamed ob de condishun ob de city. I tole him dat a man had inwented a merchene dat would keep de streets perfectly clean for one tird wat it now cost to keep dem in de present filty state. He wanted to noe why it was not employed, and I tole him de truff, "Bekase it can't wote." Arter a few complimentary 'marks on my great talents, larning, and foolosophy, he 'lowed me to take my deparchure arter exagtin a promise to call on him at home soon.

On de fuss ob May I bin mobin my quarters. I lib now in Tater Peelin Alley, No. 9, tird floor, back room, war I keeps bacheler hall, till I fine a likely woman for de marriage state. Deacon Flatsmeller will please hand 'round de sasser, and look out for bad specie.

LECTURE XLIII.

PHRENOLOGY.

SUSPECTED WOOLLY HEADS:

I SHALL dis ebenin' rebound on de great siance of

FREENOLOGY.

Freenology am one ob de moss anshent and beutiful siances in de hole catalog ob learnin, and am twin sister to Mesmerism. Freenology consists in gittin 'nolage free, like you am dis ebening; it was fust discubered in de free schools, and was always looked 'pon by de larned as bein closely connected wid "E pluribus Unum."

In order to fully 'splain my seff on dis 'portant siance, I went to de slawghter house, up in Christy street, and got dis skull. It was emposable for me to get de hed ob de human body at the Horsepital, so I hab to use dis sheep's head, which no doubt will answer de same purpos, 'kase it hab got de wool on.

De fust bump in a cullered man's hed—and it taint no use bodderin 'bout enny odder man's hed—am siterated on de top, and called by de siantifick de cokanut bump; dis bump lays in a triangular form ober de bump of don't-care-a-d—n-ativeness, which ebery black man's hed am fully blessed wid; some ob de lower order ob cullered men hab got de bump of ori-gin-ality, which renders dem 'septable ob drinkin bad gin made up into slings and toddies. But, my stingy frens, I warn you to stop dis sling biziness, or else you will sling youseffs into de place whar de brimstone matches am made.

De bump dat am moss cultiwated in de cullered man hed, am call'd on Fowler & Wells' map ob de brane, "Amativeness." Dis am de bump dat plays de debil wid de fair sex, bekase dat am whar Kupid springs from; dis bump lays in de back ob de neck, near de coat collar; it am call'd de bump ob *lub!* Wat am all de sisters feelin in de back ob deir necks for? Wy! dere am not one in dis hole assemblige dat cood tell it if dey had it as largely enweloped as Professor Maffit! It am dis bump whar all de selfishness and wickedness ob mankind lays; and I wood say a word to dem fellers as hab got an ober quantity ob it. Look out how you fool you time 'round de opposite sex, kase wen you fall in lub dis bump swells to such an 'xtent dat it oberwellms de hole brane, common sense am kicked out ob de crainum, and lub rain 'spreme till ebery abenue leadin to de soul am oberflow'd wid de milk ob human kindness, and it

takes an "orfull poletice," as we say in French, to traduce de swell'd bump to its proper size.

Wats all de sisters laffin 'bout? You better insult your own konshunce and see ef you hadn't better laff de odder side ob your mouffs. Sich imperence in meetin I neber did see!

De nex fac I will call your 'tention to am dis: De hed ob man, like de foot ob de Hog, am diwided into two parts; de front part am whar de intellectual orgins am, and dis part b'hind de ears am whar de anamal propersishens am; dis part ob de forehed am none as de Horse-frunt-us, or frunt-all-bone, b'kase it am all bone and in de frunt ob de head, which fully 'counts for de nigger's hed bein hard 'nuff to butt down de stone fence. Sum ob de pretenders to dis siance hab 'serted dat de brane lays here, but wen dey probe to me dat de brane am bone den I will side wid dem, and not afore. De bump ob "Benebolence" am sitemated on de top ob dis, but I don't see dat stickin out werry excrusiatin on enny ob your heds; but I may be mistaken, and wen de sasser goes 'round de fac will probe itseff.

"Combatavness" am found mitey big in de cullered race. It lays 'long side ob "Firmness," which bump am 'lustrated on de map by de jackass, which shows how much easyer it am to coax dan to dribe. Some people hab got bigger bumps dan odders, and dis am de way you will find it out: s'pose you hab a squarrell wid a man and you call him a liar, and he sez, "Ef you call me dat twice more I'll smack you cross de chops." Dat man hab got combataveness small, but ef at de moment dat you call de man a liar, you find youseff a rollin in de gutter win you nose split open, you may make up your mind dat it sticks out on dat man's head so big you can hang your hat on it.

"Cautiousness" am putty well enweloped too in collored

man, and dat de reazin dey lub to hunt de same ole coon; dey kreep kaushisly 'long de fence till dey git rite under whar he am "a settin on a rale," and den wid telegrofick quickness he sezes him by de tail and trows him on de ground. Dis fac has 'spired de poets to rite songs 'bout it which you all noe by heart.

"Self 'steem" am sum in de race likewise; also, as dere horror ob swasheatin wid de wite trash, and de manner in which dey "steem up" 'kashionally, fully probes.

"Imitation" is consnipcious 'mong dem too, but de monkey beats dem all holler in dat bump, which I 'sider no disgrace to de monkey tribe; but one ob de biggest bumps found in de hole hed ob de decenters ob de African race, 'cordin to de work ob Brudder Bill Seaweed on Erective Franchise, am call'd "Alamentiveness." Dis am de bump dat enables a feller to tell wat am good to eat, an how much he ort to gormandize at a time; for incstinck, you go in de seller by Caferine Market, and you see a man call for a plate ob raw clams and a plate ob sassengers. Well, if he eat de clams and leabe de sassengers, den he got de small bump; but ef he eat em boff, den he got it big. Sum niggars got it mity big, dat dey not oney eat up de clams and sassengers, but call for a plate ob pork and beans, and want it "most all pork, and a good deal ob beans," to top off wid. I call dat hog eatin hog.

And now dat I see I got you all in de noshun ob eatin, I will 'smiss you, so you kin go home and get a cold bite, and wile Brudder Lem Clawson passes round de sasser I will remark dat I don't want nobody to ring in dem new free cent pieces on me for a "fip," as was come on me lass week. I don't take em for sixpence no how.

and it am hard as de hart ob a ole miser. Musket bullits fired into his ribs, insted ob hurtin' him, only tickle him so dat it set him a laffin', and de balls 'bound back on de shooter, jis like a big lie 'bound back in de face ob de liar and slanderer. De bess way to *cotch* dese fellers (de rinossinhosses) am to get behind dem and dob molasses on dar little tails, and when dey turn dere heds 'round to lick it off, jis trow a rope ober it, and lasseso him, as dey do de mad bulls in Mexico, and den you got em foul.

Brudder Tom Huskings will please pass 'round de usual sasser, and keep he big blue eyes from peepin' under de bonnets ob de fair sex.

LECTURE XLI.

WHAT WE ALL WANT.

My Dear Wooley Heads:

De subjick dat I is choosed for my tex dis ebening, am one ob great interest to dis community. It am somefin you am all seekin arter, but nebber fine; you offen tink you noe whar de little joker am, but you noe sooner put your finger on it, dan he arn'ent dar. Darfore I shall draw my discord on de subjick ob—

HAPPYNESS.

Happyness, my perspirin frens, am de ting dat all mankine am arter, and human natur made man so different, de

one from de odder, dat what am one man's happyness am anudder man's ratsbane; and so it am in de wegetable kingdom and 'mong de insex. De clam am 'puted to be happy on a sand bank at high water, and a bee am sed to fine happyness in a tar barrel, but dat's not to say dat a cullored man would feel happy a rollin in a tar barrel on de beach at Coney Island. De young look for it in de marriage life, and de old look for it in de grabeyard, but I don't look for it in eder ob dese speres ob life.

My ignorant hearers, I is, on dis berry 'portant 'casion, gwane to tell you what I consider constipates happiness. It am a clar conshence and a full stomach; not too full ob de latter, but de former may be as pure and clar as monshine. It am a glorious ting to hab a clar conschence so you can lay down at nite and tink dat you hab not injured nor ronged nobody all day. Den it am dat you can roll yourseff up in de sheet ob contentment and de blanket ob innosence, and sleep and snore in your wartuos beds wid all de sassegefacshun ob a hog in a mud hole; and den in de mornin wen you wake up, you can walk forth in all your strength ob manhood (I don't mean smellin strength), and am not afeard to look you feller man plump in de face. Dat's de happyness I enjoy. But how different am it wid sum ob you fellers dat will steal chickens and sich tings! You lay down at nite wid your hed cubbered wid de bed-close for fear de policeman cotch you, and den all day you keep doggin 'round de corners in dread and fear ob de same anamals. I recomlect many years ago how I felt arter I had stolen somefin; it was one nite when my fadder and my modder wus gone to bed, dat I cum home late from a huskin frolic dat ole master Wanramseller gib to de darkeys on de plantashun, and wen I lit de candle to go to bed, I foun a baskit ob clams dat fadder hab bin and cotched in de arter-

noon; well I sot down de candle and went at de clams and put 'em away mitey fass, till I eat 'em a moss all up, and den I go to bed; but I cudn't sleep, I role and tumbled all nite like a empty barrel on de brinary osun; I tink wat de debil am de matter! kase I begin to feel suffin queer in de bread basket, when all at wonce I taut I bin eatin a moss a hundred stolen clams, and dey lay like a leaden anker on my conschence, and dey did hurt me like beeswax. My groans 'sturbe de ole woman; she ax me wat ails me, I tole her, and she say it surbed me rite, and wood larn me not to meddle wid odder peepel's clams agin. I got skeard, and rushed out ob de house, model artist as I was, and run to Dr. Bunsby's. Dis doctor was an Alapackest, and he bled me at once, and den gib me a dose or two ob sirrup ob swill and ruebub, and by daylite I got ober it. It was a awful nite, and it larned me de wallue of a clar conschence.

My frens, if you wish to be happy in dis world, do all de good you can to de poor, speak kine to every body, ef it am only a dog. Don't decibe, and lie to your frens; put as much as you kan in de sasser every week, and don't eat raw clams to any 'xtent at bed time, wedder dey am stolen or not, and I tink you can stan a far chance not only ob bein happy in dis world, but you will occupy a snug place in Abraham's bosom, providin' he takes niggers in dat spacious apartment.

I is 'sprised to fine wun or two ob de sisters hab 'dopted de wulgar new Turkey trowsers and Ingin woman's straw hats, which Missus Hickery Smith hab been lecturin on. I tink it wood do well anuff for de young sisters, but wat ebber put it into de hed ob ole fat Ice Cream Anty Clawson to put on her ole man's trowses and broad tale soger coat, wat he used to wear wen he blow'd de base drum in de nigger band years ago, am a mistery to my calculatin'

functions. She look so like a ole obergrown Rang Otang dat she make ebbry body laff rite out in meetin. Ef she cum here agin in her "new custume" as she calls it, I'll 'xpose her to de hole congregashun.

Brudder Slofeel will 'xceed in showin dat new five dollar suit he got on, ef he will hab de perlashness to pass round de usual sasser, and let him remember I'm watchin dem tievin irons ob his'n all de time.

LECTURE XLII.

VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT.

Felloe Disciples:

I is sorry to hab to pear afore you in de shape ob an 'pology, but de fact am I hab bin so bizzy wid one ting and annudder sence I lass spoke to you, dat I had not hab time to fix up a lectur on any siantific subjeck. Sarcumstances hab followed sarcumstances in sich rapid suckseshun, jist like de cars on 'de railroad track, dat my mind hab bin 'tirely prostitute.

De fust suckemstance dat affect me was de rible ob Massa Foolmore, de presemdent ob dis mitey nation, kase you see I hab a little bizness wid him dat 'quire specific attention. I called on him once at de wite house in Washington; but it happened to be wash day, and I found Mrs. Foolmore bizzy washin, and she was cros as blazes bekase I cotched her widout her Sunday dress on, so Massa Foolmore tipped me de wink, and he gib me sixpence to drink he helf wid, and tole me to call agin. I tanked him soderifously, and promised to do de same which he 'spress; but

my ardent bizness led me to git back to de norf by de nex train. So I nebber call on Massa Foolmore arter dat, till he 'ribed hear lass Tuesday, when tinking it my duty, I went down to de Irwing House and ring de bell. A cullored man, behind a big pair ob mustachoes and a wite apron, opened de doe, and in a gruffy woise ax'd me "wat I wanted at dat doe," and "why I didn't go to de kitchen doe?" I laff at he imperence, and fold him I was a friend ob de presemdent, and dat I wished to spoke wid him.

"Don't belibe it," sed de dandy nigger, "but you kin send your caird up, and if he sez you kin come up, I'll 'scorch you to de rooms."

Well den I was in a fix. I neber did hab eny cairds wid my name on in partickilyer, and I was for a minit put to an unblush, but all at once I remembered dat I had a pack ob cairds, in my coat tail pocket dat I took away from Sam Lipley, Guss Trealms, Joe Sampson and Dave Kinney, when I found dem down by Caffrine market playing bluff on a barrel head lass Sunday nite, in de moonshine, so takin out de Jack ob Spades I rote my name dus, J. C. Hanner-Bull, and gib it to de cullored pusson. He showed his ivories clear 'cross he face, and sauntered up stairs. In a minit I hear Massa Foolmore's woise wich say, "Show her up." Den I hear de waiter say, "It aint a she. It am a he." "Get out," say de Presemdent, "de caird sez it's Hanner Bull, send her up."

"Shill I send up de pusson dat rote dat name on de caird?" axed de waiter.

"Presisely," said Massa Foolmore, and in anudder minnit I was at de doe. I gin a Rochester nock wid my fist, and de doe was opened by de Presemdent heseff, who was more den delited to see me. He shook hands wid me, and 'wited me to take a seat. I sot down and we hab a long confab

togedder 'bout de nation and tings in general, not General Tings. Arter axin me many quisshuns 'bout Brudder Tappin, My Coon Smith and odders ob less note, he sed he wished to ax me 'bout a class ob community which he alers took a great interest in, and he blibed dad he had a good many frends 'mong dem, and thought I node more 'bout dem den odder people. "To wot class do you 'lude," I ax'd wid impatients, seeing how interested he was on de subjeck.

"De New Boys," said he, "dey spend dere short existence in spreadin abroad de lite ob siance."

"Dat's a fac," said I, "dey work for de confusion ob useful nolage."

"Let me ax you, Mr. Hannerbull," again returned he, insultin' de caird which he held wid my name on, "Do de newsboys embrace de privilege ob usin de public baffs, which de corporation so wisely and so nobly instituted for dere use, and for de use ob de rest ob de poor folks dat hab to lib in submarine sellers and penned up apartments?"

I told him he must be crazy, kase I nebber har ob dem baffs, and I didn't blibe from de 'pearance ob de boys dat eny ob dem did edder. He said de boys should be looked arter, kase he 'spected to find a good many ob dem in de "House" in a few years.

I ax'd him which house he meant, de House ob Refuge, de Poor House, or de Station House. Neder ob dem, said he; I mean de House ob Congress. I tole him dat newsboys was found all ober creation, and I 'spected de House ob Congress would be full ob dem.

Den he axe me how de Picayune get along; an he was 'stonished wen I tole him dat obber tirty-five thousand copies was sold weekly; he said he got it ebery week at de Wite House; and den he axed me confidenshely if I couldn't stir up de 'Mare to keep de streets a little clean,

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LECTURE XLIII.

PHRENOLOGY.

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De fust bump in a cullered man's hed—and it taint no use bodderin 'bout enny odder man's hed—am siterated on de top, and called by de siantifick de cokanut bump; dis bump lays in a triangular form ober de bump of don't-care-a-d—n-ativeness, which ebery black man's hed am fully blessed wid; some ob de lower order ob cullered men hab got de bump of ori-gin-ality, which renders dem 'septable ob drinkin bad gin made up into slings and toddies. But, my stingy frens, I warn you to stop dis sling biziness, or else you will sling youseffs into de place whar de brimstone matches am made.

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takes an "orfull poletice," as we say in French, to traduce de swell'd bump to its proper size.

Wats all de sisters laffin 'bout? You better insult your own konshunce and see ef you hadn't better laff de odder side ob your mouffs. Sich imperence in meetin I neber did see!

De nex fac I will call your 'tention to am dis: De hed ob man, like de foot ob de Hog, am diwided into two parts; de front part am whar de intellectual orgins am, and dis part b'hind de ears am whar de anamal propersishens am; dis part ob de forehed am none as de Horse-frunt-us, or frunt-all-bone, b'kase it am all bone and in de frunt ob de head, which fully 'counts for de nigger's hed bein hard 'nuff to butt down de stone fence. Sum ob de pretenders to dis siance hab 'serted dat de brane lays here, but wen dey probe to me dat de brane am bone den I will side wid dem, and not afore. De bump ob "Benebolence" am sitemated on de top ob dis, but I don't see dat stickin out werry excrusiatin on enny ob your heds; but I may be mistaken, and wen de sasser goes 'round de fac will probe itseff.

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"Cantiousness" am putty well enweloped too in collored

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"Imitation" is consnipcious 'mong dem too, but de monkey beats dem all holler in dat bump, which I 'sider no disgrace to de monkey tribe; but one ob de biggest bumps found in de hole hed ob de decenters ob de African race, 'cordin to de work ob Brudder Bill Seaweed on Erective Franchise, am call'd "Alamentiveness." Dis am de bump dat enables a feller to tell wat am good to eat, an how much he ort to gormandize at a time; for incstinck, you go in de seller by Caferine Market, and you see a man call for a plate ob raw clams and a plate ob sassengers. Well, if he eat de clams and leabe de sassengers, den he got de small bump; but ef he eat em boff, den he got it big. Sum niggars got it mity big, dat dey not oney eat up de clams and sassengers, but call for a plate ob pork and beans, and want it "most all pork, and a good deal ob beans," to top off wid. I call dat hog eatin hog.

And now dat I see I got you all in de noshun ob eatin, I will 'smiss you, so you kin go home and get a cold bite, and wile Brudder Lem Clawson passes round de sasser I will remark dat I don't want nobody to ring in dem new free cent pieces on me for a "fip," as was come on me lass week. I don't take em for sixpence no how.

LECTURE XLIV.

MESMERISM.

DARKENED HEARERS:

It gibs me joy to see so menny ob you on hand dis ebenin. As de wedder grows warmer it will be empossable for you all to crowd into dis room, unless you hab a 'xtraordinary supply of kalonge water and essence ob peppermint 'mong your clothes. De subject dat I call upon myseff to spoke to you about on dis 'tickler 'caision am de twin sister to Freenology, which Freenology I used up last week all to nuffin. I shall open on you dis time on de great 'fulgent siance of

MUSSMERISM.

Dis ober powerful siance hab waked up de hole world, notwidstandin it am de sleepiest subjick in de hole wokabulary ob nateral fenomonens. It howebber hab nebber bin found out properly, nor nebber will be, I speck, till some larn'd cullcred man take it up and splanifys de whole ting. Dr. Cod's hab published a pulpit on de subjick, and Professor Greeley hab used it and heself up at de same time, but no lite wort perservin hab been shed by eder ob dese lunatics.

Dr. Cods kontends dat Mussmerism lays in de brane pan, wich pan lays in de top ob de hed, wich I tink seedingly

like de fac, kase wen a man lays down at nite to sleep, he head lays down lopsided too, which ob cose upsets de brane pan and spills de Mussmerism all ober de human system and puts de man to sleep; dat looks nateral, and I tink ole Cods am rite. You musent 'spose, you poor ignumrampusses, dat Mussmerism konsists in you ebber bein reddy to be a kickin up a *muss* wharebber you go, jis like Mose when he runs wid der merchene, kase dat kind ob siance am altogedder different from de siance 'spressed in my tex.

Mussmerism, my stingy followers, am simply de art of puttin a feller creture to sleep, an keepin him 'wake at de same time. It am jis dis—'spose Pompey Augustus Mouldyheel dar, de barber's cleark's 'sistant, should happen to noe whar dar was a dinner pot full ob Kalifornia gold burried, and den 'spose I got Pompey in a chair, and arter spokin some latin and "lapsus lingo" in he ear to sooff his fears, and I paw ober his face and trow de telemgrafic or magnitized burning fluid ober he arms and odder 'xtremities, and I git him fass a sleep—and den when he am asleep, 'spose ole Fronse Ginger dar, de clam soup merchant, should pull he big toe and ax him whar de dinner pot ob money am, an den Pompey should tell him so he kin git it—dat's Mussmerism.

"Wat's dat sister Jonson axes?"

"'Spose Pompey woodent tell 'bout de money, wat wood dat be?"

"Why, I should kall dat de blackest kind ob *niggerism*."

De fungusmental principals of Mussmerism am foun in large qwantities in de 'lectric telemegraf, an am konwayed tru de human body wid all de liveliness ob a fresh bunch ob eels; it am a scase article 'mong ole maids and ole bachelors, but young galls and boys now an den git a shock dat brings dem togedder like an arthquake an make deir

hearts flutter like a newly killed chicken. When it 'tacks de human body dat way it am kall'd by us larn'd scollers Anamal Magnitism, for de simple reason dat de magnetic sluses rush true de canals ob de body like de—de—de—like de—like fire.

Now you all noe all 'bout dis 'culiar siance, and you kin hold your heads up proud as a lucifer match merchant.

De collecshun lass week, owin to de introcumducshun ob de tree cent pieces, was not suffishent to pay my washwoman. Ef you dont chip up enny better, previous to dis, I shall be 'pelled to anser a berry loud call from de Souff, dat I recebe lass week.

I am 'quested to state to dis congregashun dat dere am gwane to be a ball next Saturday nite at Yaller Cuff's seller, nie ole Bare Market, and short-heel'd Jake hab learned de dance kall'd de poker, and anodder one dey kall de shotteef, which he 'poses to teach to some ob de ladies on dat casion. Sam Ticklip will be dar wid he five dollar fiddle. No refreshments sarbed up widout de tree cents 'company each order for de same. Clam soup will be serbed up in tree corses—once widout crackor, once wid crackor, and once widout crackor. Dancin commence at early candellite, an' I am expectedly inwited to be present, and if Florinda Jacobes will sustain my company, I shall be dar jis to keep tings all strate. I don't tink dar am enny harm in dancin, so long as you pay de fideler, prowidin' you don't dance for eels Sunday mornins down by de fish markets.

While de hand orgin am playin de useal ducksholiday, I will pass round de sasser myseff dis time, kase I is mity short, and I jis want to see who puts in de plate and who does not.

LECTURE XLV.

ON PROVIDENCE.

My Woolly Heads:

I is gwane to spoke to you dis ebenin' 'bout

PROVENDENCE.

Now, when I say Provendence, you must not 'spose dat I mean a steambote ob dat name, nor de city dat bears dat apperation, dat lays a little to de leff ob de Sound, which de trabbler hears in de East ribber, as he ascendingly goes down to Boston. De Provendence I mean sends us de bread and butter to eat, de cold water to drink, and now and den de sassengers and root beer, and odder 'freshments. Yes, my frens, de Provendence I mean am a frend to de hole human race; he makes no extinctshun atwixt de cullored peeples and de wites, and derefore am to be fully trusted in at all times, kase he am sure to fetch all tings rite and tite in time.

Who sed "Hallumlujah?" Look here, my suspected frens, I don't want no brudder nor sister to interrupt me by sich spokins out in meetin as dat, kase it trous de kar ob thort off de trac ob my diskord, and smashes my ideas all to a poultice, or a pumice, it's all de same.

Spoken ob Provendence fetches to my doddle an ole story dat a ole Verginia darkey tole me when I was a chile.

You must noe, on a plantation at de Souff, whar de pos-

sum and de sugar kane grow, dar was an ole lazy nigger dat dey call Provendence, 'kase he come dere in de middle ob de nite time, and none ob de odder niggers node whar he come from, and dey war told Massa Provendence sent him, derefore dey named him Provendence. Well, dere was anudder nigger on de plantation dat dey kall'd Tune, 'kase he was always wistlin some new tune which he make out ob he own hed, and den he would play dem on de banjo in de ebenin, arter de day's work war ober.

Well, Tune and Provendence greate frens togedder, sharein ebery ting dey got ('septin de lickins Provendence got for he lazyness). Well, de ole massa seein' wat a good, faitless nigger Tune was, wanted to gin him his freedom ; but he found dat sich a sementin frenship 'xisted twene dem dat a separation would be likely to probe fatal to boff, so he told dem dat if dey jintly would urn so much obber work in a gibin time, dey boff should be free. Dat make 'em smile berry loud, and kick up dere heels for joy.

Well, in order to get de work done in time, Tune 'posed to Provendence to steal de march on de old Massa, and work on de Sunday ; but Provendence was too lazy to work week days, let alone Sundays, derefore poor Tune hab to do all de offer work heseff. Well, one Sunday ole Massa hab gone to church, and Tune was workin' in de field by de rode side, and Provendence was loafin' on a haystack, sunnin' heseff, when an ole wite mishenary preecher man, who was a passin' on horseback, rode up to Tune and axed him "Why he worked on de sabbeff?"

"Kase, said Tune, "ole Massa sed if we git so much ober work done in sich a time he would gib us free, and den you noe we kin raise de debil as much as we like, and stay out arter nine o'clock, too."

"Ah," said de preecher man, "freedom am worff workin'

fur, sartinly; but don't you tink you could 'complish de work by workin' a little longer each day ob de week?"

"No, sar-ee," said Tune, "kudent do dat no how."

"I tink you kood," sed de wite man, "'spose you try dis week kummin in, and put your trust in *Provendence!*"

Well, when he told him dat, Tune tort he was a foolin' him, and he got mad, and swor'd, and sed, "Provendence be d——d; he'm de lazyest nigger on de hole plantation, and if I trust to him we nebber get free in de world. Go long wid yer; you don't noe who you am a-talkin' to."

You see by dis fack wat it am to noe which Provendence it am to trust to.

I am quested to state to dis congregashun dat de row at de ball in de seller lass Saterday nite was not owin' to Sam Fugleson 'sultin Pacilla Emerline Stubbs. It was casioned by Joe Knothead spitin' on Clem Tuker's new patent ledder shiny shoes. I was dere myseff till some bad nigger put de lites out. If I eber kotch de feller done it I'll make him sweep out de lectur room for a month for notin', and pay me a fine ob haff a dollar. Brudder Bumpton will please hand 'round de sasser.

LECTURE XLVI.

ON LOVE.

BLUBED SISTERS:

I SHALL spoke to you in particelyer dis ebening, habin been inquested by Sister Florinda M. Meltum, to lectur on de popular subjick ob

LUB.

But I am rudder fareful dat I is too much unacquainted wid de 'fects ob lub to fully deamonstrate dis all absurdin pashun.

Lub my shemail hearers, belongs to no ked'entry or climate; it am like genus and talent, sent to us in de middle ob de nite time, when we don't noe notin, nor do we noe dat we got it till, like de small pox, sukemstances brings it out; but de warmer de climate am, de hotter de lub will be ob korse; Lub am ruff like de megnut grater, or de skin ob de pine apple, and it hab nebber been none to run smoff in its korse sence ole Adam and Ebe was kicked out ob Paradice. De poets sez dat music am de feed ob lub, but it don't foller dat music dealers am all de time in lub no more dan it dus dat peeple who sell pork and beans, or clam soup, am always hungry.

I nebber was in lub myseff but gis wunce, and dat was when I war berry young and foolish 'nuff to 'spose I could hab every ting in dis selestial world gis as I wanted dem, but sad experience hab nocked dat idea out ob my ole head years ago.

Love and Ec!s.

You must noe dat de *kustoms* ob de peeple in de ked'entry am berry different from dose in de city, kase dey aint got no "kustom house" to regemlate de kustoms for em, and konsequently you often find young girls in de ked'entry as innosent as blazes. Well, it was my lot, in my boyhound days to come across wun ob de kind I 'luded to in de lass claws.

It was a moonshiny nite, and I was a settin in de boat on de ribber a bobbin for eels, when I spied her a settin on de bank ob de ribber a washin her feet. Oh, hallemlujah! didn't I feel quere! De eels kept a bitin at my bob while lub kept a nockin at my heart and pluck; she was de lubliest creatur I ebber seed (present company allers suspected); her eyes shine like two new silber dollars bound round wid black velvet; and her gum elastic lip open and shut on a row ob teef dat shine like bull dogs in a tunder shower, and her smile was like de sparkle ob de litening bug as he sales tru de florifous air, her form was graceless and faultful. Oh! I nebber shall forgit dat nite; de hot flushesh shot tru and tru my wains, and de cold swet stood on my forehead like de big rain drops ob de April shower; wun time I tort she was a gwane to spoke to me, and I held my breff to cotch de sound, and den she didn't say notin, but kept a danglin her feet in de water, and den all at wunce, when I tort she was a gwane to sleep, she axed me in de moss elemfant manner, "If I had enny luck?"

"Yes, indeed," sed I; "I kotch two mity big eels afore you kim, but from de minit I seed you I kudent bob no more."

"Wat's de reason?" she axed.

I told her "I didn't noe, but dat it was a fac what I say to you."

"Well," sed she,

"Ef you aint agoin to bob no mo',
You best put up you line and come asho'."

I didn't want a second inwite, so I skull'd ashore and tide de boat fass, and as I was gis gwane to pick up my eels to take em home, she put her lubly arms 'round my neck, and lookin me full in de face, like a lion looks at de piece ob raw meat, she whispered—

"Luff de eels be,
And talk to me."

Well, den I felt wusser dan ebber, and in an ungarded moment I 'lowed myseff to set down on de bank and make lub to her. Dar am no use ob my tryin to tell you how highfalutin I felt on dat 'tickler 'casion, kase I kudent do it; I tort dar was a flock ob pigeons in my westcoat all a flutterin to get out.

Wat's dat cross-eyed sister ober dar along side long Cudjo a laffin at? she'd better quit sich goins on in meetin; it's abdamable!

Well, we staid dar till a late hour, and den I went home haff crazy arter dat gal; but fate isshued a specific order dat we should not get married, kase it was oney a week arter dat, dat she war taken wid a coal in de hed, mingled wid de yaller janders and de small-pox tinged wid de mezles and consumption, and notwidstandin de doctor man gub her moss a haff a barrel ob medicine in two or tree doses, she continued to git no better fass, and on de ninf day de ship fever took a round turn in her system, a strong appetite set in, and—and dat nite at 2 o'clock in de mornin she died. * * Two days arter we berried her on de bank ob de stream, at ebening, while de cool heifers gently wandered tru de trees—and dus ended my fuss and last lub scrape.

Dose ob de sistern dat didn't bring pocket-hanshings wid

dem dis evening, not 'spectin so 'fectin a discord, ken hab mine to dry dar tears wid; it am a big one sent to me by de Daucus 'Siety, and hem'd by Sister C. Coal.

From wat little I nose ob lub, I 'warn you all ob boff sexes to beware ob its influence. It will upset you kalculashun apparatus quicker dan enny ting in de world; it will make you as pale and flimsey as a wet dish cloff; it libs on moonshine and music, and de 'mortal posel Shakespare sez dat it

"Fattens 'pon wat it feeds on,"

in his song book ob "Oteller," and I noe ob noe 'fecshun dat will bring a feller down so quick as an ober quantity ob dis lub; but de world kudent git 'long widout it, kase it am de mainspring dat regemlates de works ob all nations, and am found in large and small quantities in de bosoms ob ebery body, and you can allers tell who hab got de most ob it by deir action to deir nabors. Lub am de noblest sentiment ob de sole, and I agin 'wise you to lub wun anodder, be kind to all 'round you, and wen you get on you Sunday go to meetin close don't turn up your nose at dem who don't look quite so smart as you do, kase it shows a wicked heart whar lub neber enters—kindness cost notin, and it am 'culiarly pleasant, 'specially to your worthy lecturer.

Sam Bucklip will please pass 'round de useal sasser—kullecshun berry slim lass week.

LECTURE XLVII.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

DELUDED DISCIPLES:

IN quensiconse ob bein inquested by a brudder, who signs his inquest "Water st.," to lectur on de subject ob

FUTURE PUNISHMENT OR DE LASS DAY,

I hab 'cluded to do so on dis refulgent 'casion. It is not my 'tention or wish to lectur' on eny religius subjicks, but to please dis brudder I do so for dis wunce only.

Dar am so many different 'nominations dat blibe in such a contrast ob future punishment, dat it puzzles eben a man ob my deep larnin, expended foolosophy and manure judgment, to gib eny ting like a solid chunk ob an 'pinion on de matter.

One 'nomination blibe dat de wicked go to a big lake dat am burnin constantly wid fire and brimstone, and runs in streams ob liquid hot lead; dis lake am sed to be surrounded by de mountains ob sin and misery, so dar's no 'scape.

Anudder sect tink it am a hotter place dan de rest, and not sassagefried wid de fire and brimstone, wish to mix in a quantity ob assafidity and kiam pepper, gist to make it distingaree from de place dat de first 'nomination blibe in.

A fird sect tink dar am two orfull places ob dis kind; wun dey call purgetory, and de odder dey paint out to be as hot as hub in August. Dis lass place am for murderers, tieves, and sich fellers, and de odder am for hipocrits, wite liars, loafers, lawyers and actors.

A fourth 'nomination discaird all dis kind ob punishment

and blibe dat, like de man in tite boots, we recibe our punishment as we go along.

Ole Mr. Sweetzenbugger sez dat wen we lebe dis atmostfear we go to annudder and lib wid kindid spirits, so ob korse cullored peeple will lib wid cullered peeple ef dey am good, but ef dey am bad, dey got to smingle wid de wite trash gis de same as dey do in dis world ob sin and waccination.

My poor ignumrent hearers, all dese 'nominations am perfectly rite, and ef you don't blibe me gis ax eny wun ob dem and see ef dey don't tell you so—and I blibe dat it am a good ting for all ob us dat tings am as dey am, for ef de masses ob mankind war to blibe dar was no future punishment for de sinner, dey would run riot in sin and selfishness. and dis selestial airth would be turned into wun wast slawter house and carwin shop in less den no time. Man wouldn't stop to oney murder he feller man, but he'd sell de bones to de button factory and de flesh to de sassenger makers de same as dey do de dogs in dese days. Insted ob de kanals bein filled wid de blessed waters from de clar and coolin lakes, de kanal botes would float in de blood ob mankind, and all creation would stan palsied wid a fright.

I tink de more feeble de inteleck ob man am, de more nesessary it am to keep dis burnin lake in his mind, gis like my ole school massa used to lay his rattan on de front ob he desk and ax de boys wat he done wid it. It 'quires sumfin to keep people strate, so look out wat you am about, keep you eye skinned for future futuriety, kase you kant swar you sins on enny body else on de lass day, like Pete Pifer did de stealin ob dat hundred clams on me. Ebery tub hab got to stan on it's own bottom den, and take de 'sponsibility ob deir own axes. Dat will be an orfull day for sum folks dat I nose dis minit.

It am sed dat on dat day bone will come to bone and flesh

to flesh. Now sposen a man start from here to de Ingen country, and in a muss wid de natives, he loses wun ob his arms; he den goes to Harlam and gits one ob his legs cut off by de rale road; he comes to town on de 4t ob July and gits his eye nocked out by a sky rocket; and den he sets sail for Caleforny, gits de feber on de Ismarass, and dar dies—dar he lays till dey dig him up to make de rale rode track, when he bones am used to fill up holler places on de rode; all dis might easily happen, my stingy hearers. Well, ef "bone cumes to bone" on de lass day ob de world, I tink dar would be some dodgin ob heads to keep out ob de way ob de limbs, and I also tink dat a cummitty on researches would hab to be 'pinted to find de main carcuss. All dis, ob korse, am merely speckemlashun on my part, as de man said wen he offered to swop off his wife. Dar will be an end to ebberyting dat hab a beginnin,' and as de world hab a begun, ob korse it will hab a stop; but, my frightened sinners, you got noting to fear ef you do your duty here to de best ob your nobility; let not your konschence be seared wid de yaller leaf ob sin, and you ken stan and look on de doins ob de lass day wid komposer. De brudder dat wished me to lectur on dis subjick I tink muss be a man berry much troubled in konschence, and am so much in dread ob *fire* dat he won't lib in eny odder strete dan *Water strete;* de *name* hab a coolin influenza on he spirits, and de strete run along de riber, so I 'pect he tink he ken jump in wen tings come to a crisis, but he'll find it's no use ef he am found rotten at de heart; old Jimmy Splitfoot will fork him up from de bottom wid de hook on de end ob he tail.

Now, as I had reached de tail ob sumfin, I tink I had better end my discord, at de same time tankin you for your airnest 'tention, and for wat small change you will put into de sasser wen Julious Hosshed hands it round. Dar am a

gwane to be a gibbin visit to my house nex week, wen I spect you will all tow de mark.

LECTURE XLVIII.

ACQUIRED HABITS.

OUDATIOUS FRENDS:

CONSIDERIN de state of de wedder, I has 'cluded to spoke to you dis ebenin on de subjeck of

HABITS,

and in spokin bout dem, I don't intend to meddel wid old cloze or wid anybody's good habits; but I shall gib bad habits pickelyer square-toed conepton fits.

Everybody, from de Mayer down to de lime killn man, will tell you dat bad habits ort to be trown off and decarded. And now de question rises like a ghost in de feater —what am bad habits? Ef I was to tell dis congregation to trow off dere bad habits in one sence, dere wood be few mong you dat wood hab any cloze on, kase most ob your habits am bad. Second handed afore you git dem, and derefore bad in fit and durability And ef I wur to tell you to trow off your bad habits in anudder sence, you wood 'pear afore de world a miricall, kase a man widout eny bad habits am a model man for sartin.

Dere am so menny bad habits dat mankind am up to, dat it wood take your wordy speaker two weeks and a fortnite

to classify, rectify, ratify, and magnify wid ennyting like success. But I will spoke ob a few dat I find most prebalent 'mong you fellows. And fustly I shall draw your understandins to Liein. It seems a part ob a cullard man's natur to tell Ingin-rubber stories, from a nasty habit ob liein in bed mornins; in he youf he soon larns to lie out ob it—as he grows up, and afore he nose it, he will lie as fast as a political noosepaper. Den dars anudder habit de darkey 'dulge in to sartin extent—and dat am stealin. And as de poet sez—

> "Fust he steal a tater,
> Den he steal a grater—
> Den when wite folks am asleep,
> He steal de chicken, eggs, and sheep."

Sum say it am he natur to do so, and if it am, he larn it from de wite trash, kase dey inhabited de kedentry fuss. But de darkey am not de only pusson who hab bad habits —kase notin am more nasty dan chawin backer, smokin old sogers, and drinkin rum. De Dutch am putty well posted up in de two fust claus, and if you'll show me an Irishman dat don't know how de latter claws am complished, I'll show you a wezel in he nite cap and mornin gown takin a snooze. De Dutch larn der children to smoke soon as dey see de lite ob de libin sun. Insted ob gibin dem a sugar stick to suck on, dey put a segar in dey babys' mouf, and in two days de chile will cry for a match to lite its segar, same as odder chile cry for mint stick.

Chawin I tink comes by instink—for jis as soon as a chile nose ennyting, it finds out de use ob its jaws. Now I myseff was larnd a bad habit in my infuncy, when I was handsomer and more interestin dan now—and dat habit was

chawin—I don't mean backer, but witals. As fur back as I kin remember, I hab bin in de habit, some time in de day, ob 'dulgin dat habit till now I can't git along widout practisin it tree times a day. De scantity ob my sallery nicly broke me ob it ob late, and I went two days widout it, but I didn't feel like myseff, and so I went at it agin; but I am sassagefried dat ef it wasn't for dat habit, instill'd in me, in my youf, I shood be rich to-day, and stop lectur'n for bad pennies and tin shillins—but I can't 'spect to correct dis habit ob etin tree times a day, kase it hab got sich a foothold in de stomjacks of mankind. But de wust ob all habits am de habit ob drinkin' rum, specially to excess. De dulgence ob dis habit has got up more fitein' and hangin' matches den enny odder in de world. It leads to backslidin', head slidin', nose slidin', and into de calabuse slidin'. Derefore I warn you to break youseffs ob it, ef you hab to break your necks to 'complish it. A man had better drink root beer till he cry wid de stomjack ake, or popp till he busts, dan to be de "chief attraction" at a hangin' match.

Sam Jacobus sets dar looking as impertent as a hog round a market. I 'speck he tinks I don't noe it was him dat put all de lites out tudder nite. Jim Comely and Dan Rieat, his constituents, aint showed dere woolly coconuts here sence, but Sam tinks he'd brave de lion in he den. Ef eber he do sich a ting agin, he shall scrub out de room, pay haff a dollar to de congregation, fru me, and send me a hundred clams. I had a mind to expose him afore all de folks har to nite, but he hung he lip so, I tort it best to pass on de subjeck—and to show Sam dat I aint got no antymosreity aginst him, he may pass round de sasser dis ebenin—but let him remember I got my eye on boff he hands—but to make insurance dubbly sure, I tink somebody nie him had better pin up he pockets.

LECTURE XLIX.

SLIPPERY.

SUSPECTED FRENS :

As dis am a season when de mind ob mankind naturly runs on de water, and a dog's don't, I tort I'd look 'round in de mity deep for a subjick wherewit to instruct you 'pon—and by golly I 'speck I cotch one—but he am so slippery and squirmy dat I'm afraid he will slip out ob my hans afore I kin fully explainify all he pints and qualities. I hab no dout dat you noe already dat de subjick furd to, am

DE EEL!

De eel, my frens, cannot be turmed a handsum feller, aldo he am de most nimble ob all de fish in de oshun. He am as squirmy as a politishum—as slimy as slander, and as quick on a turn as a Filedelfy lawyer. You kin no more 'speck to hold him in you hans dan a poor man kan 'speck to hold a silver dollar bill; fur dey boff will slip fru your fingurs afore you noe it—an like aswasheatin wid bad characters, de closer you git de more slime you find 'pon you. He may be compared to a law suit—de more you handle it de more you aint got notin but de slime, and, like a shillin novel, he am all tale.

Dere am sebril kines ob eels—de Congor, wat was fuss found in ole Massa Congor's pond; de Lamper, who's hed am all eyes, which am luminated by de lite ob he wisdom;

de Electrickal and de common Caferine Market eel. De moss wunderful ob all dese, am de Electrick Telegraf eel. Ef you cum nie dat feller he will hit you a crack wid he tail dat will go fru you like huckelberries in August. He shocks de modesty ob some ob de udder fishes, and kills dem, and den he eats dem, bones and all. He's a shockin' bad eel, else history go a romancing. It am sed dat old Professor Mosse was a fishing one day, and seed one ob dese fellers jirk de 'lectric fluid from he hed to he tale, and from he tale to he hed, and dat fuss put de Electrick Telemgraf in he hed, which has sense fenced in de world wid a wire railin'. When dey want to send de noose ober de wires, dey jis show it to de big eel, always kept at each end of it. He reads it—hits de wires wid he tail, and 'way goes de fluid and de noose togedder, to de udder end, where anudder eel puts it into English and de papers.

De eels cum from Long Island, and lib all along de coast ob dat kedentry—and like de natives ob de Iland, as soon as dey ribe in York, dey git skinned—but dey hab boff bin skin'd so offen, dey don't mind it no more. De trade ob Eel Butcher am ob as much 'portance at Caferine Market as de Oyster and de Clam Butcher. Deres Pete Odety am a Eel Butcher, and to see him rub he hand in de ashes, pick up de eel by de tale, and nock he hed agin de side ob de tub, and cut 'round de gils to loosen de skin, wood do you good—and den to see de siance he displays wid de nippers in takin' off he jacket, wood s'prise and confound you. Ef dere am a rale siuntific Eel Butcher in de market, Pete am he—derefore, luff him be suspected 'cordin.

I used to see some good times agoin a bobin for dese fellers in my young days, and can to dis day almoss feel de delicate nibble ob de Eel on de bob, as my mind dewerts

back to de happy nites I hab spent kotchin dem. I can simpersize wid de poet dat sez—

Oh! de days when we went eel-kotchin,
  A long time ago—
We'd bread and lasses ob de bess,
  And trowsers made ob tow,
And dere we set de libe long nite,
  'Pon de bank so green,
And nought but tubs and eels and grog,
  'Bout us cood be seen.
    And duss we pass de nite away,
      And out de eels wood trow,
    In de days when we went eel-kotchin,
      A long time ago.

Ah! dem was merry happy nites,
  A long time ago;
When we eeled from dark till light,
  De moon as light as snow.
And dere we sung de jolly song,
  And danced upon de shore,
But, ah! dese hallumlujah days,
  Will come agin no more.
    Ah, how we passed the time away,
      Nor thought of care or woe,
    On de nites when we went eel-kotchin,
      A long time ago.

We all noe wid what delite de young darkey will dance for dem at Caferine Market—and we all noe too, how good dey am when fried in butter and browned wid flower. Derefore I lebe de contemplation ob de subjick to go to Anty Clawson an git a plate ob reality right off de real, perwiding I git 'nuff in de sasser for to pay for de same.

Brudder Jake Bullethed will pleese pass it round, an see what look I got for dem fried Eels.

LECTURE L.

THE ROOSTER.

SUSPECTED FRENS:

You will find de subjick on which I 'spect to substract my exasperations dis ebenin, a runin round enny ob de barn yards in de kedentry and in de coops round de markets. He am sometimes called de "cock" by people who call tings by dere rite names, but dose who pride demseffs on bein extra perlite, call him

DE ROOSTER!

De reason, I 'speck, why dey call him dat, am bekase he *will* roost wid de hens nites.

De rooster am de he hen and aldo he lays no eggs, nor hatches no chickens, ennybody wood tink by seein' him strut round de barn yard, dat he lay all de eggs and brought up all de chickens. He does he best to make you tink dat he does it all, for no sooner does a hen drop an egg, dan *he* sets up as loud a cacklin as de hen herseff, in order to pull de wool ober de eyes ob us sitty fellers, and make us beleve he done it, when he am no more capable ob doin' de same dan I am. How much like sum lazy husbands in dis congregation, I cood menshun, who let dere wives do all de work and take car ob de family while dey do all de cacklin.

Dere am free or four different kinds ob "Roosters." Some am black, some speckled, as de darkey wid de small pox, and dressed up in all de brilliant fedders ob a soger company. I tink he must hab taken lessons from some ob

back to de happy nites I hab spent kotchin dem. I can simpersize wid de poet dat sez—

Oh! de days when we went eel-kotchin,
  A long time ago—
We'd bread and lasses ob de bess,
  And trowsers made ob tow,
And dere we set de libe long nite,
  'Pon de bank so green,
And nought but tubs and eels and grog,
  'Bout us cood be seen.
    And duss we pass de nite away,
      And out de eels wood trow,
    In de days when we went eel-kotchin,
      A long time ago.

Ah! dem was merry happy nites,
  A long time ago;
When we eeled from dark till light,
  De moon as light as snow.
And dere we sung de jolly song,
  And danced upon de shore,
But, ah! dese hallumlujah days,
  Will come agin no more.
    Ah, how we passed the time away,
      Nor thought of care or woe,
    On de nites when we went eel-kotchin,
      A long time ago.

We all noe wid what delite de young darkey will dance for dem at Caferine Market—and we all noe too, how good dey am when fried in butter and browned wid flower. Derefore I lebe de contemplation ob de subjick to go to Anty Clawson an git a plate ob reality right off de real, perwiding I git 'nuff in de sasser for to pay for de same.

Brudder Jake Bullethed will pleese pass it round, an see what look I got for dem fried Eels.

LECTURE L.

THE ROOSTER.

SUSPECTED FRENS:

You will find de subjick on which I 'spect to substract my exasperations dis ebenin, a runin round enny ob de barn yards in de kedentry and in de coops round de markets. He am sometimes called de "cock" by people who call tings by dere rite names, but dose who pride demseffs on bein extra perlite, call him

DE ROOSTER!

De reason, I 'speck, why dey call him dat, am bekase he *will* roost wid de hens nites.

De rooster am de he hen and aldo he lays no eggs, nor hatches no chickens, ennybody wood tink by seein' him strut round de barn yard, dat he lay all de eggs and brought up all de chickens. He does he best to make you tink dat he does it all, for no sooner does a hen drop an egg, dan *he* sets up as loud a cacklin as de hen herseff, in order to pull de wool ober de eyes ob us sitty fellers, and make us beleve he done it, when he am no more capable ob doin' de same dan I am. How much like sum lazy husbands in dis congregation, I cood menshun, who let dere wives do all de work and take car ob de family while dey do all de cacklin.

Dere am free or four different kinds ob "Roosters." Some am black, some speckled, as de darkey wid de small pox, and dressed up in all de brilliant fedders ob a soger company. I tink he must hab taken lessons from some ob

LECTURE XLVII.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

DELUDED DISCIPLES:

IN quensiconse ob bein inquested by a brudder, who signs his inquest "Water st.," to lectur on de subject ob

FUTURE PUNISHMENT OR DE LASS DAY,

I hab 'cluded to do so on dis refulgent 'casion. It is not my 'tention or wish to lectur' on eny religius subjicks, but to please dis brudder I do so for dis wunce only.

Dar am so many different 'nominations dat blibe in such a contrast ob future punishment, dat it puzzles eben a man ob my deep larnin, expended foolosophy and manure judgment, to gib eny ting like a solid chunk ob an 'pinion on de matter.

One 'nomination blibe dat de wicked go to a big lake dat am burnin constantly wid fire and brimstone, and runs in streams ob liquid hot lead; dis lake am sed to be surrounded by de mountains ob sin and misery, so dar's no 'scape.

Anudder sect tink it am a hotter place dan de rest, and not sassagefried wid de fire and brimstone, wish to mix in a quantity ob assafidity and kiam pepper, gist to make it distingaree from de place dat de first 'nomination blibe in.

A ird sect tink dar am two orfull places ob dis kind; wun dey call purgetory, and de odder dey paint out to be as hot as hub in August. Dis lass place am for murderers, tieves, and sich fellers, and de odder am for hipocrits, wite liars, loafers, lawyers and actors.

A fourth 'nomination discaird all dis kind ob punishment

and blibe dat, like de man in tite boots, we recibe our punishment as we go along.

Ole Mr. Sweetzenbugger sez dat wen we lebe dis atmostfear we go to annudder and lib wid kindid spirits, so ob korse cullored peeple will lib wid cullered peeple ef dey am good, but ef dey am bad, dey got to smingle wid de wite trash gis de same as dey do in dis world ob sin and waccination.

My poor ignumrent hearers, all dese 'nominations am perfectly rite, and ef you don't blibe me gis ax eny wun ob dem and see ef dey don't tell you so—and I blibe dat it am a good ting for all ob us dat tings am as dey am, for ef de masses ob mankind war to blibe dar was no future punishment for de sinner, dey would run riot in sin and selfishness. and dis selestial airth would be turned into wun wast slawter house and carwin shop in less den no time. Man wouldn't stop to oney murder he feller man, but he'd sell de bones to de button factory and de flesh to de sassenger makers de same as dey do de dogs in dese days. Insted ob de kanals bein filled wid de blessed waters from de clar and coolin lakes, de kanal botes would float in de blood ob mankind, and all creation would stan palsied wid a fright.

I tink de more feeble de inteleck ob man am, de more nesessary it am to keep dis burnin lake in his mind, gis like my ole school massa used to lay his rattan on de front ob he desk and ax de boys wat he done wid it. It 'quires sumfin to keep people strate, so look out wat you am about, keep you eye skinned for future futuriety, kase you kant swar you sins on enny body else on de lass day, like Pete Pifer did de stealin ob dat hundred clams on me. Ebery tub hab got to stan on it's own bottom den, and take de 'sponsibility ob deir own axes. Dat will be an orfull day for sum folks dat I nose dis minit.

It am sed dat on dat day bone will come to bone and flesh

to flesh. Now sposen a man start from here to de Ingen country, and in a muss wid de natives, he loses wun ob his arms; he den goes to Harlam and gits one ob his legs cut off by de rale road; he comes to town on de 4t ob July and gits his eye nocked out by a sky rocket; and den he sets sail for Caleforny, gits de feber on de Ismarass, and dar dies—dar he lays till dey dig him up to make de rale rode track, when he bones am used to fill up holler places on de rode; all dis might easily happen, my stingy hearers. Well, ef "bone cumes to bone" on de lass day ob de world, I tink dar would be some dodgin ob heads to keep out ob de way ob de limbs, and I also tink dat a cummitty on researches would hab to be 'pinted to find de main carcuss. All dis, ob korse, am merely speckemlashun on my part, as de man said wen he offered to swop off his wife. Dar will be an end to ebberyting dat hab a beginnin,' and as de world hab a begun, ob korse it will hab a stop; but, my frightened sinners, you got noting to fear ef you do your duty here to de best ob your nobility; let not your konschence be seared wid de yaller leaf ob sin, and you ken stan and look on de doins ob de lass day wid komposer. De brudder dat wished me to lectur on dis subjick I tink muss be a man berry much troubled in konschence, and am so much in dread ob *fire* dat he won't lib in eny odder strete dan *Water strete;* de *name* hab a coolin influenza on he spirits, and de strete run along de riber, so I 'pect he tink he ken jump in wen tings come to a crisis, but he'll find it's no use ef he am found rotten at de heart; old Jimmy Splitfoot will fork him up from de bottom wid de hook on de end ob he tail.

Now, as I had reached de tail ob sumfin, I tink I had better end my discord, at de same time tankin you for your airnest 'tention, and for wat small change you will put into de sasser wen Julious Hosshed hands it round. Dar am a

gwane to be a gibbin visit to my house nex week, wen I spect you will all tow de mark.

LECTURE XLVIII.

ACQUIRED HABITS.

OUDATIOUS FRENDS:

CONSIDERIN de state of de wedder, I has 'cluded to spoke to you dis ebenin on de subjeck of

HABITS,

and in spokin bout dem, I don't intend to meddel wid old cloze or wid anybody's good habits; but I shall gib bad habits pickelyer square-toed conepton fits.

Everybody, from de Mayer down to de lime kiln man, will tell you dat bad habits ort to be trown off and decarded. And now de question rises like a ghost in de feater —what am bad habits? Ef I was to tell dis congregation to trow off dere bad habits in one sence, dere wood be few mong you dat wood hab any cloze on, kase most ob your habits am bad. Second handed afore you git dem, and derefore bad in fit and durability And ef I wur to tell you to trow off your bad habits in anudder sence, you wood 'pear afore de world a miricall, kase a man widout eny bad habits am a model man for sartin.

Dere am so menny bad habits dat mankind am up to, dat it wood take your wordy speaker two weeks and a fortnite

to classify, rectify, ratify, and magnify wid ennyting like success. But I will spoke ob a few dat I find most prebalent 'mong you fellows. And fustly I shall draw your understandins to Liein. It seems a part ob a cullard man's natur to tell Ingin-rubber stories, from a nasty habit ob liein in bed mornins; in he youf he soon larns to lie out ob it—as he grows up, and afore he nose it, he will lie as fast as a political noosepaper. Den dars anudder habit de darkey 'dulge in to sartin extent—and dat am stealin. And as de poet sez—

> "Fust he steal a tater,
> Den he steal a grater—
> Den when wite folks am asleep,
> He steal de chicken, eggs, and sheep."

Sum say it am he natur to do so, and if it am, he larn it from de wite trash, kase dey inhabited de kedentry fuss. But de darkey am not de only pusson who hab bad habits —kase notin am more nasty dan chawin backer, smokin old sogers, and drinkin rum. De Dutch am putty well posted up in de two fust claus, and if you'll show me an Irishman dat don't know how de latter claws am complished, I'll show you a wezel in he nite cap and mornin gown takin a snooze. De Dutch larn der children to smoke soon as dey see de lite ob de libin sun. Insted ob gibin dem a sugar stick to suck on, dey put a segar in dey babys' mouf, and in two days de chile will cry for a match to lite its segar, same as odder chile cry for mint stick.

Chawin I tink comes by instink—for jis as soon as a chile nose ennyting, it finds out de use ob its jaws. Now I myseff was larnd a bad habit in my infuncy, when I was handsomer and more interestin dan now—and dat habit was

chawin—I don't mean backer, but witals. As fur back as I kin remember, I hab bin in de habit, some time in de day, ob 'dulgin dat habit till now I can't git along widout practisin it tree times a day. De scantity ob my sallery niely broke me ob it ob late, and I went two days widout it, but I didn't feel like myseff, and so I went at it agin; but I am sassagefried dat ef it wasn't for dat habit, instill'd in me, in my youf, I shood be rich to-day, and stop lectur'n for bad pennies and tin shillins—but I can't 'spect to correct dis habit ob etin tree times a day, kase it hab got sich a foothold in de stomjacks of mankind. But de wust ob all habits am de habit ob drinkin' rum, specially to excess. De dulgence ob dis habit has got up more fitein' and hangin' matches den enny odder in de world. It leads to backslidin', head slidin', nose slidin', and into de calabuse slidin'. Derefore I warn you to break youseffs ob it, ef you hab to break your necks to 'complish it. A man had better drink root beer till he cry wid de stomjack ake, or popp till he busts, dan to be de "chief attraction" at a hangin' match.

Sam Jacobus sets dar looking as impertent as a hog round a market. I 'speck he tinks I don't noe it was him dat put all de lites out tudder nite. Jim Comely and Dan Rieat, his constituents, aint showed dere woolly coconuts here sence, but Sam tinks he'd brave de lion in he den. Ef eber he do sich a ting agin, he shall scrub out de room, pay haff a dollar to de congregation, fru me, and send me a hundred clams. I had a mind to expose him afore all de folks har to nite, but he hung he lip so, I tort it best to pass on de subjeck—and to show Sam dat I aint got no antymosreity aginst him, he may pass round de sasser dis ebenin—but let him remember I got my eye on boff he hands—but to make insurance dubbly sure, I tink somebody nie him had better pin up he pockets.

LECTURE XLIX.

SLIPPERY.

SUSPECTED FRENS :

As dis am a season when de mind ob mankind naturly runs on de water, and a dog's don't, I tort I'd look 'round in de mity deep for a subjick wherewit to instruct you 'pon—and by golly I 'speck I cotch one—but he am so slippery and squirmy dat I'm afraid he will slip out ob my hans afore I kin fully explainify all he pints and qualities. I hab no dout dat you noe already dat de subjick furd to, am

DE EEL!

De eel, my frens, cannot be turmed a handsum feller, aldo he am de most nimble ob all de fish in de oshun. He am as squirmy as a politishum—as slimy as slander, and as quick on a turn as a Filedelfy lawyer. You kin no more 'speck to hold him in you hans dan a poor man kan 'speck to hold a silver dollar bill; fur dey boff will slip fru your fingurs afore you noe it—an like aswasheatin wid bad characters, de closer you git de more slime you find 'pon you. He may be compared to a law suit—de more you handle it de more you aint got notin but de slime, and, like a shillin novel, he am all tale.

Dere am sebril kines ob eels—de Congor, wat was fuss found in ole Massa Congor's pond; de Lamper, who's hed am all eyes, which am luminated by de lite ob he wisdom;

de Electrickal and de common Caferine Market eel. De moss wunderful ob all dese, am de Electrick Telegraf eel. Ef you cum nie dat feller he will hit you a crack wid he tail dat will go fru you like huckelberries in August. He shocks de modesty ob some ob de udder fishes, and kills dem, and den he eats dem, bones and all. He's a shockin' bad eel, else history go a romancing. It am sed dat old Professor Mosse was a fishing one day, and seed one ob dese fellers jirk de 'lectric fluid from he hed to he tale, and from he tale to he hed, and dat fuss put de Electrick Telemgraf in he hed, which has sense fenced in de world wid a wire railin'. When dey want to send de noose ober de wires, dey jis show it to de big eel, always kept at each end of it. He reads it—hits de wires wid he tail, and 'way goes de fluid and de noose togedder, to de udder end, where anudder eel puts it into English and de papers.

De eels cum from Long Island, and lib all along de coast ob dat kedentry—and like de natives ob de Iland, as soon as dey ribe in York, dey git skinned—but dey hab boff bin skin'd so offen, dey don't mind it no more. De trade ob Eel Butcher am ob as much 'portance at Caferine Market as de Oyster and de Clam Butcher. Deres Pete Odety am a Eel Butcher, and to see him rub he hand in de ashes, pick up de eel by de tale, and nock he hed agin de side ob de tub, and cut 'round de gils to loosen de skin, wood do you good—and den to see de siance he displays wid de nippers in takin' off he jacket, wood s'prise and confound you. Ef dere am a rale siuntific Eel Butcher in de market, Pete am he—derefore, luff him be suspected 'cordin.

I used to see some good times agoin a bobin for dese fellers in my young days, and can to dis day almoss feel de delicate nibble ob de Eel on de bob, as my mind dewerts

back to de happy nites I hab spent kotchin dem. I can simpersize wid de poet dat sez—

Oh! de days when we went eel-kotchin,
  A long time ago—
We'd bread and lasses ob de bess,
  And trowsers made ob tow,
And dere we set de libe long nite,
  'Pon de bank so green,
And nought but tubs and eels and grog,
  'Bout us cood be seen.
    And duss we pass de nite away,
      And out de eels wood trow,
    In de days when we went eel-kotchin,
      A long time ago.

Ah! dem was merry happy nites,
  A long time ago;
When we eeled from dark till light,
  De moon as light as snow.
And dere we sung de jolly song,
  And danced upon de shore,
But, ah! dese hallumlujah days,
  Will come agin no more.
    Ah, how we passed the time away,
      Nor thought of care or woe,
    On de nites when we went eel-kotchin,
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We all noe wid what delite de young darkey will dance for dem at Caferine Market—and we all noe too, how good dey am when fried in butter and browned wid flower. Derefore I lebe de contemplation ob de subjick to go to Anty Clawson an git a plate ob reality right off de real, perwiding I git 'nuff in de sasser for to pay for de same.

Brudder Jake Bullethed will pleese pass it round, an see what look I got for dem fried Eels.

LECTURE L.

THE ROOSTER.

SUSPECTED FRENS:

You will find de subjick on which I 'spect to substract my exasperations dis ebenin, a runin round enny ob de barn yards in de kedentry and in de coops round de markets. He am sometimes called de "cock" by people who call tings by dere rite names, but dose who pride demseffs on bein extra perlite, call him

DE ROOSTER!

De reason, I 'speck, why dey call him dat, am bekase he *will* roost wid de hens nites.

De rooster am de he hen and aldo he lays no eggs, nor hatches no chickens, ennybody wood tink by seein' him strut round de barn yard, dat he lay all de eggs and brought up all de chickens. He does he best to make you tink dat he does it all, for no sooner does a hen drop an egg, dan *he* sets up as loud a cacklin as de hen herseff, in order to pull de wool ober de eyes ob us sitty fellers, and make us beleve he done it, when he am no more capable ob doin' de same dan I am. How much like sum lazy husbands in dis congregation, I cood menshun, who let dere wives do all de work and take car ob de family while dey do all de cacklin.

Dere am free or four different kinds ob "Roosters." Some am black, some speckled, as de darkey wid de small pox, and dressed up in all de brilliant fedders ob a soger company. I tink he must hab taken lessons from some ob

our Mallishish Captans in de art ob structin, for it wood do you good to see one strut true de barn yard among he fifty wives.

He seems to belebe in de Mormon doctrin ob pluracy ob wifes, for he hab a promiscus number at he beck and call, and no pettyfogin lawyer hab yet offered to make out a case ob bigamy against him, and his conduct am winked at by de noin ones, and it am no more tort ob, or sentured by de people, or by de press, dan King Solomon ob old was mid his forty wives and hundred conkebines. But dis may be owin' to de laxative laws consarnin' matrimonial marrage, now in woge in dis happy state. All a man hab to do now-a-days am to say to a female woman, I take you for better or for wuss, for a short time, and if you turn out better, I will take car ob you, but if you turn out wuss, I'll luff you flote down de riber ob time, a prey to fortune, for some udder nice young man to pick up and cast off at he lezure.

I hab seen a Brigadig General reviewin' his sogers for de fust time. I hab seen de pollytishun de day arter he was 'lected Alderman. I hab seen him agin de fust day he entered Congress. I hab seen de new recrute on he fust parade in de milishus—I hab seen a darkey in a new brass buttoned green coat, and a cullared lady in a new yeller calico frock, but I nebber seed ennyting nor ennybody so killin' pomptious and prowd as de old dunghill rooster when he wakes he brood at daylight in de mornin' wid his shrill trump, and marches dem off to de scratchin' ground; and wo be to de strange rooster dat chances to make a call on he nabor. Talk ob fuss and fedders—dats de time to see him in all he glory, as he walks sideways wid one wing down (so as to hide he long spurs), and he hed strate out afore him, up to de stranger and gibs him a crack side he hed for he imperence. Ef de odder rooster am game, den

a reguler Higher and Sulavan fite persues, and one or de odder comes off second best, and de odder sets up a crowin' loud 'nuff to wake de darkey cook to put on de coffee pot—den de licked rooster runs home wid he comb cut, foolosofysin' on de foolishness ob takin' airly mornin' walks abroad.

Dere am notin' on airth dat fites more wickedly den two game roosters. Dey will fite till one am ded and de odder too week to flap he wings or crow—and I belebe dat it was on some sich 'casion as dis, dat Brudder Chapman was perlitely 'quested to crow fur him.

Take de rooster in he marrage relations, or in he single blessedness, and he am about as seff-satisfied and pomptious as a monkey in a red frock, wid he mouf full ob chesnuts, and a box ob sugar crackurs widin he reach. Wid dese reflecshuns, we luff him slide dis ebening, promisin to take him up agin at some previous 'cashun, ef he long spurs will luff me handle him better den I hab dis ebenin'.

Long Island Jake will pleese pass 'round de sasser, and wen a man puts him off wid a free cent piece, luff him ask for de odder free cents belonging to de sixpence. I won't hab dem free cents nocked doun on me no more.

LECTURE LI.

LONG ISLAND MUSINGS.

BROILIN SINNERS:

SENCE de lass time I distress'd you from dis old desk, I hev bin a rewlinizin on ald Long Island—

> "Whar de breezes,
> Cum fru de treeses,
> And smels ob cheeses.'

and whar de gentle hefers, at de close ob de day, flote litely fru de trees, and fan de brow ob exousted human natur, and whar clams am as plenty as scandle. It am strange how a feller will feel he mind a soarin' abub de tings ob dis arf, when he'm away from de smell ob de gutters in de sitty, and de oderiferusness ob de gas-pipes. Here he kin contemplate foolosofy ondisturbed by de noise ob de omnibusters and unwatched by de police. Here it am dat he mind trows off de fifty sixes ob car, and mounts to hemisferes abuv, and try to find out what am a goin' on in de abode ob de planits, 'mong de spiritual rappers. Ef a man finds heseff on dis beech, wrapped up in nuffin but a spiritual wrapper, he will find heseff mity cold arter sun down, mind I tell you, fur I went out wid a ober cote on to see ef I coodent find out what some ob de planet sky lites war made ob, and it set my teef a chatterin' like a monkey ober a hot potater. Arter lookin at de brilliant ferminence for a long time, an sufferin' de ting up ober and ober

in my mind, I come to de 'clusion dat me nor no odder professor of foolosefy nose notin' 'bout de universal planits no more dan a hog, nose wat he am goine to hab for supper. But we all hab de pribalege ob gibin our 'pinion on dese tings, and derefore I'll gib mine, based on a log 'bout ten feet long, on which I declined during my meadowtations. I tink dat de planit sky-lites am made ob saltpeter, camphene, drummond lite, and spangles, all mixed up and spread on new tin, like a poor man's plaster, and hung out on spiritual cords, and den as de wind blows, dey shake and quiber, dat make 'em go blink, blink, at you, like a cullard gal's eye a winkin' in de dark.

De moon must be a hole tin pan full ob de ingredients, wid a drummond lite ahind it, and when de drummond lite fall down inside ob it, den you only see haff ob de moon. Den it wants newly regulatin', and den de folks call it de new moon.

De sun puzzles me most—kase I don't noe wedder dey burn hickory wood or Lehigh coal, but I tink dey burn boff 'bout dese days. Dese last torts truded demseffs tru my wool as I was gwane ober to Jerusalem to de cullerd Camp Meetin', now succedin in dat quarter. When I got to de Camp Ground, (what a shame it am dat low darkeys call it de Stamp Ground) dere I found Brudder Bluster on de stand, and he was discribin de old debil heseff. He said dat he head was like de buffalo, toof like de elemfint tusk, back like a buck rabbit, tail like a anaconda, and he eyes shine like two burnin' hickory logs in de kitchen fire-place—and he went 'round like a rousen lier, seekin' whom he might fool somebody.

Now I don't belebe he eber seed de feller he so beufly discribed, but ef you had hard him nock he fist on de board whar he desk ort to be, you wood hab 'cluded dat he was

an intemate quantence ob his; for he not only told us all 'bout him, but he spoke ob he dwelin place in de souffern country—and he said dat de red lite dat was a shinin' in de sky dat ebenin, which de farmers call'd de *Rousen Bore ob Alias*, was de flecshun dat was frown on de place wheneber de door was opened to let in a bad darkey. Dat scart sum ob dem, and dey look up at de lite wid eyes as big as de sasser dat you all ought to put a shillin a piece in dis ebenin'.

He had a good deel to say 'bout Provendence, and 'cluded his powerful sarmont by sayin' dat he hoped Provendence woodent send de rain on de Iland like he did lass year in sich sluces, dat it wash away de Metadist meetin' house, and smash all de windows—but in more congelied portions, dat de otes and corn mite git it, so dat de corn mite grow sixteen foot high, and hab ears long as he arm, and not sich cussed little Nubbins like dey had lass year, which he wood as leaf try to shuck, as to try to shuck de debil heseff.

Dey wanted me to 'liten 'em a little, but I told dem I neber meddled wid church affairs or de scriptur, dat my mishun was 'tirely siantific, and I reclined de place dey made fur me on de platform.

Dey den broke up, arter singin' in loud meter dis beuful standa—

De debil he will do his best,
To stop de sinner findin' rest;
But when we reach dat happy sho',
We'd flax him out, and cry no mo'.
Hallalujah, Hallalu—g.

Wen dis was ober, some went home, and odders went to dere tents, whar dey laid down in straw as tick as hogs in winter time.

As it am growin' late, I will dismiss you afore I gib you de lass claws ob wat I ment to say dis ebenin, and as soon as Brudder Ishmal Owlhed passes 'round de sasser, you may slide—keep de door lock'd till de sasser's full.

LECTURE LII.

BLUNDERS IN HUNTING.

BRILIN LAMS:

Dis ebenin I perpose,
To spoke in ryme, and not in prose;
An' I hope you'll hear me wid delite,
Ef so, I poetize some odder nite.
Ef you at my last lectur glance,
You'll see I menshun a suckemstance
Ob bein' on Long Islan, at camp meetin',
And hearin Brudder Blusters prechin.
Some ob de brudderin, I gin to fear,
May tink I wos whar dey charge so dear;
For berry little 'commodation,
(De useal custom ob de nation).
Dere am some houses hear I'm told,
'Bout which I cood a tale unfold;
'Bout straw beds, and scanty table,
Dat wood make your hair grow stiff as cable;
Whar Christian folks are used like sinners,
By some ob dese Long Iland skinners.
Who keep fashionable out ob town resorts.
For city people out ob sorts;

Who lebe airy rooms, and an easy bed,
To stifle in a six-foot plaster'd shed.
An' lay 'pon beds as hard as stubble,
And for de luxery pay jus double;
But den dey tink de price am fair,
Bekase dey walue high de country air.
And sitty folks, out ob de sherest pride,
Spend August at de oshun side;
Lebe dere door nobs grow black wid rust,
To spend a monf in sand and dust.
De rhumatism offin makes dem rue it,
But dey'd be nobody ef dey didn't do it;
One sitty feller dat come out here,
When he seed he bill luff fall a tear;
And as he handed out de pelf,
Sed he'd bild a country for heseff,
Afore he'd pay sich a mity fee,
For comin' in de counteree.
But I want to tell you once for all,
Dat I ain't bin to no sich place at all.
De little time I bin from home,
I spent at Jerico wid nuncle *Tone*,
A brudder to Anty Clawson's sister,
Who always rites his fust name Mister;
To luff de country people see,
He understands gentility.
He's got a beufull house made ob logs.
Close by a pen ob lubly hogs ;
He raises de chickens, pigs and tarkey,
And now and den a little darkey.
He's got a dog—a berry curious cretur,
Dat forms a berry portant fetur ;
To his place. He am none all 'round.

As de greatest dog dat kin be found—
Some sed he wos ob de setter breed,
An *Tone* sed—he was indeed !
And *Doctor* Jones, de learned farrier,
Sed he was a full blooded tarrier—
Mixed wid de pinter and de bull,
Derefore, I tink his blood *was* full ;
But I fear dat meny peopled lied,
'Bout dat dog, kase I spied
All his traits, and raly do belebe
Dat dey fool'd old *Tone* and him decebe.
And I tink all dare stories am a fable,
Kase he only *tarry'd* round de table ;
Sept when twas cold, he'd nebber mobe,
But try to *tarry* 'round de stobe.
As to his settin qualities, I dare say,
He'd *set* in doors on a rainey day ;
As to his bein a pinter, he's bin none to pint
All day at beef or mutton jint,
Perwidin dat he coodent touch it ;
Ef he cood, he'd bin sure to "*fotch it!*"
But of him I've had a nuff to say,
Septin dat his hair was gray ;
And dat his tail turn'd up a little,
And form'd a hook to hang a kittle.
Besides dis dog, Tone had a gun,
And wid dem we tort we'd hab sum fun ;
And like de wite folks go a shootin,
And true de woods keep up a hootin
To scar de burds and luff dem fly,
So we cood "Bim" dem in de eye.
When we got all redy for de xpedishun,
We found we hadent no amanishun ;

An so we boute a haff a pown
At de grocery in de toun.
Tone sholdered de dog, and off we went,
On a day's sportin fully bent.
We hadent gone fur, afore I hurd
Somfin in de bushes like a burd ;
I grabed de dog, and fired spralin,
And shot a great big, "Wat-you call-em ?"
A anamile wid hair on, like a trunk,
I tink de farmer call'd it a big skunk.
Ob one ting sassagefried to be I orter,
Dat is, he don't carry Cologne water ;
Kase we hadent bin dar berry long
Afore we smelt somfin mitey strong ;
And no doubt if we'd staid dar longer,
Dat boff ob us wood hab grown stronger.
Here de dog showed his *sittin* quite sublime
For he set on a log moss all de time.
Well ! on we went to look for game,
And next we shot a—Wats-his-name ?
I dont 'zactly like to menshun here,
What de cretur *was*, for fear
I mite be brote into some scrapes,
Like de little boy who stole de grapes;
But ef enny ob you hear de farmers talk,
'Bout dere loosin some "little pork,"
'Bout two monfs old, sent to roam
In de medder, little way from home,
Tell dem de ditches am berry deep,
And little pigs will in dem creep ;
I noe de holes am deep dar bout,
Kase I got in one, nor cood git out
'Till nuncle Tone, reched he butt ob gun,

And pull'd like Satin, wen out I cum.
Wen I got out, I blessed a few,
Kase I spiled my close and got wet tru;
When I got home (twixt you and me),
I dident feel in sich high glee
As in de mornin' wen I started;
In fac, I wos haff broken-hearted—
Kase dis ole stingy congregation,
Wood almost suffer suffercation,
Afore dey'd chip up to git me close
In place ob dem I spil'd, I nose;
But ef you dont fork ober rite,
I wont lectur for you 'nudder nite,
But set up a shop to sell de clam,
Ef I dont, may I be ——.
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Who had one in his possesshun,
And only waited to be call'd out,
Wen he, de hole ting wood hab bawl'd out.
Ef enny ob dem dis year do it,
I'll speck a medel wid blue ribbon to it,
To war roun' my neck, whar ere I go,
Like de chain ob Barren Spolasco.

And now wid much politeness,
I bid you all good niteness ;
But afore you go, luff de silver sound
In de sasser as it passes round.

LECTURE LIII.

FIRST LOVE.

CHOSEN CHUMS—

I RISE to-nite and make my bow,
To commence a beginin, but somehow
I don't feel rite 'bout de hed,
My idias flow like chunks ob led—
Not like leden balls in de heat ob battle,
Dat round de hed ob sogers rattle,
And try to perpetrate big holes,
To luff de daylite in 'pon der soles.
But like chunk led, hard as steel,
Dat's de way my tinkin apperatus feel.
Wood you noe what makes me feel so sad ?
Its bekase I am 'bused so mity bad,
By country Editors round about,
Who sisarize my lecturs out
Ob de Picayune—a handsome sheet
Published doun in Fulton street.
I don't mind dere stealin from me so,
Perwidin dey luff dar readers noe

Whar dey get dem from, den you see
It will add to my celebraty.
I nebber notice no sich capers
By de editors of de English papers,
Kase Reynold's Miscellany, and de London Times
When e'er dey use my prose or rhymes,
Always takes good car to prate
Dat it come from ole York State,
From a paper called de Picayune,
Dats always lively in its tune.
Derefore you kin plainly see,
Dat its only de cute Yankee
Dat will pilfer odder people's brain,
In order to permote der gain ;
But when I inwardly reflect,
I don't noe as I cood else expeck,
Seein what chunks ob wisdom fall
From dis old hed, now niely ball—
De world wants litenin berry much,
And ef I gub de siantific touch,
And lite de brilliant torch ob siance,
And set ignumrence at defiance,
'Twill aid de kause ob edication,
To send my lectures fru de nation—
Derefore I woodent car a pin,
To see dem copid o'er agin ;
Dat dey may tru de country fly,
From groceree to groceri ;
Dat ebberybody fruout de land
May full and squarely understand
De principles ob 'mortal siance,
Den wood I feel a firm reliance,
Dat I am fully understood

And now wid much politeness,
I bid you all good niteness;
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Dat ebberybody fruout de land
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De principles ob 'mortal siance,
Den wood I feel a firm reliance,
Dat I am fully understood

Truout de world's wast naborhood.
But I fear my ryme am gittin prosey,
For I see so menny brudders dozy ;
Ef dey don't wake up mity quick,
I'll come doun on 'em like a tousend brick.—
How dar you nod and shut you eye
When I'm lecturin in sweet poetri ?—
My frens I got somfin serious to tell
'Bout a suckumstance dat me befell
On Long Iland—in de airly part
Ob July, and its moss broke my hart ;
I nebber node what 'twas afore,
To feel de tender pashum to de core ;
But now I am compelled to say
Dat sence de mornin ob dat July day,
I've libed in dreams in and out ob bed,
An' in clowdy castels, painted red,
Wid golden doors and starlite sealin—
In fact I can't portray my feelin ;
For Kupid wid his silber arrar,
Hab piered my 'fections to de marrar ;
And arter passin a wartus life,
I tink I better git a wife,
To do my washin and mend my close,
And do up sweet meats, kase who nose
But what my wages may be raised
(For sich good luck, de Lord be praised),
Up to a pint dat I cood afford
To take a house and a few to bord.
But I'm off my track, I was gwane to tell
How I fell in lub wid "Isabelle,"
And in order to make de 'cription neeter,
I tink I'd better change my meeter—

And prove to you by de trial,
Dat I kin rite in de Byronic stile.

Isabelle ! Isabelle ! ! Isabelle ! ! !
'Tis strange you hant me still,
I only seed you 'bout an hour,
While I was lofin on de hill.
I've tried alas ! to banish you
Far from memory's seat,
But, oh ! my burnin thoughts will cling
To you dear gall, like 'lasses sweet.

'Twas airly on a summer's morn,
While standin nie a silant mill,
I seed her take a paff dat led
Directly up de big green hill.
Two milkin pails war in her grasp,
And as she tripped along,
I tort dat form I'd like to clasp,
Or make de burden ob a song.

She had a little stream to cross,
Dat run in bubbles nie de rode ;
I boldly steped to her and axed
Ef I mite help her wid her lode.
She raised her great big eyes on me,
Dat shine as brite as ebenin star,
And set de pails doun on de grass,
And sed she raly didn't car.

I fust set boff de pails across,
And den come back for she,
And lifting her up by de waste,
She trembling cross'd de plank wid me.

When I clasped her in my arms,
  I found her lim's was berry stout,
But good fresh milk and corned pork
  Am sure to bring sich tings about.

When we reached de odder side,
  We boff set doun togedder,
I pressed her hand 'twixt boff ob mine,
  And found dem like sole ledder.
Dere war gum biles on ebbery jint,
  From little finger to de tumb,
But oh! her eyes bewitched me so,
  Dere buty almost struck me dumb.

Upon de side ob dat old hill,
  I spent de happiest hour
Dat mortal ebber cood s'pose
  Was in a mortal's power.
For oh! in dat bref space ob time,
  I lost and gained a hart,
And I tink dat for de time it took,
  'Twas bein putty smart.

Dar now, you'b herd de hole ting tru,
And my minds relebed a few;
And I tink I har you loudly say,
Marry her Julius! 'pint de day!
Buy up de clams to make de soup,
And if you can't go to Urupe
To Cony Iland you kin go,
And spend de fust monf or so,
And den come back a feelin better,
And go to work for bread and butter.

Now ef you all am mind to 'gree
To pay for de glorious spree,
I'll go to Isabelle and tell her
It kin come off at Anty Clawson's seller.
Old Jake will make de fiddle ring,
And Sam will touch de banjo string;
We'll dance de reel and crackerwain,
'Till Halumlujah come again.
Derefore my lads and lasses,
Fill up de sasser as it passes,
Brudder Somendike I trust
Will hand it to de ladies fust.

LECTURE LIV.

WILL TRAVEL CURE LOVE?

CORRUPTED MORTALS—

I PINT, on dis 'portant casion, brudder Erastus J. Arlington Jefferson Butts to read my 'pistol to you; I can't do it myseff, bekase at de same time he am readin dis to you, I, your sheppard, am ober two hundred miles away from his flock ob black sheep—derefore, listen to him wid dat same 'tention dat you always pay to me. I am now rustifying in de old rebolutionary town ob Bosson, Massachusetts, from which pint ob de cumpasus I wolegize to you dis ebenin.

De kommittee dat was pinted to vestigate de slander dat de sisterhood scandelized me wid truout de naborhood, met on de ebenin pinted, and 'cussed de matter wid all dere harts, and brot in de common wardick ob de day—dat nobody was to blame. Nobody dident do notin to nobody,

and kinder 'luded dat dey tort Isabelle wus lopsided in de intellect—and dey told me I had better trable a little to get de consequences out ob my mind. Dey seed my hart was niely bustin, and in de hite ob dere charity, dey made up a purse ob five dollars, and devised me to go on a day's fuddle, and look in de pictur shop winders, in order to git my mind off de trubble dat make sich fringment on my appetite and sleepatite, but luff my drinkatite unrepaired. Derefore I take my old Gen. Jackson stiled hat, and I took free cents wort ob trable to Bohoken, but dere I meet so many lubbers wid dere dullsinnas, dat it only made me haff ded to hab Isabelle 'long wid me—and when I dulged myseff wid a two cent glass ob ise cream, to cool my burnin pashun, I found I had pocketed de man's spoon, insted ob payin him for he cream. But he dident luff me to labor long in de delusion, for he nocked my new wite second hand knok down ober my eyes and took de spoon out ob my pocket. De boys 'round and 'bout de stand, roard wid lafter, and fru up dere hats in derigon ob your poor old speeker, and hooted at me way up to de Elisha Fiels. Den I went to a stan, and eat fifty raw clams, jis to dewert my mind and appetite, but de more clams I swallered de hebier my konshunce felt, and so I 'cluded to stop afore I oberloded my stomjack.

I found dat de trabble ober dare dident do me no good, kase I was obsolutely sick wen I got home to Anty Clawson's, whar I ribed just soon enuff to git home. Dar I found a letter for me, from Brudder Greedy, who can read, rite and sifer—to cum up to Bossun for my helf—and soon as I read it, I dident noe 'zactly what to do, and I done it 'megetly. I went doun to sebrel abolishun brudders in New York, and got letters ob inducement to sebrel brudders in dis town ob crooked streets and hotels. Well, wen I got all redy to start, I packed up my police, and put dat ruffle

shirt dat brudder Hyatt gub me, on de top, so as not to kick up a muss wid it. Den my big headed kane, dat wus presented to me by de Angelic Eel Skinin Benefishall Siety, wen I wus 'lected a onery member, was brott in inquisishun, and shakin hans wid Anty Clawson, and takin a little composition to purvent de kolera, I made a clearance for de steambote for dis Bossunburgh. When I got abord de bote, a feller ax me ef I speck'd a birf abord. I tole him I dident noe what mite happen in de ladies' cabin. Den he laff, and sed I was stupid, and dat ef I speck to sleep enny, I muss take a birf in a foreard car cabin, and pay fifty cents extra for de same. So I paid de bitterance, and airly expired to bed; but all de time Isabelle was a runnin in my wool, and like fleas on a shaggy dog, dere wus no gittin rid ob it. I laid dere foolosifizein on de chances ob gittin blowed up wid de biler—and I dident car who was bloud up fuss, me, or all hands—wen I found sumfin runnin ober my hed asides idias, and de same may be sed ob my hole body, kase on gittin a lite, I found I had got into a burf already ockepied by more trabelers den I wish'd to swosheate wid. I picked up two or tree and took dem to de steward, and ax him what he done wid dem fellers abord. He sed he put 'em dar to fatten on darkeys till dey grow as big as sea turkels, and den wen dey got to be big-bugs, he stuffed fried monkeys wid dem, wid cowcumber sass, and perturnip dumplins. I soon found out dat I coodent git no sassagefacshun from him, and as I dident want to spend de nite 'mong sich suckers as I found in my berf, I had to walk de deck all nite, and wen I woke up in de mornin I found I hadent slept none all nite, and I wus sick abed. I was trablin for pleasure and piece ob mind. I dident find de fust article, and ef I dident git piece ob *mind*, I got my *body* moss nocked to *pieces* on de rale rode, which am all de same in Dutch.

An so we boute a haff a pown
At de grocery in de toun.
Tone sholdered de dog, and off we went,
On a day's sportin fully bent.
We hadent gone fur, afore I hurd
Somfin in de bushes like a burd ;
I grabed de dog, and fired spralin,
And shot a great big, "Wat-you call-em ?"
A anamile wid hair on, like a trunk,
I tink de farmer call'd it a big skunk.
Ob one ting sassagefried to be I orter,
Dat is, he don't carry Cologne water ;
Kase we hadent bin dar berry long
Afore we smelt somfin mitey strong ;
And no doubt if we'd staid dar longer,
Dat boff ob us wood hab grown stronger.
Here de dog showed his *sittin* quite sublime
For he set on a log moss all de time.
Well ! on we went to look for game,
And next we shot a—Wats-his-name ?
I dont 'zactly like to menshun here,
What de cretur *was*, for fear
I mite be brote into some scrapes,
Like de little boy who stole de grapes;
But ef enny ob you hear de farmers talk,
'Bout dere loosin some "little pork,"
'Bout two monfs old, sent to roam
In de medder, little way from home,
Tell dem de ditches am berry deep,
And little pigs will in dem creep ;
I noe de holes am deep dar bout,
Kase I got in one, nor cood git out
'Till nuncle Tone, reched he butt ob gun,

And pull'd like Satin, wen out I cum.
Wen I got out, I blessed a few,
Kase I spiled my close and got wet tru;
When I got home (twixt you and me),
I dident feel in sich high glee
As in de mornin' wen I started;
In fac, I wos haff broken-hearted—
Kase dis ole stingy congregation,
Wood almost suffer suffercation,
Afore dey'd chip up to git me close
In place ob dem I spil'd, I nose;
But ef you dont fork ober rite,
I wont lectur for you 'nudder nite,
But set up a shop to sell de clam,
Ef I dont, may I be ——.
Your obedient servant, J. C. H——.

N. B.—De foregom epick,
I am led to xpeck,
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Afore de Historical Siety,
At dere sellembraton in December;
Kase last year, if I remember,
One ob my lecturs come berry nie
Gittin an xplainity.
By one ob de larned professhun,
Who had one in his possesshun,
And only waited to be call'd out,
Wen he, de hole ting wood hab bawl'd out.
Ef enny ob dem dis year do it,
I'll speck a medel wid blue ribbon to it,
To war roun' my neck, whar ere I go,
Like de chain ob Barren Spolasco.

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But what my wages may be raised
(For sich good luck, de Lord be praised),
Up to a pint dat I cood afford
To take a house and a few to bord.
But I'm off my track, I was gwane to tell
How I fell in lub wid "Isabelle,"
And in order to make de 'cription neeter,
I tink I'd better change my meeter—

And prove to you by de trial,
Dat I kin rite in de Byronic stile.

Isabelle ! Isabelle ! ! Isabelle ! ! !
'Tis strange you hant me still,
I only seed you 'bout an hour,
While I was lofin on de hill.
I've tried alas ! to banish you
Far from memory's seat,
But, oh ! my burnin thoughts will cling
To you dear gall, like 'lasses sweet.

'Twas airly on a summer's morn,
While standin nie a silant mill,
I seed her take a paff dat led
Directly up de big green hill.
Two milkin pails war in her grasp,
And as she tripped along,
I tort dat form I'd like to clasp,
Or make de burden ob a song.

She had a little stream to cross,
Dat run in bubbles nie de rode ;
I boldly steped to her and axed
Ef I mite help her wid her lode.
She raised her great big eyes on me,
Dat shine as brite as ebenin star,
And set de pails doun on de grass,
And sed she raly didn't car.

I fust set boff de pails across,
And den come back for she,
And lifting her up by de waste,
She trembling cross'd de plank wid me.

When I clasped her in my arms,
  I found her lim's was berry stout,
But good fresh milk and corned pork
  Am sure to bring sich tings about.

When we reached de odder side,
  We boff set doun togedder,
I pressed her hand 'twixt boff ob mine,
  And found dem like sole ledder.
Dere war gum biles on ebbery jint,
  From little finger to de tumb,
But oh ! her eyes bewitched me so,
  Dere buty almost struck me dumb.

Upon de side ob dat old hill,
  I spent de happiest hour
Dat mortal ebber cood s'pose
  Was in a mortal's power.
For oh ! in dat bref space ob time,
  I lost and gained a hart,
And I tink dat for de time it took,
  'Twas bein putty smart.

Dar now, you'b herd de hole ting tru,
And my minds relebed a few ;
And I tink I har you loudly say,
Marry her Julius ! 'pint de day !
Buy up de clams to make de soup,
And if you can't go to Urupe
To Cony Iland you kin go,
And spend de fust monf or so,
And den come back a feelin better,
And go to work for bread and butter.

Nów ef you all am mind to 'gree
To pay for de glorious spree,
I'll go to Isabelle and tell her
It kin come off at Anty Clawson's seller.
Old Jake will make de fiddle ring,
And Sam will touch de banjo string;
We'll dance de reel and crackerwain,
'Till Halumlujah come again.
Derefore my lads and lasses,
Fill up de sasser as it passes,
Brudder Somendike I trust
Will hand it to de ladies fust.

LECTURE LIV.

WILL TRAVEL CURE LOVE?

CORRUPTED MORTALS—

I PINT, on dis 'portant casion, brudder Erastus J. Arlington Jefferson Butts to read my 'pistol to you; I can't do it myseff, bekase at de same time he am readin dis to you, I, your sheppard, am ober two hundred miles away from his flock ob black sheep—derefore, listen to him wid dat same 'tention dat you always pay to me. I am now rustifying in de old rebolutionary town ob Bosson, Massachusetts, from which pint ob de cumpasus I wolegize to you dis ebenin.

De kommittee dat was pinted to vestigate de slander dat de sisterhood scandelized me wid truout de naborhood, met on de ebenin pinted, and 'cussed de matter wid all dere harts, and brot in de common wardick ob de day—dat nobody was to blame. Nobody dident do notin to nobody,

and kinder 'luded dat dey tort Isabelle wus lopsided in de intellect—and dey told me I had better trable a little to get de consequences out ob my mind. Dey seed my hart was niely bustin, and in de hite ob dere charity, dey made up a purse ob five dollars, and devised me to go on a day's fuddle, and look in de pictur shop winders, in order to git my mind off de trubble dat make sich fringment on my appetite and sleepatite, but luff my drinkatite unrepaired. Derefore I take my old Gen. Jackson stiled hat, and I took free cents wort ob trable to Bohoken, but dere I meet so many lubbers wid dere dullsinnas, dat it only made me haff ded to hab Isabelle 'long wid me—and when I dulged myseff wid a two cent glass ob ise cream, to cool my burnin pashun, I found I had pocketed de man's spoon, insted ob payin him for he cream. But he dident luff me to labor long in de delusion, for he nocked my new wite second hand knok down ober my eyes and took de spoon out ob my pocket. De boys 'round and 'bout de stand, roard wid lafter, and fru up dere hats in derigon ob your poor old speeker, and hooted at me way up to de Elisha Fiels. Den I went to a stan, and eat fifty raw clams, jis to dewert my mind and appetite, but de more clams I swallered de hebier my konshunce felt, and so I 'cluded to stop afore I oberloded my stomjack.

I found dat de trabble ober dare dident do me no good, kase I was obsolutely sick wen I got home to Anty Clawson's, whar I ribed just soon enuff to git home. Dar I found a letter for me, from Brudder Greedy, who can read, rite and sifer—to cum up to Bossun for my helf—and soon as I read it, I dident noe 'zactly what to do, and I done it 'megetly. I went doun to sebrel abolishun brudders in New York, and got letters ob inducement to sebrel brudders in dis town ob crooked streets and hotels. Well, wen I got all redy to start, I packed up my police, and put dat ruffle

shirt dat brudder Hyatt gub me, on de top, so as not to kick up a muss wid it. Den my big headed kane, dat wus presented to me by de Angelic Eel Skinin Benefishall Siety, wen I wus 'lected a onery member, was brott in inquisishun, and shakin hans wid Anty Clawson, and takin a little composition to purvent de kolera, I made a clearance for de steambote for dis Bossunburgh. When I got abord de bote, a feller ax me ef I speck'd a birf abord. I tole him I dident noe what mite happen in de ladies' cabin. Den he laff, and sed I was stupid, and dat ef I speck to sleep enny, I muss take a birf in a foreard car cabin, and pay fifty cents extra for de same. So I paid de bitterance, and airly expired to bed; but all de time Isabelle was a runnin in my wool, and like fleas on a shaggy dog, dere wus no gittin rid ob it. I laid dere foolosifizein on de chances ob gittin blowed up wid de biler—and I dident car who was bloud up fuss, me, or all hands—wen I found sumfin runnin ober my hed asides idias, and de same may be sed ob my hole body, kase on gittin a lite, I found I had got into a burf already ockepied by more trabelers den I wish'd to swosheate wid. I picked up two or tree and took dem to de steward, and ax him what he done wid dem fellers abord. He sed he put 'em dar to fatten on darkeys till dey grow as big as sea turkels, and den wen dey got to be big-bugs, he stuffed fried monkeys wid dem, wid cowcumber sass, and perturnip dumplins. I soon found out dat I coodent git no sassagefacshun from him, and as I dident want to spend de nite 'mong sich suckers as I found in my berf, I had to walk de deck all nite, and wen I woke up in de mornin I found I hadent slept none all nite, and I wus sick abed. I was trablin for pleasure and piece ob mind. I dident find de fust article, and ef I dident git piece ob *mind*, I got my *body* moss nocked to *pieces* on de rale rode, which am all de same in Dutch.

Wen I ribed in Bosson, I went up to de Severe House and handed de waiter my caird. In a short time de boss ob de house cum to me, and looking at me all ober, like a jockey does a hoss, he sed, "Dat I looked suspeckable 'nuff, but reely he coodent take me in." Dat wus de fust hotel I ebber hurd ob whar folks was not taken in, in sum way or odder, I noe de more de waiters take a feller in de better dey like him. Well, den, I dident noe wat to do, and I tort I do dat fust, and I did. But wat it was I will tell you in a nudder letter from dis old tea-pot country.

De kollecshuns taken up in my absence, must be sent to me, to git me home agin—derefore, chip up brisklee when de sasser flows round, an belebe me, I am all dat,

Proffessor Julius Seazer Hannibal,

R. M. T. S. F. R. S. B. C. ASS, and S. L. in G.

LECTURE LV.

GRAND RECEPTION IN BOSTON.

B Whalin Frens:

In de last pistol I sent you, I told you how de boss at de Severe House woodent take me in. De reason was, I speck he tink I was a confugetif from de Souf. But it dident worry me none, kase I hadent bin here in dis city morn a nour afore de news 'ribed by de spress wagon dat I wus dere, and a cummittee ob forty-fibe from de Anti-Ignumrence Benefishal-own-your-own-Shirt Siety, waited on me at de hotel, wid red aprons on, and bajjers on der cotes;

The Professor on a Target Excursion.

and formin a paltroon in frunt ob de house, I walked out on de pizarro jis as stiff as ef I borded dere, and felt as proud as Daniel Lobster, when he 'dressed his cornstockewents, frum the same place lass year, 'bout E Plurebus Unum and Political Politicks.

De kommitte told me dere wus a great gedderin ob de culored folx at Brudder Jonson's Eatin House, watin to heer me spoke. I pulled out de ruffle ob my shirt, and jined de breddern at once. They toted me up one crooked 'treet and down anudder crooked 'treet, and cum round to de place whar we started from, and den dey led me doun a holler in a 'treet 'bout tree foot wide, and at de sine ob de "Black Sheep" we stoped an went in. Here I found a big room filled wid brudders and sisters, who recebe me wid much stinkshun. Under de big room was an eatin restorative—de reason why dey call it a restorative, am bekase a good many tings hab bin restored to der ritefull owner, dat de police hab from time immoral found on de premices. Dere wus a platform at one end ob de room, and 'pon it set my old friend Deacon Snowball. He rised and induced me to de bredderin, and den took he-seat. I axed him wus he gwane to spoke, and he said no, dat he had to gib up preachin sometime ago, kase like odder preecher mans, he got de brownkritters in de trote, but he coodent, like dem fellers, go souf for he helf, so he had to grin and bare it. and choke it doun de bess way he cood. Den I got up and told dem de coperosity ob my mind dident seem to segosheate at de present period, and dat I coodent distress dem dat ebenin, but ef dey'd take up a kollecshun dat nite, I'd gub dem fits de next ebenin. Den dey took up a prescription in a hat, fur me, mountin to fibe and sixpence and two bad pennies, and den dey wited me to go to supper below. Wen I got dar I found a long table spred wid plates, wid

five roast clams in de shell on ebery plate, and a cracker by de side. Soon as we eat de clams, we had a corse ob clam soup—den a corse ob fried clams, den more rost clams, and den a doenut a piece; den we had cowblay soup; tomatto, stew'd wid fickcaseed turnips; den dere wus a corse ob Welsh rabbit, stewed in de shell, serbed up wid turtle dube jelly and skipper cheese (we had a lively time wid dis cheese). It cum all de way from Smiff's Iland, nie Fidelfy —den dere wus a great wority ob meat—sheep, lam and mutton, and burloney sassengers turnd ober—and de cumpany perspired for de nite—and I went to bed, too, dere bein one prepared fur me in de house. Afore we supperated, we all had a little bit ob perwentative composition. You see, dey darsent sell no licker up here, but dey drive a stif bisness in de composition bitters line—and it tastes and smells as much like brandy as the law will allow.

De nex mornin two ob de brudderin took me round to see de toun, and I look all round de warfs for de tea chists dat de Yankees got mad 'bout, and trowed oberboard, but I coodent find none ob de tea, nor de chists nudder; and as I dident see notin ob dem, I don't belebe de hole story. But de folks on here belebe it—one elderly sister dat dey call Anty Breeder, showed me her tea-pot, what her grandmudder gub her kase it wus a querosity, it bein one ob de dientical tea-pots dat was berried when de folks swore dey woodent buy no more tea frum John Bullock. I ax dem ef dey tort I wus a tea-pot 'nuff to belebe sich a storry as dat.

Sence I bin here I got a good meny cornsolin letters frum home, and I tink I will cum back and

Let Isabelle go to—thunder,

and not mind her no more.

LECTURE LVI.

WISE CONCLUSIONS.

LAMBASIOUS LAMBS :

HERE I is, returned to you like a borrowed pound ob candels. I is mity glad to sée sich a croud sembled har on dis 'portant caision. I tink de trabel to ole Bosson sitty hab done me good, kase I kum back to ole York better sassagefied wid it den ebber, notwidstandin de sassy omnibus dribers, de roudies, de poor milk, de afflicting Common Scoundrels and de tea room, and I gis made up my mind dat dis am de only place whar Christian Christianity am fully practiced. Ebbery ting 'bout Bosson seems to be cramped up like a miser's hart. De 'treets am cramped and crooked. De minds ob de peepel am cramped. Menny ob de folks I met dere complained ob bein cramped in de pocket, and almoss all de time I wus dere I had a cramp in my stomjack, and had to hab a standin subscription in my pocket from de dockter man, or else dey woodent hab gub me a drop ob brandy all de time I wus dar. You all noe dat de Maine Licker Gag Law am in full forse now in dat poor forsaken country, and no rum kin be had—but de Yankees noe a dodge or two. Dey hab inwented a tem perence bitters, kalkelated to purefy the blood ob old drinkers, which dey sell as fast as free cent pieces kan roll in. Its a perventative to de colera, and it am astonishin how menny folks dere am in Bosson dat hab suddenly become afeerd of dis disease. Scarsely a nour am allowed to enter-

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wene atwene de tacks ob fear, and den a little ob de perwentative sets dem all rite for a nudder nour.

I tole you in my last letter to you how I wus vited to spoke to de bruddern dere, and how I dident. Now, I tell you how I did. I tole dem how I fell in lub wid Isabelle, and how I hab been slandered and debused to her till de match wus busted up and I wus trublin for a broken hart. I met wid much simperty and small change. I got de former frum de sisters and de latter frum de brudders. De sisters, de Lord bless 'em, simpsized berry much wid me. I wus vited out to tea and doenuts ebbery ebenin while I wus dar, and sich a display ob sweetmeats and goodies ginerly, you nebber seed ; apple sass and stewed clams ebbery time. I tell you dat de cullerd folks noe how to lib in Bosson. True, de wite abolishonest won't hire dem to do no work as long as dey kin git an Irishman at haff price. But dere de cullerd folks am all bosses, and you'l find out, you black scorpians, who am boss here ! I cum home agin, and you shall noe—

> "How much de Ass who went abroad to rome,
> Exceed de Ass dats luft at home."

When enny ob de aristockracy goes off a trablin to forrin parts, and cum home agin, dey always can't shabe no more, and muss hab curreous cut cloze on, and dey muss assume de airs ob dey pepil de bin wid, else how de debil wood ennybody noe dey bin dar. How cood you belebe a man had made a sea voyage unless you hear him sware—and how will folks noe I bin trablin widout I ware har all ober my face, and comb my mustashers to a pint, like a mouses tail, and git a cote too big for me, wid a fur koller on—wid de tail cut all off smack smoff, wid sleeves big 'nuff to hold a haff peck ob taters and a dirty shirt. Derefore, I muss

heb all dese tings afore I make my der*butt* in Broadway Ef you don't chip up and git me dese tings, I'll go back to Bosson airly in de mornin. I want to swell as well as de udder ob de upper crust, and I must hab my sallary raised perpendickler at onst. No backin doun on dat, you hear?

Anudder ting we want and must hab, am an organ in dis room, kase de shufflin ob your big feet make sich a noise on de flo when you go out, dat a feller can't hear heseff tink. I nose an Italian round de corner dats got a hand-organ dat he will sell cheap, but whoeber buys de organ muss buy de monkey—and de idia ob my congregashun buyin a monkey am prospiterous. I tink we better buy boff, and send de organ here and de monkey to de Common Counsil. We want de organ to play de wolentendicktory as you lebe de seller; same as de organs in de church do, when dey let out. But de question rises—who will be organist? How much will he cost? Can't we train de monkey to play on it; Dese am questions dat 'quire manure judgement, and derefore I gib you all a whole week for de siderashun ob de same—and klose proseedings for de nite.

I is 'bliged to de Tune Fork Siety for de Sarahnade dey gub me on de nite I got home. It wus berry butiful indeed, and no dout I shood hab liked it amazin ef I had hurd it, but I dident happen to sleep home dat nite—I wus condolin wid a sick sister, and dident happen to hear de mewsic, but I hurd dat de bones used on de caishun wasent squite in tune.

Will Brudder Alabama Joe pleese pass round de sasser and look out for counterfit money.

LECTURE LVII.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

LOQUACIOUS LAMS:

DE season will afford me a subjick for wibration dis ebenin. We am now, 'cordin to de almanack, in de midst ob de Ingin Summer. De wildest poets ob 'Merica hab used up sebreal quires of foolscap and penny candles in tryin to do justice to de perculiar emotions dat dis season always trows into de hart ob de lubber of natur; but dey can't do it to dere sassagefaction, and derefore dey try a new one at ebery return ob it.

De reson dat it am call'd de Ingin sommer am bekase de wedder, like de Ingin, am mity treacherous, and unsartin; de sun will rise as yellar as a big pumpkin in de mornin, and will warm up de arf like he does in June, for a nour or two, and den he luff a ice bugg cum afore his face, and chill all creation by dinner time, and cause a rise in coal ob tree cents on a haff a peck afore nite.

Just so it am wid de Ingin. He will smile in your face while he am sharpenin he scalpin nife or tommyhauk to cut your troat wid in de middle ob de nite time. Derefore, you see de simalarity am perpendickler.

Massa Bryant, de poetizer, who am always found at he "Post," sez dat dis am de lemoncoly season ob de year. I tink he muss hab ment lemoncoloured season, for if you notice, de sun heseff looks like a polished lemon, and he tinges eberyting wid lemon dat he shines 'pon. I lub to walk at

dis time ob de year beyond de pale fence ob sibilization, and git ober into Jarsey and cogitate on de latter ends ob mankind. For dis purpose I took my big cane and snuff box and a woiage across de oshun to Bohucken, tudder day. We had a cargo ob Dutch folks and Dutch pipes abord, all ob which smoked all de way ober. When I ribed dar I found dat old Jack Frost had paid de country a visit, and probably stayed all nite, for he had been dere long 'nuff to paint de trees in waragated colours. Sum he tinged in gold, some in purple and sum in red—de ceder, like de hard hearted sinner am too proud to turn, and derefore am gis as green as ebber.

De lass time I seed dese trees dey wus *all* beaufully green, like a newly arribed boy from de country, and, like de lad, dey sported away in de full belief dat dey wood always be young and bright; but old Jack Frost hab 'bin mong dem, and sprinkled dere heads wid frost, and de lebes, like de follies ob youf frum de old man, am fallin tick and fast frum de old staid trees, lebin dem stripped and sturdy to widstand de blastin winter. De little birds, too, dat 'peared so mity glad dat I cum ober to see dem in de spring, dat dey chirped and sung all 'round me in de woods; jumpin fust frum one lim to anudder to get a peep at me. Dey, too, am gone; dat old Jack Frost shook he finger at dem, and drove dem off; dere wasent one to greet me wid he glad song; and eben de old bull frogs, who gub free consorts fur notin all de season, frum sundown till sun up, hab gub up de ghost since Gresi and Mario hab cum, and dey ain't got a word to say for demseff.

As I stood lookin at de swamp where dey use to was, I tort dat de poet was 'bout right when he compared dis world to a big frog pond, and all de pepil to frogs. I will read you what he sez, and see ef he am rite or not.

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DE FROG POND.

Dis world am all a frog pond,
  I tink, widout de joke,
Ders frog's ob ebery species come
  To kick about and croak;
Dey kick and croak trough marsh and ponds,
  To catch dar share ob snacks,
Until death comes a frog fishing,
  And wop's dem on dar backs.
    De frog am a bird,
      Widout wing or fedder;
    He sing all de spring,
      In spite ob wind or wedder.
        Crook! crook!! crook!!!

De lawyer he's a noisy frog,
  He crooks about his fob;
Upon some mossy bank he sits
  A waitin' for a job;
But should you chance to want his aid,
  And cum widout de pelf,
He'll quickly leap into de stream,
  And leabe you croak yourself.

De editur, he'm a lean frog,
  Wid scarse 'nuff to eat,
An' generly so crippled
  He kan't make both ends meet;
De same to him am day and nite,
  At work you'll always find him,
He writes to please, when he please to write
  Though poverty may bind him.

De preast, he am a yellor frog,
  He crooks from morn till nite,
He gibs de debil's d—— to all
  Who do not say he's rite;

De justice, he'm a bull frog,
  He does justice in de pounds,
He seats heseff on sum high log,
  And sings out "blood an' nounds."

De gambler, he'm a leap frog,
  He leaps frum crime to crime;
De poet, he'm a scaly frog,
  Dat croaks about in rhyme;
De lover am a green frog,
  And isn't he a sad soul?
De dandy neber drops he tail,
  But always am a tadpole.

Polytishuns am de needy frogs,
  Dat crook in windy speeches,
Sometimes dey am no frogs at all,
  But a kind ob two-legged leeches;
He'll tell you he's de only man
  In de nation can be trusted,
And ef you don't put him in power,
  De counteree am busted.

Ef dat ar'nt poltry it am trufful, and dat's gis as good.

I turn'd and luff'd de spot,
  Oh! do not deem me weak,
When I tell you dat I'd got
  A cold in my leff cheek.
And an old smangled stump,
  Dat used to ake me so,
Agin begin to jump.
  And sed "I better go."

And I hab de toof ake ebber sence.

Will Brudder Bunnel please pass 'round de sasser, while Sam Toolips will turn de organ and play "Poor Uncle Tom."

LECTURE LVIII.

ON GEN. SCOTT.

My Stingy Herers—

I promised lass week to tell yous who and what Brig-a-Dig Gen'ral Windy Scotch am; derefore, he himself will form de lenf and breff of my subjick dis ebenin.

Gen'ral Scotch was born in a soger cote, wid big bell buttons on, wich de nuss sed was a nignomen dat he was born for a soger man—which nignomen cum true rite away; kase as soon as Scotch was big 'nuff to know a broomstick from a mustick, he enter'd de armey as a powder monky, and showed as great sagashity for de okkepation as Donazetta's *Artists* do for deres. He soon ribed to be captin of a miletary company, and when he was dressed up in de unicorn wid his knackbacks on he back and appledoff on he sholders, he look'd as brave as a sheep in a butcher cart. From ridin' de broomstick in airly life he soon lern'd to ride a hoss, and wen he was mounted on his hobby he could outride riders, and he grew up a great gen'ral, berry fond ob sogerin and clam soup. Dere am no noein when he fust akkuired de lub ob soup, but he has 'dulgd his apertite freely for a long time. De only time when he forgot dat healfy beberage was when he cum down on de British at Lunday Lane, and giv' dem fits wid charge bayenets. Talk 'bout yur telemgraffs! why he bete dat all holler in de rapidity of he movements; and afore de enemeazels had time to blow de smoke away from afore dere afrited vizagers, he was on dem and all ober dem like a pot ob soup a bilin obber, and dey gub up de ghost; and den

de poets make song 'bout de wictory, and de Gen'ral took a plate ob soup.

De nex' time his deeds stood out on de page ob history was when he took de soger boys

—— to Mexico,
And gub dem stingo
From Sandamingo,
—— by jingo!

Dese Mexicans kicked up a mus wid us, and tort dey cood flog ole ruff and reddy. But ole Pork and Beans gub dem fits. Dere was an old she dragon down dere named Sarah Gorden, dat none ob de natives cood master. But Massa Gen. Taylor took de starch out ob her bonnet, and left her in notin but a terrable bussel. Well dere was one feller dat took up de fite for her, kase she got whipped, and he was found one mornin' by daylite by Gen. Scotch, who was a marchin' on to Mexico. Dis feller's name was C. Palter Peck, and when Gen. Scotch told him to surrender, he sed he'd see him burn'd fust, else he wood in a minerte. Well den de Gen'ral tuk a hasty plate ob soup, and went at him and tan'd he jacket for him in less den no time, and sent him home wid a bloody nose and a flea in he ear for he gublerment. Den he took a plate ob clam soup for 'freshment and 'laxation, and sent home de dispatch wid all de rounds ob de fite in it. Den he took more clam soup and moved on to de town ob Mexico, where he marched in at de head ob de army, like King Shibbreem ob old did when he went

"Away obber Jorden."

Here he made de peeple pay all his 'xpenses for comin' dere to lick 'em, and den he come home and made capital on de intrest he got in Mexico, or else he made intrest on

de capitol, I don't noe which; but he cum back, and de sogers here turn'd out and he view'd dem and review'd dem to he hart's content. Den he took a plate ob clam soup for heseff.

Well de nex' ting we here ob him he am nomenated for to be de Presemdent ob de Sunited Tates, by de conwenshun ob wig makers at Baltimore, and I tell *you* he makes a tall canditate—he is six foot ten or ten foot six in his stockins, I forget which. He can play de Scotch fiddle fuss rate, kase he took lessons from ole Professor Scratch heseff.

Dere's one ting dat makes me 'mire he taste, and dat's he great lub ob clam soup. If dere am ennyting dat shows de uppecurian, it am a lub ob clam soup, and derefore, I go for him; kase if he get 'lected, clam soup will be de order ob de day, and Anty Clawson will make a fortun'.

And—who put de lites out dere? Say! who wos it? I heer you all a snickerin in de dark. I find out by nex' 'lectur' nite, and I'll gub dem fits. It's a shame to stop me in de middle ob a discord, jis when I was comin' to de cream. But I nose de reason you done it, you black scorpians—it was so you coodn't put notin in de sasser—kase nobody kan hand it round in de dark. But I'll fix yon, anudder nite. Jake Bighed, open de gate and luff de flock disparce.

LECTURE LIX.

MORALITY.

REFULGIN HEARERS:

As de political campain proceeds, morality makes a retrogate movement and 'wances backwards. As 'lection day 'prochis, de sale ob rum increases, till I speck dat by de Forf ob Nowember New York will be fluded wid de same. Tings hab got to dat pitch when a rise in camfene am considered nessesary, in order to meet de grate demand by the free cent dealers. Takin all dese tings into 'sideration, I hab 'cluded, by de help ob de almanack, to discord to you dis ebenin on de subjick ob

MORAL MORALITY.

I tink it behaves me to spoke plain, so dat you, my frens, may not fall wictums to de wices ob de day. I found out a good dele 'bout de morality ob de age todder nite, berry akedently, too, dat pulled de wool off ob my eyes 'maisinly. I will tell you how it wus, for your edication.

You all noe Dandy Lem, one ob de hundred head waiters at de Misterpolitan Hotel. Well, Lem wus one ob de main infrinments in gittin up de Sarahnade for me on de nite I cum home from Bosson, and played upon the comborion on dat noisy 'casion—so I tort one nite lass week, when I wus walkin out for medowtation, dat I'd gis stop in and see him; so I call'd at de kitchen door, and wus soon seated atween two ranges full ob fire, whar de debometor must hab been a good ways above phizarro, kase I took a warm baff in 'bout

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five minits. Ef I had been libin on de Isle ob *Wite*, which I find on de map ob Jersey, I coodent a felt more bleached den I did when Lem cum doun stars and rescued me frum my meltin mood by witin me up stairs in his "studio," whar he blacks de gemmon's boots. Dar we talked ober de art ob polishin different tings, and Lem sed he had recebed a stugent dat day to larn de art. I told Lem dat his professhun wus pretty much like mine, and odder great teachers ob mankind, kase we all tried to polish de understandins, and I dident see but what he made de best show ob he laburs. Dat made Lem feel mity proud. Arter complimentin me on my siantific requirement, he axed me ef I ebber seed a play, in de play-house. I told him, "Yes; I recumlocked goin to de teatre, gis to study character, when young and afore my edication was confuted and finished, and seein Hamlet, or Gimblit, de Prince ob Dunkirk, where one ob de Rochester Nockers cum to tell de Prince 'bout de syrup ob swills on de Porkenpine—and I once seed Micalbeth performed by a Scotch soger man in berry short cloths." "Ah," sed Lem, "talk ob short close, gis you cum wid me fru de private door us fellers hab made fru de garret wall, and I will take you to de gallery ob Massa Niblo's Saloon, and I'll show you sites in dat way."

So I followed Lem up a dozen crooked stairs, and at last he opened a little door, and sure 'nuff we was in to Niblo's gallery. De house was full ob folks, and as I looked down 'pen de stage, I seed a hole lot ob lubly lookin wimmon jumpin' bout in dresses dat make me blush.

"It shocks my modesty berry much," sed I to Lem, "but I wish I had one ob dem dubble barreld spy-glasses dat I see all de gemmon hab, gis to see 'zactly how neer being dressed dey am."

As I sed dis, a tall figure dressed in a suit ob jacket and tight briches, cum bouncin on de stage.

"Who am dat?" axed I to Lem.

"Dat's Madum Soso," sed Lem.

"Git out," sed I, 'stonished to de back bone. "Dat aint a womon do, am it?"

"Yes it am," sed Lem. "She's dancin out de caractor ob de 'Sivil Barber,' and dat lady dere, in de gauze dress, am Miss Pourgee; de pepil like to see 'em as much unlumbered wid dress as possibel."

Well, I wus puttrified wid 'stonishment, to see Soso and de rest kick up dere heels, frow der legs up, and hear de folks scream ancore, or show more, I coodent disackly hear which, but de more dey danced and spun 'round, de more de pepil liked it, specily de ole wite heded fellers in de seats nie de fiddlers—dey stamped and claped and smacked dere ole chops so loud dat I heerd dem plain 'nuff to be sartin. Putty soon all de ladies in pink stockins and short frocks cum doun to de lites, and made dere arms and legs fly in ebbery direcshun; den dey all whirl 'round and try to make a pot chese like de school girls does, and den doun cum de curtin, and de gass at de same time.

"Why, I dident speck to see sich t
to Lem, as we groped our way back. [illegible]
garden, full ob trees and flowers."

"So it am," sed Lem, "fur 'bout fifty foot in de middle ob de lot, dey call it garden to kotch dem pepil dat like to whip de debil 'round de stump. Dere am a great menny folks who wood go to a garden, Museum, Athaneum, or a Lyceum, when dey woodent be seen at a teatre."

"But whars de difference?" asked I.

"De odds," grinningly, sed Lem.

I luff Lem, and went and stood by de front door ob de

garden, and seed de ladies and gemmen cum out; and I found dey were de berry most 'specktable class ob wite folks. I seed members ob de church 'mong dem, and derefore I tink it am considered 'specktable to go to sich places. Derefore you may all go to enny sich places as am mentioned by Lem, widout fear ob injurin your moral moralities. But ef I cotch enny ob you goin to a *Teatre*, look out, I'll be doun on you like a sarch warrant. You may go see de *moral* drama, but luff me cotch you seein de drama widout de *moral* 'tached to de name, and I'll fine ebbery one ob you a bushel ob coal, as I see no odder way to raise a fire here dis winter.

Brudder Bummel will pleese pass 'round de sasser, and make dem fellers dat want to chip up silver put in two free cent pieces. I don't meen to hab no more nockin doun on me wid dem church robbin coins. Nex week I'll gib you some more sass—boff kinds, fur your moral apple dumplins.

LECTURE LX.

QUACKERY.

INFAMUS DECIPLES:

You will find de words ob my text dis ebenin, in enny ob de noosepapers, ef you look fur it; and you will find plenty ob it all ober de kedentry widout lookin for it, 'bout dese days, as de almanack sezs; and de fact ob its bein so prebelent, am de grand reason why I tink I ort to show it up to your enlarged understandins. I shall derefore emty my nolege box on de siance ob

QUACKERY.

Ef a furiner wus to belebe all he hear on his ribal to dis kedentry, he wood put us doun in he scrach book, for a nation of quacks; for he am sure to hear somebody call'd a quack 'bout ebery nour in de day, and de fact can't be got ober, nor under, dat deré am a great menny different kinds ob quackery runnin loose all ober de komunity. We hab de quack doctor, de quack preecher man, de quack lawyer, de quack politishun, de quack artist, de quack boot-black, and de quack lecturer. But it is mity hard for us poor ignorent sinners to find out who am de quacks from de Simon pure, ob all de professions in life. Eben I, myseff, wid all my siantific resorses, hab been foold in one way and annudder, till I douted my own wisdom; but I hab cum to kind ob refmetick rangement wid myseff, by which I can suffer up de merits agin de demerits ob folks I meet in de world at large, and cum to my own cornclusions, and I will tell you how to find 'em out.

Wen you hear a preecher-man take he *tex* frum de scriptur, and *preech* from de newspapers, and when he use de words ob our Saviour, to probe his politikal docktren in de pulpit, you may in safty bet your dinner dat he am a quack! and I don't noe a more contempable man in de site ob de Lord and man, dan a quack in relegion.

When you hear a lawyer talk 'bout sacrificin he konshunce to he bizness, and offerin to stake his existence on de rezult ob your case in de ward cort, and at de same time wants a V or an X for his 'pinion, and boasts ob he nolege ob Blackstone and Bluestone, ef you aint got a nose dat am too flat to smell, you can plainly smell quackery and bad gin, while he am talkin to you.

When you heer a pollytishun spout 'bout his lub ob

country, and de dreful sacrifices he am daily makin for de same, and tell you dat his 'ponent am a liar, a scoundrel, a jack-ass, a platoon, a drunkard, a coward and a tief, you may take your oaf on a stack ob my leckturs, dat he am a quack, clean doun in he boots.

When you see a gineral, dat am nominated for a high office, runnin all ober de country to find a lot big.anuff to bild a Horsepital to keep he wounded in, and stumpin it all de way long, you may put it doun as comstructive quackery in de third degree, as de Jury sed, when old Jake Longhed stole de saddle wid a horse under it.

De quack artist am pretty easily seen fru, but it takes some little time to find 'em out, and dats de reason so menny ob de furener musicians and actors dat send money and ready written puffs ahed ob dem, draw one or two big houses afore de folks find out dere true merits, and dey find dere lebel.

But de quack dat hab puzzled me de moss to find out, am de quack doctor. Go to the Alempafist, and he will put he hand under he coat-tail and patronizingly tell you dat de home-pafist, de Crono Turmal, de Water Cure man, and de root-beer and yarb doctors, all am quacks. Go to eder ob dese fellers, and dey will tell you de same 'bout all de udders, 'cludin de Allapofist. One am always callin de oder quack, 'till a common man don't noe which one to chose in case ob sickness. I seed a berry 'musin seene once, in de 'treet. It wus quite singular dat so menny different kinds ob docktors shood meet gis at dat time, at dat spot; but so it fell out or fell in, gis as you like. One day, when I was takin a strole, pickin up reflecshuns for you, I seed a young mob 'round a feller dat lay squirmin on de sidewalk. Dere wus haff a dozen different docktors 'rouud him, and dey were 'sputin who cum fust, and who's pashent he wus. De alempafist

clamed him, and had he lansit in he hand, and wanted to bleed him. He sed it wus a case ob "highstrikes," and ort to be blistered on de trunk or chest, I forget which. De homopapist sed it wus *his* case, and calld for a tub ob water, and sed dat ef de water wus got, and he wus to drop one ob he little pills in it, and luff de man smell it tree times true de week, dat he wood be well by Sunday. Dis brought out a hydropafist present, who sed "De man don't want to smell de water, or taste it; he muss hab he hed ducked under all ober, all de morning." A man wid a paper ob kiann pepper in he hand, beged dat dey woodent fool wid de man, but take him at wonst to some Tom Sonian doctors, and hab de disease biled out wid ellick compain and sassagefax. While dey were arguin de pint, de man contribed to set up, and looking at de crowd ob specktators wid a gaze wordy ob old Toodles, sed, "Now see here, you fellers don't noe noffin 'bout my case. It ain't water I want, but brandy. I allers did hate that water, and only took it as a medicine."

De doctors all sloped, while de people laffed. De fact wus, de man had been taken suddenly drunk, and coodent navagate wid he load no furder, and had fell doun.

Now de question rises, which one wus de quack? Deres no tellin till I git to be a stugent ob medicine myseff, and put de world rite. De blackgards will meet on de useal corner to practice de trowin ob old cuds of 'backer and stumps ob segars on wite hats till taken up by de police, prebious afore goin a target shootin.

Daddy Rice will please pass 'round de sasser dis time. De hat he used on de last 'caishun I'm afraid hab got a false crown in, for de kollecksbun wus radder short.

LECTURE LXI.

BOOK-KEEPING.

PALUTED SINNERS :

I HAB bin inquested by a disciple who sines he name "Clerk," to lecture dis ebening on de subjick ob

BOOK-KEEPING.

Derefore, I will do de same, in order to pleese de inquisitor.

I don't noe no *clark* myseff, spechely, 'septin Tom Woollypaight's oldest boy Jim, who am clerk to a barber's assistent in Antony street, and I don't belebe he nose 'nuff 'bout book-keepin to last him ober nite, derefore I kant kontribe who it am dat wants litenin on dat subjick.

Book-keeping am one ob de dryest subjicks dat I ebber 'tempted to kogetate, and I don't noe ob a dryer set ob fellers den de book-keepers gincerely am. One book-keeper told me dat de dryest time he ebber 'sperience, was durin the monff ob August, when he had to book ober twenty tousand boxes ob red herrin. It 'fected him to dat degree dat he took to drink for more den a week artewards. He positively 'serted dat while he was bookin dese tings, his troat got so dry dat he spit notin but little bits ob cotton all de time. Dere am sebrel kinds ob book-keepers. Deres de feller dat keeps all de books he kin borrow or steal—den deres de publishers who am compelled to keep more books dan dey want, 'speshely ef dere books don't take. Den deres de folks dat buy more books den dey keep, and dose

dat keep more books den dey buy, and I is compelled to say dis latter class am as tick as skeeters in September.

Book-keepin hab more to do wid de welfare ob mankind den a man would be apt to see at fust sight widout de aid ob a pair ob filosofical specktickels, for I find dat all de success ob man's life in dis world and in de world to come, am in a berry great degree dependin on how he books balance.

Ef de biggist sum am loud to cumalate on the rong side ob he legger, he bizness muss bust up, and he go to de Poor House, and ef he can't show a clean sheet, well balanced, when de final 'counts ob de world am settled up, he will be apt to find heseff in a wors place den a Poor House. But prudence, economy, and a proper exemcise ob de bump ob "lib widin your income," will perwent de fuss catastrefy, and an upright life will balance de sheets in de great book ob life.

Dis great book ob life am a berry serious ting for a man look into, ef he 'zamin it closely. Ebbery day opens a clean sheet, whereon you may rite good deeds, charity, lub to your fellow man, and homage to de gibber ob all good; or you may rite I cheated my nabor, I wronged de widdow, I fool'd wid de gifts ob Providence, got drunk, and in de Station House, or ennyting else you pleese. But de worst ob it am dat what am wunst put down in de book ob life kan nebber be scratched out. Its ritten in 'delable ink by de hand ob de recordin angil, and ole Satan heseff kant rub it out. You kant recall de sins ob to-day, to-morrow, morn den you kan cure de headake arter a drunk by promicein not to git drunk agin.

I heerd a story 'bout old Uncle Sam Luckey and he rat-taild dog, dat I tink am hiely isustrated on dis fac.

Ole Sam and he dog wus a loafin' round Washington

Market one mornin, and in dere walks dey steped 'bord on one ob de fishin smacks dat lay in close congelement to do market, and arter lookin at de size ob de king fish and porgees, and feelin de wate ob de clams, he come to a dozen big lobsters dat lay on de poop deck. De dog followed him, and got 'mong de lobsters, and ole Pete Scaley, de Captain ob de smack, tort he'd hab a little fun wid de dog, so he slily pull'd de plugs out ob de big claws ob one ob de lobsters, and in less den a minit de pendin tail ob dat dog, dat had hung doun as beauful and strate as a penny dip, wus clutched twene de claws ob de lobster, and got a squeze heretofore unnone to de dog. Ponto gub one yelp and leap togedder, and landed on the warf, lobster and all, and away he went true de market, under de feet ob de huxtors and de pie woman, and 'mong de legs ob de butchers, who evidently tort he needed *pluck*, for dey trowed dem at him at ebery turn.

At last he got out ob de market, and up he went to Broadway, and scattered de swells and belles in ebbery direction. Pete Scaly and Uncle Sam looked arter de dog in stonishment, and Pete seeing dat he wus likely to pay de price ob lobster for he joke, calld out to Uncle Sam to whistle back de dog. But all Pete cood git out ob Uncle Sam was, "You *whistle back your lobster*." But dat lobster wus like de deeds ob yesterday, it coodent be whistled back, and gis as dat lobster cotch dat dog, so ole Satan will cum de open and shut game on you, ef you don't keep your eye skinned for future futurity. Derefore, look out how you keep book, and see dat your good actions will more den ballance de sins and corruptions ob your life.

Somebody stole de piece ob weddin cake Brudder Hyatt sent me, and ef I find him out I'll fine him a bushel ob doenuts.

It wasent de rats dat stole it, kase dere aint any rats in dis seller ; for I kotched mor'n a hundred myseff, in Anty Clawson's trap.

I is glad you bout de organ, kase it can play "De ole folks at home." Brudder Godolphus Squash will turn de crank, while Brudder Lem Lazyhed passes 'round de sasser.

LECTURE LXII.

A DARKEY WEDDING ALMOST.

SUSPECTED SATALITES—

You see me dis ebenin in a condishun onbecomin a public teacher, but when I splain to you how I got dis black eye and flatten'd smeller, I tink you will escuse me fur 'pearin afore you in dis sicherashun, 'spechily wen you take in 'siderashun dat wen I stop my mouff here, my jaws am stoped at home, also likewise. Ef I hadent a lectured to nite, my coughfee and sassengers wood hab cum off radder short in de mornin, kase Anty Clawson, like odder ladis who take borders only for cumpany sake, wants de money for my bord ebery week. I hab tryed berry hard to poswade her dat money wus de root ob all ebil, and dat she hadent orter hanker arter ebel so much. All I cood get out ob her insensable hed was, "Well, I kin always find room to plant sich *roots* in my pockets." And to dis day, ef I don't pay up ebery week, she looks as black agin as possible at me, at ebery meal till de bord am pade. It am singular how mity perlite she am wen she nose I got de bord reddy fur her. She will lean back in the cheer and

Market one mornin, and in dere walks dey steped 'bord on one ob de fishin smacks dat lay in close congelement to do market, and arter lookin at de size ob de king fish and porgees, and feelin de wate ob de clams, he come to a dozen big lobsters dat lay on de poop deck. De dog followed him, and got 'mong de lobsters, and ole Pete Scaley, de Captain ob de smack, tort he'd hab a little fun wid de dog, so he slily pull'd de plugs out ob de big claws ob one ob de lobsters, and in less den a minit de pendin tail ob dat dog, dat had hung doun as beauful and strate as a penny dip, wus clutched twene de claws ob de lobster, and got a squeze heretofore unnone to de dog. Ponto gub one yelp and leap togedder, and landed on the warf, lobster and all, and away he went true de market, under de feet ob de huxtors and de pie woman, and 'mong de legs ob de butchers, who evidently tort he needed *pluck*, for dey trowed dem at him at ebery turn.

At last he got out ob de market, and up he went to Broadway, and scattered de swells and belles in ebbery direction. Pete Scaly and Uncle Sam looked arter de dog in stonishment, and Pete seeing dat he wus likely to pay de price ob lobster for he joke, calld out to Uncle Sam to whistle back de dog. But all Pete cood git out ob Uncle Sam was, "You *whistle back your lobster*." But dat lobster wus like de deeds ob yesterday, it coodent be whistled back, and gis as dat lobster cotch dat dog, so ole Satan will cum de open and shut game on you, ef you don't keep your eye skinned for future futurity. Derefore, look out how you keep book, and see dat your good actions will more den ballance de sins and corruptions ob your life.

Somebody stole de piece ob weddin cake Brudder Hyatt sent me, and ef I find him out I'll fine him a bushel ob doenuts.

It wasent de rats dat stole it, kase dere aint any rats in dis seller ; for I kotched mor'n a hundred myseff, in Anty Clawson's trap.

I is glad you bout de organ, kase it can play "De ole folks at home." Brudder Godolphus Squash will turn de crank, while Brudder Lem Lazyhed passes 'round de sasser.

LECTURE LXII.

A DARKEY WEDDING ALMOST.

SUSPECTED SATALITES—

You see me dis ebenin in a condishun onbecomin a public teacher, but when I splain to you how I got dis black eye and flatten'd smeller, I tink you will escuse me fur 'pearin afore you in dis sicherashun, 'spechily wen you take in 'siderashun dat wen I stop my mouff here, my jaws am stoped at home, also likewise. Ef I hadent a lectured to nite, my coughfee and sassengers wood hab cum off radder short in de mornin, kase Anty Clawson, like odder ladis who take borders only for cumpany sake, wants de money for my bord ebery week. I hab tryed berry hard to poswade her dat money wus de root ob all ebil, and dat she hadent orter hanker arter ebel so much. All I cood get out ob her insensable hed was, "Well, I kin always find room to plant sich *roots* in my pockets." And to dis day, ef I don't pay up ebery week, she looks as black agin as possible at me, at ebery meal till de bord am pade. It am singular how mity perlite she am wen she nose I got de bord reddy fur her. She will lean back in the cheer and

say, "Professor, you will find the clam soup fine to-day, I put allspice and unon in a purpose, kase I node you liked dem, and you will find de biled macrill mity nice; I got No. 37 gis to please you," &c., but luff me git a week 'hindhand, and ef I take the smallest little bit ob macrill on my plate, she will flont her head back, and roll up her eyes like a dieing caff and say, "I *did* tink when I put that macrill on de table, dat dere wood be 'nuff fur de *payin* borders, but frum present 'perences, I dout it." Den I remind her dat human kalculashun offin fail in dis worle, and she mussent spect too much; blessed am dey dat speck little, for dey won't be disapinted.

But dis ain't tellin you now I got dis bunged eye, which I ment to do in the fust place, but now I'll tell you all 'bout it.

I wus settin todder nite warmin my shins by the fust fire ob de season, when de seller door opend, and a boy ob some 9 summer, or summer complaints, I forgit now which, as de novellest say, entered de 'partment. In one hand he held dat useful article, 'bout dese days, none as a pocket-hankersher, which he persevered in usin in de most industrious manner. In de odder he held a Billy Duck, done up wid free corners, and he asked for me by name, My boy, sed I —I always say "my boy" to folks, like de actors, bekase it looks detrimental and big—I am de gemmon you am arter—den he gub me de Billy Duck, in which I found an inquest to cum megitaly to No. — Pigtail Court, and marry Miss Jamima Pacilla Brown Bentshins to Mr. Camptown Swellhed, Esq.

Dere, tinks I to myseff in my hed, am a fifty cent job at least, so I rose up and put on my hat, and told the lad to promulgate thither, and I wood impress de aaf in he's rear.

"Wat you mean, ser?" ax he.

"I mean, in common talk, go on, I'll foller you," sed I.

Well, he led me to Jamima's house, and dere wus de cumpany, all reddy fur the execution. De bride blushed all she cood when I went in, and de groom begin to whistle Nucy Feal. De bride had on a pink frock wid loose sleebes and roses, and on her brow sat a wreaf ob orange blossoms, and for fear dat enny ob de folks woodent noe what dey wus, she wore a big orange in her hair 'mong de blossoms, which made her look some punkins, now, I tell you. De groom wore wite trowsers, green gerocco boots, red west, green cote, wid brass buttons, and in he bosom a dogseeratipe ob his lub, in a gilt frame 'bout six by six, which gub him a berry pickturesque 'pearence.

Putty soon arter I cum in, dey went a whisperin 'bout, and den big Ben, de whitewasher, wid his hand witewashed, to look like wite kids, cum to me and sed, "We're reddy.' Den I stood up, and de cupple retreated towards me, and I wus gis a gwane to ax dem de useless question always axed on sich caisons, when de door was busted open, and a tall black man, almost wite wid rage, bounced into de room and sclaimed, "Stop dem forgered nuptilizatians; dat gall has been dethroned to me dis six monfs, and I cum to claim her." "Ah! say you so, my noble lord," sed de groom, and he squore heseff fur a fite, and I put up my hands to perwent it, and got two frum de big feller on de coco-nut, one in de place I eat, one in de eye, and one on de nose, afore I node whar I wus. When I found myseff, I wus in de entry, and de two billigarent's wus a fitein in de room. De wimmon run for de police, but as useal, it wasent dere turn to be out dat ebenin, and so dey cum back widout enny, and two sisters led me home.

Dats the fust and last time dat I bin to a weddin, and I

assure you on my word, dat notin but de suckemstance I gis told you 'bout, cood hab sedued me to lebe afore de refreshments wus passed round.

De nex day de groom called on me wid he face done up in poultaces, and sed dat he is guane to marry Jemima, for sure, next week, and I shall hab de job, so I shan't lose de haff a doller arter all. Ef I am called on to 'form de execution afore next lectur nite, I will tell you all 'bout it den.

Will Brudder Bleecher Wite pleese pass 'round de time 'onered sasser ?

LECTURE LXIII.

POLITICAL REFLECTIONS.

REBUKED WOOLEY HEDS—

SENCE de lass time I had de imperence to distress you frum dis ole platform, dis mity country, includin Jarsey, hab bin ruined and saved all in one day, and Massa Generel Windy Scott and Brudder Seward hab taken passage in de canal bote Disapintment, for de upper lakes on Salt Riber to look for a hospital big 'nuff to hold seberel hundred pollytishuns who hab sacrificed demseffs in der country's cause for de lass four years—and now, arter sufferin under de wait ob big sallarys and oberloaded stomjacks, muss hab an assilam whar de turkle soup am made ob clams and seabiskit, and whar shampaine am made ob hard sider, and whar fried oysters and lam frys am serbed up in de shape ob pork chops and sassengers, wid all kinds ob sass from de

waiters, and whar dey kin lay pipe for de new campain undisturbed by due bills and conscience.

What a pity it am for Brudder Seward, who was a layin so beaufully low, and keeping so carfully mum, till sich times as he was called to de cabinet maker's shop in Washington, by de Hero ob Chipawa, Rescue-Dave-L-Palmer, Pully-all-toes, Sarah Gorden, and odder hard fit fites. Ef he'd a got into dat shop, he'd a kep dis nashun on de gridiron ob aggetation, and he'd a sprinkled mustard and kian pepper on de raw places ob de body politick, till dat body wood hab broken out in an open 'ruption all ober, which copias bleedin by de sword alone, wood sabe frum utter disolution. Anty Clawson sez she's glad ob it. She's glad dat he got defeeted. Kase he no bizness to go to de Irish fellers arter he once swasheated wid de cullard poppelashun, kase he nose how opposite dey am in sex, compossihon, disposishun, whiskey drinkin and fitein. She sez he orto stay 'mong he own folks, de cullard people, and luff de Irish look out fur demseffs. How fur Anty Clawson am rite, I lebe future futurity to find out.

On de odder side ob de house, de Dummycrats hab gained de day, and dem fellers dat you hab met widout enny ober display ob linen, dose dat hab giben no ockler domenstration ob ownin a shirt for de lass four years, will soon be met atwene high heeled shirt collars, wid ruddy cheeks and red noses. Dose dat hab libed on red herrin and saw-dust puddins, till dey got as a lean as my sallary, will soon be seen in de market-places, buyin in mock turkles, and bonein turkeys, whenebber dey kin, and goin into stufin ginerly, until dey git corperashuns on dem like de eels. Dat long promiced time when Rome wus to be made to houl will now soon 'ribe, and de howlin will be kept up all nite. A 'spectable man, like me, won't be 'loud to walk de treets

arter nine o'clock, kase it am sich a one-sided gubberment, dat de high-binders will hab it all dere own way, ef we don't look out.

De majority in fabor ob dumocracy, wus as oberwhelming as a galon ob lasses on a single buckwete cake, and 'bout as sweet to dem. I node on 'lecshun nite afore de noose ribed by de telliegraff which party hab gained de day; kase, as I was comin out ob de seller dat ebenin, 'bout ten o'clock, to wisit a sick sister, and carry her a few clam soup, I was ruffly 'sulted by a feller in a monkey jacket and rolled up trousers, who smashed my hat doun ober my head, and told me to hurrah for Pierce and King, and passed on wid as much apparent pride and sassefacshun as ef he had gub sum poor distressed mortal a dollar to keep starbashun off. Dat was 'nuff for me, I node who was 'lected, and I tole Anty Clawson so when she unbonneted me.

When a man gits 'lected, for an orfice for de fust time, he ginerly feels dat he am ob as much emportance to de country as a musical clock am to a Dutch lager beer shop, and berry offin 'buses de power him ambishun hab crabed—but let sich chaps look out what airs dey resume, for ef I cotch dem a cuttin it too fat, and comin it too strong, I'll lite on dem like a hawk on a handsaw.

I understand dat de lublers ob siance hab met to 'siderate 'pon de 'priety ob presentin me wid a piece ob plate or a set ob cups and sassers, on de completeshun ob my fiftyef Lecture. I hab bin waited 'pon to noe how much I will pay for de same, and how much I will pay for de supper—and dey told me to rite de prescripshun to put on it. Derefore, a kollecshun will be taken up for de purpose. I'll rite de speech for de committee to make to me, as soon as I see 'nuff money to buy de tings. I pint de followin on de standin kommitte, and ef I kotch dem getting so drunk at

de supper dat dey can't stand, I'll fine dem 'cordinly—Sam Ledderlip, Jake Hosshed, Samuel Godolphuss Lutts, William Henry Harrison, Napoleon Johnson, Henry Clay Mudd and George Washington Lafayette Berrywinkle, Cudgo Arlington B. Fenton will proceed wid de hat; de sasser am broke.

LECTURE LXIV.

FOLLOWING THE FASHION.

(Grand Presentation.)

SELUBIOUS DISCIPLES.

DERE hab bin hie old times kicked up sence I lass spoke de words ob wisdom to you from dis old platform. Sence den I hab recebe great stinckshun ob honor, in a teapot and odder tings. De kommittee on de hole dat was pinted lass lecture nite to get up a set ob tea tings to present to me, sent me word to my santo skunktorum, as we say in French, de odder day dat I wus wanted on Monday mornin at de office ob de newspaper called de Picaynne, which paper hab published all my lecturs—batteram add likker ab 'em, as de Ingins hab it—and dere I wood find de set ob tea tings to present to me as a great 'stincshun ob honah! Dey told me I'd hab to rite de speech for de presemdent ob de kommittee on de hole to say to me when he gub me de tings. I derefore set up all nite to rite it, and de next mornin I dressed myseff in my best nip and

tucker, as de sailor men say, and doun I went to de orfice, and sure 'nuff, I found it full ob people.

When I entered, dey whispered one to de odder. "Dar he is—fine old feller—good hed," and sich misgibbins as dese, and megitly made way for me to get to de counter. I felt as flimsy as a clam dat hab bin open in de sun for a week, and de persperashun poured out ob me till I swet wid xcitement. I set upon de counter, and dey gub me free cheers; and den Brudder Jonathan steped up to me, holdin in he hands a big tea-bord full ob teapot, clam soup boul and pitcher, and dus dressed your wordy teacher—

"Professor Julius Seaser Hanabal—Suspected sar: It hab bekum a kustom heah, in dese diggins, when a man wants to git into orfice, or wants to make a swell in de world, to hab a set ob plate presented to him by his frens. De fuss ting de man does when de idia seizes him, to hab de plate presented to heseff am to do somefin to somedody, for somebody, or for de country at large, on which to hang de xkuse for doin de same. Den it am blowed in all de noose-papers dat Mr. What-you-call-'em hab done so and so, and his frens am gwane to present him wid a plate ob service, or a service ob plate, for doin de same. Den de plate am put in some shop winder and showed to de folks; den it am presented; den de mun gubs his frens a grand supper, (which you am bound to do on dis 'caision,) speeches am made; some git drunk, and dar de matter ends, ef some ob de party don't git in de Stashun House on de rode home. But wid you, sar, it am different. You don't ask for no orfice, and it am well for de kommunity dat you cant git none. Sittin all dese tings aside, like a leaky tea-pot, I muss spress to you de repugnence ob my feelius in dus bein de windy instrument fru which de kommittee on de hole

present dese tings to you. Derefore, in considerashun ob your great and preposterous larnin, siantific requirements, dazzling talents, unabridged and unchained nolege, unmitigated genus, unterified honesty, presumptuous standin in 'siety and general uselessness, we, de people ob your congregashun, do hereby present you dese tings, in commiserashun ob de exalted suspishuns ob your character as a man, a teacher ob siance, and a refulgent scholar; and as Horace (not Greely,) has it, *nux vomicher*, "Pluracy Unium," "sick tramper, glori Monday morning," "Nous verons, Tilletudelum Bone Saw and Au Resovoir," which means, dat ef it hadent a bin for your diabolical renowned lecturs, de buties ob clam soup and siance generally wood nebber hab bin none to a darkened world; derefore, we consist on your taken dese tings: and as offin as you pour de tea from dis tea-pot, tink dat it am de outpourin ob our lub and indignashun into your cup ob bliss. We hab ordered de supper at Anty Clawson's. Yours, respectfully. JONATHAN.

I will 'mit dat dis oberpowering speech ober ballanced me—and I rose wid all de dignity ob an underdone buckweat cake, and spoke as follows—

"Gentlemen ob de committee on de hole, and spectaters generly—I hunted all ober de dickshunary lass nite to find big words 'nuff to put into a speech a yard long, but arter I got it togedder, I foun it only mounted to one sentance, and dat am, I tank you clar down in my boots. Dut I don't fully understand dis biziness. You gub me a lot ob tea tings here, worf 'bout twelve shillins, 'cordin to paunbrokers waluashun, and I got to gib you all a supper dat cost more den five dollars. What do I make by de operashun? dats de question. But I speck its all rite, and derefore I 'cept ob your pology and all de rest ob de tea tings. Your lerned

Presemdent ob de kommittee on de hole, hab bin plesed to put in de big licks in regard to my talents and genus, and I speck dat am all rite, too. Ef I had weeded de paff ob siance, and got up some ob de bigest stumps in de way ob de stugent, I is amply paid when I heer sich fellers as Jonathan cotein Latin and French wid all de looseness ob a colera season. He ludes to my prase ob clam soup. I will 'mit dat I lub dat artickle, but de reason I was so brilliant on it, was for fear dat sum ob dem skillin lecturers at de Tubernickel mite do it afore me, and git all de credit. I will not detain sich a hungry lookin crowd as you from your supper, no longer. I don't beliebe one ob you hab eat as much as a cracker sence you heer 'bout dis god-send to you. "You can hab de tings to put in der winder ob de Picayune Office to show de outsiders, till furder notice."

When I wus done spokein, we journied to Anty Clawson's seller, and precipitated ourseffs into de clam soup and odder luxeries, 'bout which, I hab not time to tell you dis ebenin, but I will tell you ob it nex week, maybe. I got home, some how, afore daylite, and woke de nex mornin wid de useal bumble bees in my hed. I wus jis gwane to send for a Second Soda Bottle wid my lass sixpence, when a man come to de doa, and axed for me. I axed him to cum in, and what he wanted wid me. He told me he was de Smiff.

"Smiff! Smiff!" sed I; "which one ob dem?"

"Tin Smiff, sed he.

"Well," sed I, "Tim, how is you?" When I sed dis, de man looked daggers at me, and sed—

"Not Tim, but *Tin Smiff;* I am de tin smiff dat made de tea pot dat was presented to you lass nite, and I want my pay for makin dem. De kommittee told me you wus to pay for dem."

"Croch all Hemlock, Gosh a mite," sed I, perfectly dumcumfounded. "I pade for de supper! Why de tea tings wus persented to me for de siderashun of"—

"I don't noe notin 'bout dat," sed de Smiff, "dey told me to look to you for de money. I woodent hab trusted dem fellows, no how; but noein de tings wus for you, and you git a fair sallary, I made 'em up 'cordin to order, and now I want de pay. Ef you don't fork ober, I'll go take de tings out ob de winder in Fulton street, and sell dem at oxshun."

Well, to cut a long tail short wid de sheers ob brevety, I had to borrow de money from Anty Clawson, to pay de bill, and I got to pay it back out ob de kollecshun dis ebenin.

Now ain't you a putty set ob ongrateful scorpians, to humbug me in dis way. I told de kommittee on de hole dat I *coodent efford* to hab de tings presented to me, kase I node I wood hab to pay for de hole opperashun like the wite fellers, but dey persisted in complishin der bisness on me, kase dey node a supper on de 'caishun wus indisputeable, and dey cood all stuff der jackets as full as a berlona sassenger, free gratis for nofin at my xpense, and dey went in for de same wid a pertickler rush—but I'll fix dar flints afore I'm done wid dem. Ef you don't chip up finely tonite, de tings will hab to go up de spout in de mornin.

Brudder Freelinhysen Goff Jonson, pleese pass 'round de hat.

LECTURE LXV.

HOW IT'S OFTEN DONE.

SUSPECTED FILABUSTERS—

IN my lass discord to you, I gub you a descriptshun ob de persentin' ob a set of plate to your long suspected teacher, and I told you dat maybe I wood tell you 'bout de supper dat I had to pay for at Anty Clawson's. But as dere wus berry little 'curred afore my recolecshun wanished, (which wus along 'bout twelbe o'clock), wordy ob note, septin dat George Augustus Thomas More Horace Greely Henry Clay Butts, a niece of Anty Clawson's, cum nie chockin heseff to deff wid a big Cow Bay clam dat he tried to swallow in de shell—and Uncle Jake Longheel took a drink ob punch so hot, dat it killed all de brown creturs dat he hab had in he troat for the lass two monffs—de fac am, I belebe *dat* punch was made out ob camfene, for I'll stake my dinner dat it wus strong nuff to kill at sixty yards; and *it*, or de clam-soup, or de sassengers, or de hoe-kake, or de raw clams did cum putty nie killin Anty Clawson sheseff. She told me nex day dat in de middle ob de nite-time she wus taken wid an orful case ob de Wat-you-call-it, and she got up and took niely a pint ob Wats-its-name afore de lobster, or de sassengers wood lay still. Uncle Tone Clawson swares it wus de sassengers, for he sez he heard a growlin in de bed afore Anty woke up wid de pain. Now, as we all ob us noe putty neer what sassengers am made ob, Uncle Tone's argument seems clar.

A great menny people hab bin doun to de Picayune Office

sign, dat de shop am always full, no more den you should belebe ebery man you meet wid a high forehed am a Daniel Webster or your suspected shepherd.

Signs am bery deceibin. I'll tell you a nanagote 'bout a sign, which I heer some time ago, in order to probe my insertion.

Dere was once on a time, dat a man up set de hide-buziness down in de swamp (dere hab bin a good menny swamped round dar, and dats why dey name it swamp), and wen he opened shop he dident noe wat kind ob a sign to git dat wood be different frum all de rest ob his nabors—so de tort struck him (dese fellers will strike pepil sometimes, and de hed generally kotches it fust), dat as his name wus Tailer, he wood bore a hole in de front door, and put a caff's tail in it, and de letters O. R. at de side, so it wood read tail-or, and besides be an insignificance to de passer, dat he sold hide and leder. Well, he opened shop and he hadent bin open more den free weeks, afore a customer cum, dat am he tort he was a customer, and I 'speck he *wus*, and mity green one at dat, frum de country. He fust distracted de 'tention ob de man ob de shop, by bein seen by him a-walkin up and doun in front ob de store, wid he eye on de tail all de time. Now and den he wood stop and handle de tail, and seemed as if wanted to play wid it. Once he wus seen to take a rule out ob he pocket and measure de size ob de hole and de tail, and Mr. Tailor opened de do' and axed him ef he wus lookin fur hides.

"No, sir," sed de countryman. "I wasent in want of ennything in that line, but I wus foolosifizein on dat caff's tail in dat hole."

"Well," ax Mr. Tailor, "do you see ennything berry strange 'bout dat?"

"Well, yes," returned the man. "I wus trying to make

out how on arf a caff cood git his body through dat little hole, and not git his tail in."

So you see by dis simple caff's tail, dat signs am bery deceibin. Derefore, trust not to dem. You often see tings in front ob shops dat am not ment fur signs. I heer dat a drunkin feller wus found layin on a tabern stoop, fass asleep, and a man stuck he hed in do' and told de tabern keeper dat he sign had blown doun, and wus layin on he stoop—dats anudder instance ob not understanding signs.

De signs ob de present time am all gold—gold—gold. Eberybody am arter it, and de pepil will reach so high to git it, dat I am affraid dat de speckelashuns will fall to de ground, and de price ob white-washin fall wid it. Look out, my frens, how you read de signs ob de times.

Dere will be a colleckshun taken up dis ebenin to pay my washwoman, and backer bill, and to sehd a mishonary to Congress to sibilize de members.

Brudder Jeemes Cornfoot will pleese pass 'round de sasser.

The Professor and Aunty Clawson.

LECTURE LXXIV.

DISPLAYS VAST LEARNING.

LADIES AND GEMMON—

NOTWIDSTANDIN de change in de gubernment, I shall still continue to spred de lite of siance abroad. Notwidstandin de adwent ob Capt. Coggy in de lectural world, I shall still shine and claim prosedence on de ladder ob literary fame.

I shall dis ebenin draw my discorse from gogrofy, and splain to you comfin 'bout de

CHINESE.

De Chinese country am sitewated in direct antiphathins to New York, on de globe ob de world, and I found out dat de sun goes dar durin de nite when he lebes de back side ob Hobucken at sun doun, and cums up tudder side ob de Dry Dock in de morning—derefore de day time cums in de middle ob de nite 'mong dem folks, and dats de reson dey am sich a curious set. De Emperor wants to make belebe he am sum punkins, and derefore claims to be a neer relatif ob de sun, and calls de stars he sisters, and soaps up de naffin dat he cum frum heaven to rule dem for de good ob de country. He rites his letters on a sheet ob paper as big as a bedquilt, and signs his name wid his foot. De kountry all worship a little wooden image dat looks like a nigger baby wid de mumps, and dis dey call "Josh," widout enny odder name. Eberybodies name in China am edder "Mean" or "Cow." Deres de family ob "Mean frens," de Cow

Chows, de Cow Chews, de Chow Cows, and Chew Cows, but its all cows, and de reson dey call so manny cows, am bekase dey all wear tails, only at de odder end ob de body frum de cows in dis country.

De produckshun ob de country am cups and sassers, reed cannons, opium, tea-boxes, and Chinese Junks, Dere food consists ob rice, opium, tea, birds-nests, snails, little puppys, rats and mice, catapillars and grub worms, and when dey hab a holiday-dinner, dey serbe up a roasted dead dog, wid de bark all on. All dis am eaten wid ticks ob wood, sted ob nives and forks. De only use nives am put to, am to cut de ears off ob balawacktors or milafactors I forget now which.

De Chinaman resemble de cullard man in sum respecks, and den again he don't.. He got a flat nose, but little feet and black teef, and he shave he head. He resemble de darkey most in caracktor, kase he *will* steal. But de Chinese teaf does it different frum de cullard man—fur when de latter goes to teal chickens and eggs, he only pulls off he shoes, but de Chinese strips off all his close as nakid as a skined ell, and greeses heseff all ober wid goose greese, and puts he hed in a bladder, so dat he cow-tail will be safe, and den he am reddy to slip tru enny punctuation frum a port to a gimblet hole. Insted, derefore, ob de police carrying "billys," dey had a little tin pan containin' ashes, which dey wear 'round der nex, and de moment dey see der slippery customer, dey rub der hands in de ashes like de eel butchers, and put after de teaf. As soon as de kotch him, dey pickel him up in a tub, wid gis his ded out ob de cubber, and dar he sets, dubbled up like a jack-knife, in de market-plase, wid a beauful roasted rat widin two inches ob he nose, till old Kee Cow De Fing Fang, de Captin ob Police, tinks he hab 'nuff, and den dey spank him wid a bamboospawn stick, and send him home.

De sogers dar dress in calico frocks and paper soger hats, and carry guns made out ob long reeds, which dey fire off wid a match at de touch-hole. For dis purpose dey carry a lantern wid a candle in it, and dey lite de match to de candle, and den stick it to de touch-hole, and off goes de gun, and does as much execution as a sixpenny squirt.

All dis, you black scorpians, goes to probe dat de Chinese am behind de age, and I think a mishonary ort to be sent out to dem, to show dem how to make clam-soup and berlona sassengers. De kollecshun dis ebenin will be fur dat purpose. I shall tote 'round de sasser myseff.

LECTURE LXXV.

DECEPTIONS.

REBELOUS REBELS—

I SHALL spoke to you dis ebenin frum de tex, which you will find in de pictur books.

"NEBER TRUST TO 'PEARANCES."

My frens, dis am a wicked world—full ob deceit and nonsense, big pumkins and bigger lies, and all sich warmints. It seems to be a wonderful disease on de part ob eberybody, to seem what dey are not, and derefore humbuggery am de order ob de day. One man paints up he old brick house de culler ob brown stone, to humbug folks into de idia dat it am granite, anudder man follows in de paff and paints up an old wooden shanty in imitashun ob marble, and humbugs

heseff into de belief dat he libs in a marble palace, but boff ob dese instances cums clarly under de law ob false pretence, bekase dey pretend dere houses to be, what in reality dey am not—derefore you see de imperence.

When enny ob de sisters make dere twilight to go out a lemonadin in Broadway, dey ginerly make up fur de caishun; so dat you can't trust to 'perences—and I tink dat a 'zaminashun ob de subjick will at once convince you dat Mr. Brig-a-Dig Gineral Jackson's use ob cotton at de battle of New Orleans hab been hiely 'zagerated, fur he only used it to fortify his front, but de ladies use it on all sides—not so much for fortificashun as stuffificashun. When dey don't stuff wid cotton, dey use dem little double-brested scoop nets what you see in de winders in Broadway, in de cosdet shops. But do de sisters use false pretences in order to humbug de odder sex enny more den de dandy does to swell up he own figur—fur ef human natur had made enny ob dem, wid de deformed chists, dat sum ob dem carry, dey wood consider demseffs a damaged piece ob mortality, and wood be a runnin to de doctor man to git cured—and agin, ef natur 'flicted a man wid a red head, and a beard haff as black dey culler it, he wood be considered a curiosity fit to hab a star engagement at de Museum. Wheneber, derefore, you see a man wid a red head and black whiskers, do not blame natur fur sich botch-work in 'temptin to make a man, but let de falt rest in de rite place, and accuse wanity and de low price ob de hair-dye fur de same, and set it down in your scratch-book of nolege as false pretences in de fifth degree.

My poor deluded frens, ef we war to trust to 'perences, we wood belebe de moon to be a bladder wid a gass lite in it, and de sky a sheet ob blue rapping paper, wid spangles stuck on it. We wood look 'pon de sun as de draft hole to de bad place, and we wood git stuck wid tin shillins ebery

day. Logwood and alumwater wood be drank for port wine, and camphene swallered fur de bess bedam gin. We wood make judges out ob owls, and ministers out ob jack-asses—bekase one look wise, and de odder grave. So you see dere am no use ob trustin to 'perences. Ef we do we will get mity taken in, now mind I tell you. We are more apt to trust to 'perences in our young days, den we is arter we git our eye-teef cut. I noe a little darkey dat wus beaufully sucked in by a lookin-glass once. His farder and mudder lib in a back country, on a cotton plantashon, and de little feller hab neber seen a lookin glass in he life, but he hab seen a monkey fast to an organ dat cum fru dar once, fast to an Italion. Well, one day de farder ob de boy went to toun and bied a glass, and put it in de bottom ob he trunk. When he cum home, de little darkey opened de trunk cubber, looked in, and shut it doun agin quick as lightnin, and jumped to his feet and slapped his hands, and sung out, "I'm glad! I'm glad! fadder hab brought home a monkey, and I is gwane to play wid it."

So you see what it am to *trust to 'pearances*. But I belebe it am born in us to wish to seem what we am not. Little boys am ginerly born wid der fists doubled up to make de nuss tink he had cum fur a pugalistic fite, when he am noffin but a feeble sucker, who looks 'pon de eye ob he mudder as de moon, and her mouf as de gateway ob heaben.

I may hab somfin to say to you in my nex 'bout de *nowgerashun*, ef it don't turn out to be too great a bore.

Brudder Horace G. Gough Butthed will please pass round de sasser, and refuse all suffern and western wild cat money.

LECTURE LXV.

HOW IT'S OFTEN DONE.

SUSPECTED FILABUSTERS—

IN my lass discord to you, I gub you a descriptshun ob de persentin' ob a set of plate to your long suspected teacher, and I told you dat maybe I wood tell you 'bout de supper dat I had to pay for at Anty Clawson's. But as dere wus berry little 'curred afore my recolecshun wanished, (which wus along 'bout twelbe o'clock), wordy ob note, septin dat George Augustus Thomas More Horace Greely Henry Clay Butts, a niece of Anty Clawson's, cum nie chockin heseff to deff wid a big Cow Bay clam dat he tried to swallow in de shell—and Uncle Jake Longheel took a drink ob punch so hot, dat it killed all de brown creturs dat he hab had in he troat for the lass two monffs—de fac am, I belebe *dat* punch was made out ob camfene, for I'll stake my dinner dat it wus strong nuff to kill at sixty yards; and *it*, or de clam-soup, or de sassengers, or de hoe-kake, or de raw clams did cum putty nie killin Anty Clawson sheseff. She told me nex day dat in de middle ob de nite-time she wus taken wid an orful case ob de Wat-you-call-it, and she got up and took niely a pint ob Wats-its-name afore de lobster, or de sassengers wood lay still. Uncle Tone Clawson swares it wus de sassengers, for he sez he heard a growlin in de bed afore Anty woke up wid de pain. Now, as we all ob us noe putty neer what sassengers am made ob, Uncle Tone's argument seems clar.

A great menny people hab bin doun to de Picayune Office

sign, dat de shop am always full, no more den you should belebe ebery man you meet wid a high forehed am a Daniel Webster or your suspected shepherd.

Signs am bery deceibin. I'll tell you a nanagote 'bout a sign, which I heer some time ago, in order to probe my insertion.

Dere was once on a time, dat a man up set de hide-buziness down in de swamp (dere hab bin a good menny swamped round dar, and dats why dey name it swamp), and wen he opened shop he dident noe wat kind ob a sign to git dat wood be different frum all de rest ob his nabors—so de tort struck him (dese fellers will strike pepil sometimes, and de hed generally kotches it fust), dat as his name wus Tailer, he wood bore a hole in de front door, and put a caff's tail in it, and de letters O. R. at de side, so it wood read tail-or, and besides be an insignificance to de passer, dat he sold hide and leder. Well, he opened shop and he hadent bin open more den free weeks, afore a customer cum, dat am he tort he was a customer, and I 'speck he *wus*, and mity green one at dat, frum de country. He fust distracted de 'tention ob de man ob de shop, by bein seen by him a-walkin up and doun in front ob de store, wid he eye on de tail all de time. Now and den he wood stop and handle de tail, and seemed as if wanted to play wid it. Once he wus seen to take a rule out ob he pocket and measure de size ob de hole and de tail, and Mr. Tailor opened de do' and axed him ef he wus lookin fur hides.

"No, sir," sed de countryman. "I wasent in want of ennything in that line, but I wus foolosifizein on dat caff's tail in dat hole."

"Well," ax Mr. Tailor, "do you see ennything berry strange 'bout dat?"

"Well, yes," returned the man. "I wus trying to make

out how on arf a caff cood git his body through dat little hole, and not git his tail in."

So you see by dis simple caff's tail, dat signs am bery deceibin. Derefore, trust not to dem. You often see tings in front ob shops dat am not ment fur signs. I heer dat a drunkin feller wus found layin on a tabern stoop, fass asleep, and a man stuck he hed in do' and told de tabern keeper dat he sign had blown doun, and wus layin on he stoop—dats anudder instance ob not understanding signs.

De signs ob de present time am all gold—gold—gold. Eberybody am arter it, and de pepil will reach so high to git it, dat I am affraid dat de speckelashuns will fall to de ground, and de price ob white-washin fall wid it. Look out, my frens, how you read de signs ob de times.

Dere will be a colleckshun taken up dis ebenin to pay my washwoman, and backer bill, and to sehd a mishonary to Congress to sibilize de members.

Brudder Jeemes Cornfoot will pleese pass 'round de sasser.

The Professor and Aunty Clawson.

LECTURE LXXIV.

DISPLAYS VAST LEARNING.

LADIES AND GEMMON—

NOTWIDSTANDIN de change in de gubernment, I shall still continue to spred de lite of siance abroad. Notwidstandin de adwent ob Capt. Coggy in de lectural world, I shall still shine and claim prosedence on de ladder ob literary fame.

I shall dis ebenin draw my discorse from gogrofy, and splain to you comfin 'bout de

CHINESE.

De Chinese country am sitewated in direct antiphathies to New York, on de globe ob de world, and I found out dat de sun goes dar durin de nite when he lebes de back side ob Hobucken at sun doun, and cums up tudder side ob de Dry Dock in de morning—derefore de day time cums in de middle ob de nite 'mong dem folks, and dats de reson dey am sich a curious set. De Emperor wants to make belebe he am sum punkins, and derefore claims to be a neer relatif ob de sun, and calls de stars he sisters, and soaps up de naffis dat he cum frum heaven to rule dem for de good ob de country. He rites his letters on a sheet ob paper as big as a bedquilt, and signs his name wid his foot. De kountry all worship a little wooden image dat looks like a nigger baby wid de mumps, and dis dey call "Josh," widout enny odder name. Eberybodies name in China am edder "Mean" or "Cow." Deres de family ob "Mean frens," de Cow

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LECTURE LXXVI.

A TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

BELOVED PROSELITES—

As it am well none by de world ginerly, and dis congregashun in partickler, dat I hab bin doun to de Capitol ob de Nashun, and seed de 'Naugerashun ob Massa Pierce, I 'spose it am spected dat I should liten your intelecks on wat I seed and herd in dat city of polushun, politicks, big streets and big taberns. Derefore I shall, like all odder great trabelers, gub you a few notes (not bank notes), I took on de journey. Massa Fuller, Massa Willis, Massa Bryant, am all ritein to de noosepapers what dey see—derefore, I do de same.

On de Wensday, mornin afore de 'naugerashun, I took de cars, or redder de car took me frum Jersey City to Filemendelfy. De pepil wus bery perlite to me, and I only had my hat nocked doun ober my eyes tree times durin de hole passage. I dident car fur de hat, but my wardrobe and wooden comb wus in it, and my todder shirt got mussed. Nobody cood tell what I was gwane to Washinton for, and dey kept axin me ebery now and den ef I wus spectin an office, and one feller, dat opens oysters in Fulton Market when he'm at home, behind a pair of cullard mostachoes, said he wus well 'quainted wid Gineral Pierce, and ef I'd gub him fibe dollars, he wood secure me a posishun as Rambassender to Coney Iland, whar I cood git my fill ob clams, at de xpence ob de Post Office. I tort it wus a putty good

offer, but I beat him doun to free dollars, and he 'greed to git me dat office, as he sed dat wus de only office wacant fur a cullerd man

Wen I got to Filemendelpha I looked all ober fur de mustashoed feller, but coodent find him no whar, no how—but ef eber I do lay my outraged hans on him, he'll smell sumfin like Bunker Hill, I'll bet a brickbat against his hed.

De comdackter on de Baltimore track made me git in de car whar de gemmon's luggage wus, and I laid my hed on somebody's police, de contents of which, acted on me like a dose of ludlum, and I fell asleep till de depot ribed at Washington. Wen we got dar, I found de police belonged to a sertain editor, and wus fill'd wid his weekly papers. Dey husseled me out ob de cars wid de rest ob de baggage, and I commenced to hunt up a place to sleep. I speckted to find a crowd ob darkeys at de car-house' wid bangers and music, to scorch me up to de toun, but not a darkey node me, and I wus compelled to sleep at lass (dere bein no odder place in de toun), on a hepe ob shawens, under de steps ob de Capitol. In de nite a snow-storm come on, and I kotched sich a cold dat I dident noe whar to git brakefast. As I scratched out frum my sleepin place, and brushed de shawins out ob my har and close, I met Massa Tom Benton, a strutin doun de walk in a deep revelly ; no dout cogetatin in he own mind, wedder he made de Almity, or de Almity made him—and wedder he honored de Senate House or de Senate House him. In a minite Gen. Cass cum along readin de Picayune, and a lookin a little grum, as ef he seed somfin he dident like.

Putty soon de pepil begin to gedder round de Capitol, in front ob de big platform, and a feller wid a paper ob tobacco in his mouf, told me to be a mobin, dat he dident like to see darkeys a strolin round de Capitol, so I took up my

line ob march to de rofunder, in de middle ob de house, whar all de pictures am 'bout Gen. Washington. I found de floor moss an inch deep wid tobacco spit, and here again I wus told to mobe on, but I 'termined to see de Naugerashun, so I left de primices and got a pail ob water in my hand and a tin cup, and I went in high and dry on de temperance principal, behind a soger company, pretendin to gub de sogers drink, and de sogers wood hab liked it fuss rate ef dere had only bin brandy mixed in wid it.

It wus a snowin all de time dat Massa Pierce wus gittin bored wid de augerashun, and eberybody sed it wus 'bout as *Pierce-in* a day as wus eber none in dat part ob de climate. I seed de hole proceedins, frum beginin to end, and I'll bet all de money dat cums in de sasser to-nite, dat Massa Pierce habs his own way 'bout tings in general. Old Massa Fillmore rided in de carrage wid him, wid a face as mild and sweet as de fust blush ob a Rorin Borin Alas, on de fust dew-drops ob de mornin—feelin, no dout, perfeckly sassagefied dat he had done his duty. Ef he ain't sassagefied ob de fac heseff, de pepil am, and dats 'nuff.

De darkey popelashun ob Washington woodent suasheate wid me, and troud it up to me dat I wus a poor free nigger, and dident belong to nobody, and I wus too low fur dem to mix wid. 'Siety 'mong de cullerd folks am berry good in Washington. A rambassender's or a Fur-on Counsellor's darky won't suasheafe wid a Congress-man's waiter no how. And fur my part, I like de Norf de bess, kase here de darky kan be as sassy as de wite trash, and be suspected gis de same. Derefore, I is glad to git back, fur I ain't seen you since I don't care when, and I feel as glad as ef I'd found a clean shirt, and I cood shake all ob your corn-stealers at once. I shall hab somefin more to say, gis as like as not, 'bout sum tings I seed on de tramp, fur I seed a good deel

which dis old hedake ob mine won't let me open on dis ebenin. But I'll tell you dat a Naugerashun day in Washington, am wat a Forf ob July am here, all 'sept de hot sun and rum stands round de Park.

As trablin am putty nie all *paid fur* in dis country, I find myseff mity short on de comin home trip, derefore I shall look fur a full sasser dis ebenin.

LECTURE LXXVII.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

LAMBASHUS SINNERS—

IT is my 'tent and purpos to say a few wurds to you 'bout old times and new times, compare de past wid de preceedin, and de comin times wid de futur, and see de difference, or in odder wurds, I shall spoke to you on de

INOAWSHUNS OB DE AGE.

Who am dere 'mong dis big crowd dat don't recomlect old times? Maybe sum kin go furder back den odders. I nebber node an old darkey in my life, eder hemale or shemale, that hadent held Gen. Washington on dere nee and nussed him like a baby—but I aint none ob dese—I don't date back so fur, but I go a good ways in the rear of time notwithstandin—and wat wus considered sum punkins in my young days am now looked 'pon as old fogyism. I don't 'zactly noe de menin ob old fogy, but I will send an inquiry to Massa Cass, as dey say he noes de critter like a catakissim.

Wen I wus young, de old ladies in de parlor used to take delite in nitten stockins—dat day am passed, kase dey got a mechine fur doin it now. In dem days it wus part ob a

wife's duty to make her husband's shirts, but tain't so no more—dere's a sewin mechine fur doin dat, too. Trowsers den used to be made by hand, but now dey gis stick a piece ob cloff in a mechine and turn a crank, and out cums as menny reddy made cloze as wood supply an army ob soger mans. I kin recumleck wen de stage-coach used to kick up a dust tru de country towns, and blow a fish horn to make de children git out ob de way ; but now de old mity steam bullgine cums rattlin fru dese places in iron harness, a snortin like old Belzebub when he's arter an Alderman. Ebery ting seems turned upside doun. Eben de ladies slebes, fur dey used to wear dem big at de shoulder and mity tight at de hand, now its tight up dar and big at de rist—and de gemmon hab cut all de tail off ob der coats and put it in de slebes ob de same, till dey look as ef dey had der arms in der trowsers.

Folks don't hab to work no more now, de wash board am done away wid, and all washin am done wid der mechine. Dere ain't no soap required no more neder ; cloze am washed wid washin-fluids, and wife de lady ob de house am playin de forty pianos in de parlor, de washin am bein done by steem in de kitchen.

Dis is de age ob mechines and new invenshuns. De old *Hoss* pistol hab had to gub way to de *Colt's* revolwer, and de young fellers am riden ruff shod ober us old cusses, and we can't do nofin but holler. I heer ob new tings starting up ebery day, and soon you will see mechines for openin clams and skinen eels.

More den one haff ob de public offices am turned into skinen mechines to skin de pepil, and dey do it most 'fectally, and I speck de nex ting I noe you will hab a mechine to lectur to you ebery week in place ob me, kase you tink it will work fur less wages. I tink it needs a mechine ob sum

kind to furnish lecturs fresh and original ebery week, fur I feel dis old tinkin apperatus in my nolege box almoss worn out, and putty soon it must be laid up wid de ress ob de old lumber—but wile I is able to wag my tongue, you shall heer de truffs ob siance as strait as a crowbar, and as solid as a drunkard's oath. Mechines am not always found to be good —sumbody wus fool 'nuff to construck one dat wood clean de treets in no time, afore de sun rubbed de dust out ob he eyes in de mornin, but it wus soon scubbered dat it woodent do, bekase it coodent wote, and it wus cast aside like a milky potater. What a blessin it wood be ef sum kute Yankee wood inwent a mechine fur xtractin lies out ob newspapers, and currupshun out ob de politishuns, and at de same time inject a little charity into de harts ob all misers and fanaticks, but sich hallelujah times as dem will nebber cum wile dis old sheep's head ob mine am bleating on arf—but de time will cum, you rebelous scorpians, when mankind will be looked 'pon as bein as good as ennybody, and womankind a good deal better. Den de belignent wings ob siance will sore above de equinotail line ob bliss, and all creashun stand agap and gaze in putrified amazement on genus and human natur. Whoeber libs to see dat day, will find dat siance will still march magestickly on, like a lazy darkey to de cotten field—all de fundimental equilibrum will be consentrated in one wast epox or small pox, it won't make enny difference which, and de shout ob wictory will go forth like de sound ob a woman's tongue in mobin-time.

Wid dese reflecshuns I send round de sasser by Brudder Emanuel Laber Johnson, and I hope you won't be so cussed stingy as you wus lass week. Dere wusn't nuff to buy a pit ticket in de Sircus.

LECTURE LXXVIII.

SOME ACCOUNT OF JERSEY.

WELL FRENS—

HERE I is agin, cum back anudder time, and I will keep a cumin back, like a fly to a sore shin in summer time, till I beat suspectability into you, or take de last shilling you got. I ain't got much to say to you dis time, derefore it won't take me more dan a week to say it—but wat I got to spit out, am de truff, so I don't car who nose it. I'm as independent as an Irish woter on Lexshun Day, and as impudent as a lawyer to a shemale witness. I'm as sassy as a bumble bee, and I feel as big as an oberfed bullefant. I'm a gwane to talk strait fours to you, kase I like to do it. All de world, inkludin Europe, am readin my lecturs—de newspapers steel em, de pepil read 'em, and de nex ting you hear will be dat sumbody cum to steel me. Gosh almity, dey'd cotch a tarter emetic of dey do—dey'd better luff me alone; for ef I once begin to shake myseff into axshn, you will heer ob frequent arfquakes, and sumbody been gulliped up. I noe a ting or two, dat ain't bin sed in Congress yet, and probably neber will.

When I went to Washington to see Massa Pierce 'augerated by de poletishuns, I was a little frightened wen I heerd dat I had to go fru Jersy, kase I dident noe what mite happen to me when once out ob de jurydicshun ob de United States of Hail Columbia. I always understood dat it wus a wild regeon, and de pepil only haff sibilized, dere-

fore I took pertickler 'tenshun ob de natifs, and I belebe I've bin moss beaufully sucked in, fur in all de towns I wus jurked tru by de old he locosmoker, I seed dem a standin on de platforms ob de car house, chawin terbacker, and inside I seed dem drinkin rum ; so you see dey am sibilized gis as well as you Yorkers. I specked to see dem dressed to deff in tree cents worf ob red paint and a tommyhawk, and de wimon in ear-rings, nose rings, and a string ob beeds, like de ingin folks, but no ! dey hab five-dollar suits on all round. It seemed frum de way dere cloze fit dem, dat dey all muss sleep in one mity big room, and all xchange cloze eberymornin, fur I dident see one dat dident look as if he wore his close fru compulshun, and not frum choise. De boys all had on der daddy's coats, and der daddys all 'peared to hab on de boys trowserloons. I'm sassagefied dat de musshunaries hab bin sent 'mong dem, kase I heard one ob de natibs *sware* kase anudder gis happen to let a barrel ob pork rool on he foot and skuash it a little.

I was berry anxious to find out all I cood 'bout de kountry while I was in it, and once when de rail-rode stop, I stick my head out ob de depot, and I ax a feller in cow skin boots, which boots wus up to de middle ob de leg in mud, dese questions, and got dese ansers—

"Wat kountry am dis ?"

"Tain't no kountry—it's Jersey."

"Wat's de produxshun ob de sile ?"

"Red mud, rail-rodes, ingin-rubber shoes, jack-asses, and State-Prisons."

"Why what do you lib on ?"

"Salt mackerel, and orders on de store—sumtimes on clams, at eighteen pence a hundred."

"Don't you hab no beef, nor no butter, no noffin ?"

"Yes, we git plenty ob de last artickle, and we git beef

in hog-kilin time. We eat lard and salt fur butter—dat cussed New York takes all our butter. We supply it wid Orange Kounty milk and butter, and grub 'long de best way we kin."

"Well, don't you raise nofin in de ground?"

"Oh, yes! pavin stones, ledder chips, and clam shells."

"Oh, you must hab odder tings besides dese, or else you coodent lib. Can't you tink ob noffin else you raise here?"

"Oh, yes, plenty. Feber and ager, patent medicines, consumpshun, bad colds, malisha trainins, and now and den a fite."

"Don't de folks neber marry here?"

"Oh, yes, sebrel married lass year, and two poor-houses hab been bilt dis season."

I wus gis gwane to ax him his name, wen de old iron hoss gub a snort and set us a flyin, but I seed a row ob yeller teef a grinnin at me as far as I cood see de man.

Notwidstandin all dis, my frens, I tink Jersey a fust rate place fur a poor man to die in. Dat feller wus a sour cuss, and I heerd afterwards, frum one ob de nabors, who got in de car while I wus spokein to him out ob de winder, dat he wus so sour, dat de folks sent fur him fur miles 'round, to cum and look in der pickel barrel, as his expreshun wood act on dem better den winegar. He wus christened wid winegar, fed on green grapes and crab apples, drank nofin but lemon juice and sour sider all his life, and neber cum near ennybody widout gubbin dem a stomjack-ake. I speck de reson I dident cotch it, wus bekase, like moss folks dat trabel much, I wus well fortified wid gingerbred all 'bout my cloze. Dats all I cood find out 'bout Jersey by passin fru, and I tort I'd tell you 'bout it. Sum folks on de odder side ob de big pond hab written a hole book on de institushuns ob de

kountry, de habits and manners ob de pepil, and neber seed no more ob it dan I did ob Jersey. So I only follow in de beaten paffs (beaten as solid as de paff frum de back door ob a circus, to de nearest rum shop) ob my lushus preceed-in successors.

Will Brudder LaFayette Bobson Rusher pleese pass round de useal sasser, and look out always fur bad coppers.

LECTURE LXXIX.

SPRING TIME.

SUSPICIOUS FILIBUSTERS—

I TOLD you lass week 'bout my habin de rumaticks, and I is now as full ob pains as a big church window, but I speck to recubber de use of my appetite and drinkatite as soon as de lubly spring am opened like a huge oyster, by de warm rays ob de glorious old sun. I don't belebe dar am ennyting dat will cure de old rumatism—aldo a furiner on fuss landin 'mong us, wood judge, by readin de newspapers, dat we hab gis bin de sickest nashun on de arf, and all hab gis got cured, and was so glad dat dey put it in de news-papers, to luff dere frens noe dat dey am once more seeable. On de odder hand, a green furiner wood 'spose, frum readin de advertisements ob de quack-doctors (and all de doctors am quack-doctors), dat all de community was in a drefful state of sickness, and didn't noe wat to do fur demseff, and dat sum beneblent pusson wus publishin a newspaper gis to tell dem whar to cum and git cured at once, and so end de

matter. Sumtimes de sickness am ended, and sumtimes de pashent, which am all de same, a hundred years frum now.

In old times, in Spain and France—two countries away off furder den New Orleans—it used to be de custom fur de quack-doctors to ride on a he Jack-ass, and hab a man to blow a horn. When de horn was blowd in de market place, de pepil semble round de ass and de doctor, and den he wood open he box, like de soap man on de team tates, and sell his stuffs, and de pepil at de same time—but now it am different. De quack-doctor uses de newspaper insted ob de Ass, and de editors dereof do de blowin. De man on de Ass used to colleck pennies and shillins, but de man dat rides on newspaper popularity, collecks dollars insted, and all dis am owein to de 'provement ob de times, and de news received daily frum de spiritual world.

We am now in de happy spring time, in de seson ob temtashun, fur I belebe it war in de spring time ob de world dat mudder Ebe temted farder Adam; but you fellers dat lib in de city don't noe nuffin 'bout de benine influenza ob de lubly spring. Ef you want to *feel* de spring in your nostrils, and wish to kick up like a young colt in a clober lot or be as sportive as a pig jis broke out ob he pen, you muss go to de kountry which God made wid he own hans, and git away frum de brick and mortar cities, which dat animal man projected, erected, and bilt fur heseff. How beauful am all tings in de kountry ob a spring mornin. Den you har de lubly singin ob de cows, de sweet ba-ah ob de sheep, and de lowin ob sweet little birds as dey jump frum lim to lim, cotchin de dear little innocent worms, dat hab foolishly got up afore de birds. Den it am dat de sheep and calves grow frisky, and cut up all sorts ob jimnastys on de hill side, in de warm moonshine.

De sun by dis time hab laffed old winter in de face so

long, dat he had to open his icy teef and let de brooks once more go on dere way rejoicein, and off dey run a bubbling up and doun like stocks in Wall street. All natur seems to hab gis taken out a new leace of life, and feels pertickerly fine on de 'caishun. De roseys will soon be dere now, and de perfume ob de flowers, de grass, and de cow-yard, will gib healf and sassagefacshun to dose who choose to seek it.

Talk 'bout your black swans,—why you can heer plenty ob dem 'bout milkin time, ob a spring mornin, in a kountry cow-yard. Yes, indeed, it wus in a morantic spot like dis dat I fuss herd dat sole-stirring melody ob "Jinny get your hoe cake done." I shall neber forgit dat scene as long as I tink ob it.

Dere wus massa jawin,
De cow wus a chawin,
De hoss wus a pawin,
De rooster wus a cawin,
De old Jack-ass wus a brawin,—
De pigs and sheep a playin,
Jemima wus a singin,
I wus on de gate a swingin,
And I wish I may be darn,
Ef I tort it enny harm—
But de old man got a stick,
And fotch me sich a lick,
Dat he made me scrach and kick,
And I smart fur almoss a week.

But dem days am gone now. I muss stay heer in dis sity fur bread and butter. De spring am bery different here. Insted ob smellin roses, you small bed-bugs and dirty streets. All de freshness you git am frum de lime pail. Insted ob green grass to walk 'pon, you hab wet floors, and de only music you heer am de wimon scoldin, and de carman a swarin whilst he am a smashin your tings when mobin dem. Dust

fills your eyes, nose, and mouf, in de day time—and smoke frum burnin up old straw beds at night. So you see de difference and de odds atwene de sity and de kountry in de spring. I don't noe dat you fellers notice dese tings as much as me, kase when a feller am under de wedder, he am reddy to find fault wid eberyting in life, frum de high price ob putty doun to a toof-pick.

Dats all you'll git out ob me to-night. And you may put in as much or as little as you like when long Cudgo passes round de sasser.

LECTURE LXXX.

FIRST OF MAY IN NEW YORK.

Der hab bin a high gittin up-stairs since I hab seen you lass week. All New York hab turned itself inside out like one ob dem kowloskopes. May-be you don't noe what a kowloskopes is. Den I hab to stop and tell you. A kowloskopes is a haff sivlized spy-glass. You look in at de bung hole, and turn him round, and de hole lot ob red, yeller, and blue jokers inside, turn demseffs inside out like de ingin-rubber man in de Museum, and change places ebery time it turns. You muss be bery carful while lookin tru it, kase it mite make you dizzy heded, and go off and spill itself. Ebery year New York turns round like a kowloskope, and de joker change places sumtimes fur betterer, sumtimes fur worserer. Ob corse de time fur doin dis in New York is de first ob May—den eberybody mobes fur seberal days before de time. De gentlemen is mobin round to git up de rent—de

womens mobin round to pack up de tings, git a house, and so-forth, and so on. It is in dese times dat de kolored man always blesses de feller dat inwented de art ob white-washin —its de only time in de yeer when he kan be sassy as he like—dis am de time, when, ef he spats de lime all ober de furniture, and de lady yells out to him and shows him what he had done, he kan look round wid 'punity, and tell her to git a rag and a little greece, and rub it off to suit herseff.

Dis am de season fur slaughter 'mong de bed-bugs, and de mice, and de rats—and it is in fact de season when de kolored populashun am to be respected in dar rites. Mobin day *always wus* de Forth ob July in New York fur de kolored people, and ef dey do smash and break tings, de gemmons tinks it don't make no difference, kase de kolored folks am worth nothin, and dey can't get noffin frum dem—derefore I say unto you, blessed am dey dat ain't not got no furniture fur dey got little to get smashed in mobin; blessed am dem dat am too poor to hire a house, fur den dey got no rent to pay; blessed am dey dat lib in one room, fur den dey ain't got de whole house to look arter; blessed am dey dat ain't got nothin to eat, fur dey won't be troubled wid de dyspeptic; blessed am de poor in pocket, fur dey ain't troubled wid Sudren and State money; and blessed am de sick, wid ennyting but rumaticks, fur dey git all de sweetmeats. Dis is de season when de little birds mate, and de crows get married, and so does de elemphant. It am de time fur going into partnership generally.

Talking of partnership, brings to my mind sumting dat I kan't tink of; and while its in my recollecshun box, I'll jist tell it to you—its a story, and mite be called a nanedote. It happened when de kountry ob Jersey wasent bigger den a cow-yard, and de great big churches what you got now,

wasent bigger dan a hen-coop; in fact, de kountry wus bery young.

About de time menshuned in de lass clause, dere libed two old kolored men, one wus named Simon Strong (who de folks used to call Strong Simon fur shortness), de odder's name wus Ben, his name wood hab bin Franklyn, but dey dident noe how to spell it—derefore, because de schoolmaster wusn't abroad, he wus robbed of he best name.

Dese two old darkies went into partnership one May mornin, in de wood chopin business. Dey got along fuss rate fur more dan a week, but dere wus a suckemstance dat took place which colapsed de firm. Old Simon Strong had a great fashion ob gruntin, whenever he was chopin wood, he always guv a grunt like an old hog disturbed in a mud hole—dis use to make Ben laff, and he sed to him—

"Simon, what makes you grunt so ebery time you hit de wood?"

"Ah!" said Simon, leaning on he axe handle, "dat am a great mark ob strenf, Ben. When Goliah carried away de gates ob Jordon, he was herd to grunt sixty miles round."

"Well," says Ben, "I tink you can strike jis as hard a blow widout gruntin, as you kan wid gruntin."

"I noe better," says Simon, "fur I hab tride it."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do wid you," says Ben, "I'll bet you free cents dat you kan chop up haff a cord ob wood as quick, and let me do de gruntin, as if you grunted yourself."

"Well," says Simon, "I'll take dat bet—How long does it ginerally take you to chop half a cord?" axed Simon.

"About half a day."

Well, de nex mornin, Simon commenced to cut de wood, wile Ben sat on a log and done de gruntin—it took him all day till sun-down to chop de haff cord, and ob corse wun de-

wager. Now de troubble commenced in de firm—when Saturday nite cum, Simon woodent pay Ben he share fur cuttin de wood, because he said he dident do nothin towards it, but jis sat on a log all day and grunt. Dis make Ben bery mad, and on Monday mornin' he went and lade he complaint before de door ob a Dutch Justice. De Justice listen to de complaint in all de specktacles and morning gown what he had. He sed he wood prosecute Simon fur bigimy, and send a konstable wid a suspician after him; and after hearin de case, he wanted free weeks to gib a division ob de case. Durin dese free weeks, Simon and Ben wus lookin black at each odder, makin snoots and shakin fists at demseffs, weneber dey met. By-and-by de day cum for de division, and Squire Tunderbighed's cort-room in he kitchen wus filled wid spec-tators and a few rotton punkins. Wen de hour arrived, de Justice came in frum de cow yard, cobered wid dirt and dignity—de fuss wurd he axed wen he sat down wus:

"How much you got for shopin de wood?"

"Twenty-five cents," says Simon.

"Shilence!" sed de Justice, "dat is all I vant to noes."

Den he took twenty-five pennies out ob he pocket, and he tell Simon to cum on wun side and Ben on de odder; den he stand up, den he take wun ob de pennies and jingle it on de table, and he say to Ben—

"Ben, did you heer dat jingle?"

"Yes, sah!" said Ben.

"Vell, den," says de Justice, "*you kan take de jingle and gib Simon de monish.*"

And so he went on wid all de pennies, gubbin Ben de sound only; den de cort adjourned, and tread on a cat's tail, and you can do de same widout treadin on anybody's tail.

LECTURE LXXXI.

ABSENT MINDED.

OUTDASAUS SCORPIANS—

As I rise dis nite, and look round me on all sides, and see sich a inosent looking flock ob black sheep, it almoss makes me tink dat butter woodent melt in your big mouffs, and ef I dident noe better, I wood tink dat you war all reddy to ockepy and entitled to take a frunt seat in hebbin, but you cant pull de wool ober my eyes. I noe you all like a pictur book. You kant fool me no how you kan fix it. You may hang your under lip like a mudderless colt, till it touches your westcotes, and shed krockerdile tears big as gooseberrys, but for all dat, you kant fool your time wid me.

You all tort, no dout, dat de diabolical trick you sarbed me last week wus sumfin to laff at, and I speck you all did laff in your shirt slebes, to tink how you fooled your poor old and moss worn-out shepherd. Now gis look at all your eyes—sum ob dem am big round as sassers wid hipockracy. You am all tryin your bess to make me tink you don't noe what I am talking 'bout, but you all do, well 'nuff, and de more shame fur you, you stingy back-slidin niggers. You *am* niggars, kase you act like niggers lass lecture nite.

I went home gis de same as ef nofin happend—wid a lite hart, noein dat I'd done my duty, and neber tort ob nofin. Next day I got up by de brake ob day, "my useal custom in de arternoon," as Massa Gimblet, de Prince ob Dunkirk,

says, and as I wus agwane to walk out, I felt like takin a useal chaw ob 'bacco, and sure nuff I dident hab none, I put my hand in my odder trowsers pocket to git free cents to pay fur a paper—not a newspaper, but a paper ob 'bacco, and sure 'nuff I dident hab enny, not only gis one cent. I node my money wasent in my udder close, kase I hadent no odder close fur de money to be in, derefore I wus sure on dat pint. I rushed back to de seller and axed Anty Clawson ef I had pade my bord fur de week, and sure 'nuff, she told me, "no indeed," and she wus a wonderin how I cum to go out de mornin arter lecture nite, afore I gub it to her, as I generly do.

"Well, den, by golly," sed I, "I've bin robbed, fur I ain't got de fust red cent to my name."

"Oh, come now," sed she, "you am too old to 'tempt enny sich niggerism as dat, at your time ob life, and I am too old to be fooled by enny sich stories as dat. Ef you hab fooled away de money, why don't you say so, and not try to lie out ob it. I *tort* you cum in *late* lass nite, but I dident say nofin, and I woodent hab sed nofin ef you hadent a tryed to cum dat old niggerism, dat old loossin game, ober me, gis at quarter day, too."

Well, dis harrang frum Anty Clawson made me mity mad, and I pitched into her at a rate ob forty hoss power. I axed her ef I dident always pay my bord and washin on de square—and she committed de fac. Well, den, I told her I'd lebe de house, and mobe my skunkto skunktorum to sum odder house ob more kindly influence.

Den she told him to clar out, dat I had so menny wenches runnin dere, dat it wus a nuisance.

Dat remark fixed my firmness in a resolution, and I made up my mind at once to trabel—so I packed up all my tings in a market-basket, and me and a black man toted dem to

my new home, at sister Florinda Lutts, in de rear, third story, back room.

De fuss nite I sleep in my new bed, I coodent sleep at all, fur tinkin whar 'bouts my money cood hab gone to—when all at once de fac flash on my mind like a steel trap, *dat I dident take up no collecshun lass week at all, and derefore I nebber had de money.*

Now ain't you a putty set ob scorpians, not to tell me 'bout it, when you seed dat I wus so karried away wid de buty ob my discorse, dat I forgit it. Hadent I orto git a big club and cum and pound sum ob you on de coco-nut till I beat charity into your heds—but I'll fix you, I won't lecture a bit to nite, and you got to take up a double kollecshun ou dis caishun, or else I don't cum next week. I'd radder sell clam-soup atwene two tin kittles and an ox yoke dan to be treated in dis way. Odder congregashuns buy dere shepherds a pasnips (dats a house to lib in), but I'll nebber git a pasnip widout I go away off doun on Long Island Seagut Shore, to de willage ob Loafland, whar homesteds am sold fur fibe dollars, payable two shillings a week to de carier. I'll go and look at dis place, and see what kind ob a lot and home I kan git fur fibe dollars, and den Anty Clawson, and all de rest ob de landlords may go to de Mormons.

Mr. Junius Brutus Witehed will please pass round a sasser in each hand, and he will do me de kindness to 'port de name ob ebery Brudder and Sister dat don't chip up, kase I gis want to noe who am who on dis singeler caishun.

LECTURE LXXXII.

FLAT TRUTHS.

CRUSADIN MORTALS—

I HAB bin radder eratic in my lecturs ob late, but dats none ob your bizness, and dats de reason I 'pologize to you. May be sum ob you don't noe de meanin ob de word eratic, derefore I stop on my way, like a milkman in de mornin, and 'splain it to your understandin. Eratic meens to fly off de handle. It am a Greek word, and cum ober here wid de Irish in an emigrant ship 'mong de rats. Eif you look back fur de lass few weeks, you will see dat I hab bin flyin off de handle; and insted ob my gubbin you Simon pure siance, I hab bin gubbin you a kind ob discourse ob my pussonal mobements; but dis ebening I trust to be more siantific den eber, and git a collecshun 'cordinly.

You will find de words dat susspire me dis ebenin, in de Sam book, 29f page, fust claws ob de forty-toof werse—19f page forty-toof werse.

> "Whip de debil round de stump,
> Ebery crack will make him jump!
> Glory, glory, glory."

What a blessed maginashun de poet dat penned dese lines muss hab had. De reder ob dem kan almoss see old Jimmy Squarfoot a rushin round a stump, closely followed by a fellow wid a sharp stick. But, my frens, you musent belebe all dat de poet say, or else you git in a Lunitic Hos-

pital afore you noe it. You derefore muss not belebe dat de ole he belzebub am green 'nuff to luff ennybody whip him pussonally round a stump. De ting am empossible, fur ef he wus to gis hit his pussuer wid de tip ob he tail, eh! eh! he'd be a gone coon quicker den a snake could swaller a wood-chuck.

I shall diwide my subjick in free parts—fustly we cum to de whip and de stump.

Secondly we cum to de jump.

Firdly we cum to *glory*.

Fustly, den, I tell you plainly dere am a good menny ways ob whippin de debil round de stump. De desire to hit him a crack and make him jump, animate de brest ob all de human family, and eberybody am human family.

Sum church people whip him in a good menny ways. Dey am doun on de freaters, bekase dey say dey am de debil's skool; but dese berry folks will take a front seat in de saloon in de Museum or at Niblo's Garden. Dey'd patronize de Serkis, and go to see dat big beast, de Hippodrome, widout de least cumpunkshuns of konshunce, and dats one way to whip de debil round de stump—not dat I consider dese places sinful to wisit, put bekase I noe one freater to be gis de same as de todder one. De miser whips de debil round de stump all he life—he grinds de face ob de poor to hord up he nasty gold, and den he change off wid he lowness in de end, and de debil whip him round in de odder world. De sinner tinks he am berry cunnin, and am whippin him round at a great rate, and keep him a hurryin up he kakes all de time—but in dis case de fun ob it am, de foot am on de odder boot, fur *he* am lashin dem like blazes all de time. Sum folks tink dey can cheat and lie in bizness and make stacks ob money, and den whip de debil round de stump by gubbin a large donashun to do Track Society, and git der

name in de newspapers—but you'll see when your time cums, who'll git made to fly round on dese stumps.

I don't want you to tink dat I got any sympafy fur old horns and tail, kase I arn't. I wish sumbody would gub him a *lickin*, kase he deserves it, as I told a white brudder de odder day in de 'treet.

De brudder cum up to me and shook hans, and sed he, "Professor, I hab read ebery one ob your lecturs in de Picayune fur de lass two years and ober, and it really *beats de debil* how you kan keep dem up so characteristic and fresh."

I dident noe 'zackly what he meant, but I told him I was bery anxious to *beat* dat feller, and wood do it wid a club ef I cood, and den he laf at me. But I tell you what, frens, I 'tend to beat him in de end ef possible. I noe he am arter me like he am arter all de rest ob you, but I hope to distance him at de end ob de race ob life, and de way I'm gwine to do it am dis—you kan all follow suit and git ahead ob me in de game ef you like. I am goin to be so good and *charitable* to my nabor, dat old Squarfoot won't keep cumpany wid me. He hates good folks, and ef I kan get a chance to *lam* him, ef I don't I hope I won't get fifty cents in de sasser to-nite.

Secondly—We cum to de crack and de jump, and I don't noe as I got much to say on dat pint. It am only a 'spression ob de poet to gub force to de figure, but ef ever I git a crack at him wid a raw-hide, he'll see stars. I'll bet de new straw hat and summer cloze what I speck you will gub me dis week, aginst dese old forlorn rags dat I got on now, dat I'll make him jump till he'd tink Hallumlujah day had cum for sartin, and he'd got to lebe.

Firdly—We cum to *glory*, and dere I tink I had better lebe you. Chaw ober what I hab sed to you. It will bare

tinkin ob afore goin to sleep—put all you can spare in de sasser and go home wid a lite hart and pocket.

Dis room wants white-washin and scrubbin, and muss be done. Derefore I pint Brudder Sam Scofeld, Brudder Erastus B. Arlington Lutts, Brudder George Washington Franklin Peters, Sister Pecilla Jemima Johnson, and Sister Ann Amelia Sarah Mariah Tuffs, as a kommittee on de hole, to see it done. Extry kollecksbun will be taken fur lime and soap.

Brudder John Tattlefat will pleese pass round de sasser, and see dat no bad money am rung in *dis* time.

LECTURE LXXXIII.

JULEOUS' IDIA OF THE HIPPODROME.

SHEEP OB MY FOLD—

DE subjeck dat calls aloud for 'splanation dis ebenin, am one ob de most 'portant dat hab seized de intelect for a monff ob Sundays, and may be considered in de higher walks ob siance. I hab spent more time in lookin in de gogrofy and picture books to find out 'bout him den his hed's worf. I dont noe zackly what book to tell you to look for de tex in, kase I nebber seed de animal in enny ob de books I hunt for him; but I gess he am in Gold Smith's Anamatin History ob de United States. De anamale I shall 'tempt to lucidate dis ebenin hab been a kicken up considerable ob a

dust, ob late, in dis town, and I tink it am hie time dat I curried him down a little. De animale 'luded to am.

DE HIPPODROME.

From all I hear 'bout dis beast, he must be a bully ob a animale. He am related on he mudder's side to de *Drome* family, and kinsequancely de Drome edary and de Bas-drum claim him as a member ob dere family. On he fadder's side he am related to de Hips. He am fust cusin to de Hippopotamus, and brudder to de Hipocondrick, as nie as I can find out. I cant berry well 'splain his 'pearance to you, kase I nebber seed him alive, nor, as I just now sed, cood I find his dogsearotype likeness in enny ob de picture books or almanack, and I hab looked obber more dan a hundred to find it, and set up amoss all nite a doin it. I hab seed de house dat he libs in dough, and I declar to you it am big as a norf ribber steembote. I was detarmand to see him, so dat I cood 'splain all de pints to you, and derefore, wid dat ontent, I went up to his house and ax de man at de doe if I cood go in and see de beast. "We got no place for colourd pepil in de house, and besides you'd only git fritened," sed de man. Derefore I had to go way, but my useal first for nolege woodent be fooled dat way, so I went round to de back door and peep in de crack at de side, and dere I seed wonders. On one side stood a kitten Elemfint—dat you noe am a young Elemfint—'bout de size ob a hepe ob hair trunks. He was a eatin hay wid his nose or trunk, and while I was a lookin at him roll it up and stretch it out, like an Ingin rubber hose, I tort he'd make a fuss rate lawyer, kass he cood stick his nose so fur in odder folk's biziness. At fust I was puzzled to noe which was his frunt or rear, kase at fust site I tort he had two tails, one at boff ends. I belebe dey stuff all de Elemfints wid hay while dey

lib and arter dey am ded, kase de one dey got in de Museum am stuffed wid it till you kin see it a stickin out ob de skin. On de odder side stood a Camel, and dis poor feller had met wid de same axedent dat befel de odder one I seed in de animale show. He too hab had he back broke in two places, and nebber got it in shape agin. Dere am no noein zackly how dese fellers all git dere backs broke in dis way, but I 'spect its done in dere 'tempts to git fru de eye ob a needle. He looked in de face as if he fretted a good deal 'bout it. He looked almost broken-hearted, and stood chawin on his troubbles. He was tied wid a rope to a post, and he had tryde to git away till he had stretched his neck as long as a president's message. I nebber seed a Camel in his youth; dey all seem at least a hundred years old afore I see 'em, derefore I cant say much for de beauty ob dere countenance. While I was lookin in at him, and wonderin where human nature cood hab got de mould to run sich a feller in, a whole lot ob French gemmon come out ob de show shop into de place whar I was a lookin, on hoss-back. Dey war dressed up rale putty in jockey caps and red and yeller coats and trowsers, and dey war berry polite to one a nudder, a bowin der heds and jabbern French like Satan, talkin 'bout Louis Nincompoop or Napolion, I dont noe which. Presently one ob dem seed me a lookin at him froo de crack, and I friteend him so he screemed like a pig wid a sore foot, and showed his beef all round. Dis fact drew de 'tention ob de man dat was tending to de critters, and he sung out to me, "Clar out, you ole darkey, and let dem *Monkeys* alone. He gub me sich a strong inwite to lebe, dat I tort it best to muzzle. Just as I turned to go, dey let out some ob de funnyest Gooses I ebber seed—dey was histed on legs dat wood make a Broadway dandy break his heart wid envy, during de rage ob tight pants. Dey steped

out as graceful as an old cogger wid de gout on all his toes and de rumaticks in he 'nees. Dey was sich high-falutin fellers dat I ax a man dat come out ob de gate, what dey was named, and he told me Oyster horses. I speck de reasion dat dey call dem dat, am bekase dey use dem to tred in high water to sound de bottom for Oysters. I cant tink ob enny udder reason. Seein dat de man was so comunicatif, I ax him if de ole he big Hippodrome was in dar now. He sed yes, and dat ebbery time de ferry bell ring he started on a race wid some kind ob animale, edder de Elemfint, de Camel, de Charriots, or some odder critter. I ax him what dey fed him on, and he sed, Silver dollar bills, half dollars, and quarter dollars, and dey feed him twice a day; in de arternoon and in de ebenin. Dats all I hab found out 'bout de Hippodrome as yet. If I find out enny more I'll let you noe. I'm bound to see him, if I hab to whitewash my face and hands and play wite man, to git in.

Dem summer clofe what I specked lass week didn't come yet, but I spose you tink dese I got bein full ob holes, am cool nuff, kase dey am open worked. I shall speck new thin clofes notwithstandin nebber de less.

Will Brudder Dove Plimkins please pass de useal sasser round, and be kerefull to give back no change. De brudder dat put de tin sixpence in lass week, will find it a waitin to be redeemd by a good one on de corner ob my nostrum.

LECTURE LXXXIV.

SUMMER MORNING MUSINGS.

BRUDDEREN—

MILK-WARM spring, wid all its strugglin buds and newly leabed trees, hab gone on its journey round the world to coax open de icy jaws ob old wite bearded winter in odder parts, and Miss June, wid big blue eyes and flower clustered hed, hab cum along as smiling as a young schoolboy wid free bright cents, on de way to de kake shop. Moss ob de trees dat blush in red and scarlet at de departure ob May, hab thrown off dere gay and blushin blossoms, and seem to hab set to work in still arnist to see what dey can do fur us poor dependant mortals by harbest time. De peach, de plumb, de squince, and de apple trees, are all runnin a race dis yeer to see who will produce de moss fruit, and it am hard to tell yet, which will beat. De cherries hab got ahead ob demseffs, in tryin to cotch up to de strawberries, and de currants and gooseberries am full tilt after dem too. De Roses am almost gone—dey seem to hab expended all their strenf in tryin to perfume de air ; dey hab becum so week dat dey *drop* as soon as you 'tempt to gedder dem off de bush like a lub-sick maiden in her lubber's arms. De violets coodent stand de warm embraces ob de June sun, and dey shrunk from it like a tom cat frum a pot ob mustard. De enamoured kisses ob de warm sun hab cracked de red and wite cheeks ob de peonys and dey look as lubly as a

bride at de altar, and by dere side stands de Jonny-jumper in velvet caps, tryin to swell up as big as de peony, which makes de butter-cups laugh at its presumpshun—and de clober hab to hang its red hed in shame. Ef I was a clober top, in a field ob roseys, I'd neber hang my hed, kase I'd feel dat I wus as useful and as good as my neighbors, ef not as brilliant. It am not always de moss beauful dat am de moss useful. It am good to feel humble, and to be humble sometimes, as de jackass sed when he undertook a race wid a stage hoss.

Now, my frens, I speck you am all cogitatin in your own mind, and wonderin, like Balam's ass, when he saw de angel, how I cood hab found out all de tings I hab bin a spokin to you about. Derefore, to sabe your fretted gizzards, I will tell you—I seed it all myseff. De odder mornin I got up wid old day-lite, and by de time de morning sun had washed de faces ob de clouds and took off dere nite caps, so dey showed dere golden heds, I wus in de kountry, away frum de dust, week coffee, and cod-fish kakes, ob de mornin in toun, and dere, all alone wid only myseff and human natur to converse wid, I kept up an argement on de beauties ob dis world and de next, and when I looked around and see how much human natur hab done for dis world to make it lubly, and to see what a bountious supply ob all de necessaries and luxuries ob life he sends to us all—to the wicked and de good, it makes me mad wid mankind to see dere stubborn ungratefulness, and I feel dat ef I wus human nature, I'd lather sum ob you like thunder sumtimes. De chaps dat kan eat de delicious strawberry, and tink only ob how much dey am worf a basket, or kan cronch doun de healf-gibin and luscious peach, wid no odder tort den dar price by de haff peck, am not fit to hab sich tings.

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tence God eber intended fur man, or else he woodent hab made it so lubly. Dis congregashun was gwane to buy me a place to lib in, and let me hab a parsnips like all de odder great professors ob de day, but whar am it I should like to know? Ef I was to be blessed wid a home in dis world, its doors shood neber be closed aginst de distressed in eder mind or body. I shood be hostile to a fault. Whateber Probidence sent me shood be shared wid de sufferin, arter I got 'nuff ob corse. Ah! I wood be happy den. I'd hab my house surrounded wid a Terapin garden, and de flowers dat grow on de armor ob my pazaro, shood be irretated by de water ob de Croton anacdote—dere I'd hab a pentatench openin in my library, which shood be filled wid sich works as, Polk's Essences ob Man, Greeley's Theological works on erective franchise, and de use ob stamana on de milage quesshun—Lord Buy-rum's Poems, de Last ob Old Higgins, de Pinter, Ledder Breeches, de Last Days ob Pompy I, Ducklegs, and odders ob Cedar Cooper's works—Lord Bacon on de use ob Salt Pork—De mussings ob Gen. Scott ober a barrel ob wite beans, and odder standin books. I shall hab degraded walks atwene a ravanue ob trees for lemonadein purposes. I hab a perfeck manamonia fur these tings. And den my table—I'd hab de bess cooks in de market, one dat cood make turtle-soup out ob Cow-bay clams, dat wood sute de paliate ob de moss unvenerable epicacs in de toun, who shood dine wid me ebery day. I'd hab buckskin handled knives and forks, and my house shood be de resort ob all de epicacs and conosaws in de country. I'd hab an open jeruce ef I'd only a jackass to draw it, and I'd hab odder comforts and luxuries as long as de kongregashun will pay for it.

But dis am all burning fluid. I nebber 'speck to hab enyting ob de kind, but on de odder hand quite the reworse.

I spec to labor here till I die, and den be berried by de Corporashun—but it will not be de fust time de Common Scoundrells got up a blackberrian.

As dere am only haff a quire here dis ebenin, you may sing de following to de tune ob Old Hunter, and you muss all go in to swell it, as de old woman sed when she put de soaked dried apples in de pie-crust—

Our old Tom cat
Hab got so fat,
She can't cotch any mice,
Our fine toof-comb,
Hab gone frum home.
We're ober run wid fureigners

Brudder Profile Jarvis will pleese pass 'round de sasser, and look out fur counterfit gold dollars. Sum nigger tort he done sumfin lass week when he yaller-washed a free cent piece, and pertended he put in a gold dollar.

LECTURE LXXXV.

LYING.

AUDACIOUS SCORPIANS—

I WISH to hab a wurd to say to you 'bout a mity bad habit dat am bery prebelent 'mong de wite folks, and I'ze radder afeerd dat sum ob de colored pepil hab kotched it frum dem by bein in close contack wid dem. De habit I 'lude to am de practice ob

LIEIN.

Sum folks am born liars, odders pick it up in dere youth, like a hungry chicken does corn—odders agin lie in de way ob bizness, when ennyting am to be made by it—odders lie to try to make dem 'pear big in de eyes ob men, and odders lie bekase dey kan't help it. Dere am sebril kinds ob lies—de wite lies used by clergymen, earthly saints, and ladies—black lies, round lies—and den dere's a kind wat Shakespeare calls damned lies. Sum folks tink dat de rounder dey kan lie de smarter dey am, but dey'll git smartered wors den mustard plaster on a weak back, when old belzebub gits dem.

Amature fishermen and gunners, indulge in de second class ob lies bery much. I neber node one yet dat dident cotch "de biggest fish you eber saw in your life, and more ob dem," in haff a day—and whoeber herd ob an amature sportsman dat dident kill from fibe to fifty on de wing at one shot? I neber did.

A man afflicted wid constitushunal licin wood as lief take

epicure 'nuff to make dem trow up a good dinner, as speek de truff. Deres noffin dat hurts dere feelins so much, and ef de truff slips out by axedent on enyting, dey am miserable all day.

De darkeys hab a great fashun ob liein 'bout porgies and eels—ef you meet one haff a block frum de market, you kan't tell no more what dey gub for dere fish, frum de stories dey tell, den a foolosefer kan tell which way de grain ob a brick-bat runs wid his eyes shut. Dem darkeys dat wish to 'pear rich, always pay an orful price, while dem fellers what want to git up a reputashun for bein cute and smart, always git them fur 'bout noffin.

I noe dat de wite populashun teach de kolored pepil to lie and steel, and dey get putty good pupils mind I tell you. I will gis narronate what I oberheard atwene two colored men todder mornin in Broadway, to show you how near de darkeys hab got to liein.

I wus saunterin along, tryin to make out what kind ob sole ledder de beef-steak was made ob, dat I had fur breakfast, when I spied a dandy darkey all dressed up like a tailor-shop window. He had on dem new kind ob trowsers wid railroads a runnin all ober dem—and *sich* a no-tailed coat and ruffle shirt, wite kids and as hansome a pair ob moustachers as eber a buck goat cood boast ob. I wus a takin his mesure in my hed, and seein him strut, like a turkey wid de rumatism, when I seed a common lookin darkey in a check shirt and trowsers, look at him, strike an attitude like de actor do when dere brudder cums home in de play, slap his hans togedder, and sing out—"No, it ain't! kan it be puzable—yes, it am," and he rushes up to de dandy feller, and grabbed his hand.

"Why, Simon, am dis you—when did you 'ribe?" sed he, shakin de wite kid all de time.

De dandy wus 'tonished and told him to be off, dat he dident noe a colored man in de United States—and den he went on to say dat he wus frum England, and had cum ober wid his wite wife to see de Crystal Palace show, and had only bin here free days.

"I nose you bin dare awaitin in a Lord's family," sed de kommon man, "but I node you afore you went to London. You went as cook 'bord de 'Sally Ann'—my name am Sam Hossneck, yours wus Simon Clumson afore you went away—what's your name now?"

"Well, I see you noe me," returned de odder. "How you bin, Sam? Dey call me at home Lord Fondling, arter de family I lib wid."

"Well," sed de check shirt, "how does you like de kountry, now you got back?"

"Oh, I don't like it at all. Dere ain't nofin heah like we hab at home—nofin on so big, nor on so grand a scale."

"Hab you seen what four thunderin big round harts you kan git now for a cent—what a quart ob clam-soup fur sixpence, and what smackin big glasses ob I scream fur free cents, enywhere 'bout de 'treets. Nofin on a grand scale, eh? Well, I like dat, putty much," interrupted Sam.

"Yes, ebery ting heah am cheap and nasty—nofin as defined. You all need polish. You ain't got no parks, nor no statuary worf menshuning, and den your sogers, I seed dem 4th ob July, and seed dere little foo-foo cannons. Oh, Sam, ef you want to see sogerin, you muss cum to London. Dey ain't got a cannon as little as de Yankees, in de hole free kingdoms."

"How big am London?" axed Sam.

"'Bout four hundred times bigger dan New York. And Sam, dey got a kannon dere dat Daddy Lambert cood crawl in, and turn round and cum out agin."

"Dat's a putty big gun," sed Sam, "but you ain't got no clams dar, nor no watermillions, no mushmillions, no oysters fit to feed pigs on, no hot-corn, nor none ob de odder luxuries, and besides, dere am a big gun at de Battery *now* twice as big as yours."—Sam's patriotism wus risin.

"How big is de kannon on de Battery?" axed de Dandy.

"Well, it is so mity big, dat it takes a yoke ob oxen to draw de ball in," sed Sam gis as ef he wus tellin de truff—but his friend seemed to dout it, and tinking to kotch Sam on de hip, asked him—

"Ef it takes a yoke ob oxen to draw de ball in, how does de oxen git out ob de gun agin, eh, Sam?"

"Oh, you want to noe how dey git out?" axed Sam, a little puzzled. "Well, I'll tell you—*dey go out at de touch hole.*"

"Well, Sam I gub in—cum and see me at No. — Elizabeth street," and so they seperated.

Now which wus de biggest lier? I'll tell you—boff.

My frens, it may be konsidered smart to lie, but I won't hab none ob it round me. De fus brudder or sister dat I kotch at it, I'll fine dem two shillins to pay for my 'backer bill at de seller, and I'll bet dat bill will be paid in less den tree days.

Brudder Truffnl Danty will please take up de kolleckshun in de old sasser dis ebenin.

LECTURE LXXXVI.

LABOR IN VAIN.

BELUBED FLOCK—

You am de sheeps and I am de sheperd, derefore dats settled. Bery well, ef so be dat I am de sheperd, wats de reson you poor poluted sinners, dat you won't do as I tell you? When I tell you to be good and charitable, and pint out de paff you muss all take, if you ever 'speck to be happy, you turn your ugly mugs up in my face, and tell me dat I arn't as good as I ort to be myseff, as if dat had ennyting to do wid you. You don't pay me fur actin good all de week. Provedence pays me fur dat. You pay me fur 'lighten your understandins, and holdin up de lite ob siance and human knowledge, and pintin out de paff and de way to happiness. Wat difference does it make to you, you ungrateful scamps, who holds de lite, so long as you am able to see de rite paff. But fur all I keep my arms stretched out, a showin you de rode till I is wearied and almost reddy to gub up de job, still none ob you will make de fust foot-print on de rode, but stop at de bery commencement, and won't open de gate till dey see what kind a feller it am dat hold up de lite, so you may find it easy. Dere am but de one rode. De Medodiffs will tell you its de dark narrow and crooked rode. De Prespeterians will tell you its de same—so will de Episcopaleons, de Baptists, de Dutch Reformed, and all de rest ob dem. Dere am no odder rode, but not one ob you will budge an inch. Dey all agree on de one rode, but dey aint sassagefied wid

de way de different denominations hold up ne lite. De Medodiffs ain't got confidence in de lite ob de Prespeterean, and de Prespeterean ain't got no confidence in de lite ob de rest, de rest ain't got no confidence in de odders, and so dey am at loger heds all de time, all 'round.

Now I tell you once fur all, you muss do as I tell you. Do as I say, not as I *do*, or I'll beat goodness into you wid a birch saplin.

I wus axed de odder day while standin on de "seller door," why I was not more piously inclined, and why I dident talk piety into you fellers. Well, de hint wus new, but I node I mout as well talk piety to you as to try to persuade a hog to turn from he swill. And I raly belebe dat a hungry hog wood turn as quick frum a well filled troff as a hardened sinner wood turn frum his sins, or an old toper from his rum. Howsumdeber, I 'cluded to try it, so I called 'pon old Anty Bensin, on de way home, and when got seated, wid de usual flourishes, I axed her dis—

"Anty," says I, "does you eber feel piously inclined?"

"Eh!" sed she.

I repeted de quesshun.

"Oh, yes," sed she, "speshely in time ob cherry pie—dems my favorite pies."

I tryed to 'splain de difference to her, but it was no use. I mout as well hab tryed to blowed de Latting Observatory ober wid a pair ob bellowses. And what more do you noe 'bout it den Anty Bensin? Why not a bit. You cum here, and you go to church, and all de while you am settin a studian ebbery ting else but religion. Ef dere am a new ribel at your hotel, den you waiters study how to git money out ob him. Am dere a fresh lode ob clams cum to de dock, den you clam merchants am studyin how you kan cheat de

oner out ob sixpence on de bushel. De wite trash am gis like you, dey go to church more to show dere fine close, and to study how dey kan make a big lick in de way ob trade fru de week, den to larn piety. But den, such am human natur, and it neber will be altered till Victora gits anudder baby, or old Cowshute comes agin.

Will Brudder Lee I. Cole pass de usual sasser round dis ebenin? Take nofin but city money, pennies and all.

LECTURE LXXXVII.

HYPOCRACY REBUKED.

PRODIGIOUS PROSALITES—

IN my epic lass week, I luded to de fac dat moss ob you cum here more fur de purpose ob showin off your good close den ob hearin de wurd ob your old and long suspected shepherd. In makin dem delushuns, I dident go fur to tread on nobody's corns in particular, but I ment it as a gineral ting to ply to eberybody, and to nobody, like sum sarmons I hab herd frum de pulpit. Derefore, I kan't see, fur de life ob me, how Long Cudjo cood take defence at my remarks, and ax me how I wanted folks to set at my lectures, and how I wanted them to dress, &c., which he did lass lectur nite, on my way home to my wartus bed. He dident say it in a humble way, as ef he wished to noe, but he sed it in a sourcastic manner, as ef what I had sed in de rostrum had cut his corns to de quick, and laid heavy on he constitushun, or stomjack, I don't noe which. Dere may be odders here like Cudjo, who felt a radder close shabe, and

derefore I will tell you what I want, and what I don't want. In de fuss place, I don't want no hipocrits 'mong you, no how. What's dat Sister Filander Meeker axes! "Am hipocrits ennyting to do wid de Hippodrome?" Ob corse not; Sister, I blush as much as I can at your ignumrance. *You* muss hab been edicated afore de free skools war in existence, like myseff. I will 'splain. Hipockracy and niggarism am de one and de same ting. Its deceit, cut up into two words fur de use ob spelin books.

I don't want you to cum here wid a face on you as long as a tar barrel, wid your eyes cast doun like a feller in debt fur his bord—and when you cum in, I don't want you take your seats as ef you whar a hen a gwine to set on eggs, and den git your hands dufftailed in one anudder, and set your thumbs agoin, one ober de odder, like an agitated water wheel, and den pretend to be too good fur dis world, and seem to be only a waitin to go off to de nex as soon as de angel Gabrell am reddy fur you. Dats de way sum ob you black scorpians try to humbug me into de belief dat you hab 'proached sainthood. I hate all dis! When you cum here I want you cum in clean close. I don't car how poor your close am, as long as dey am clean. Dere am an excuse fur poverty, but none fur dirt. Blessed be de Croton! And when you cum, bring wid you a smilin face, and as much small change as is conwenient. Cum in as ef you war glad to git whar de wurds ob truff am spoken, and not sneeke in as ef you war doin penence fur sum great sin kommitted. Set doun in your seats as ef you had a rite to dem. Open your ears and mouff, and swaller all you hear. Den you will go away full ob nolege, lighter ob heart, and pocket, ef you ain't too stingy to chip nofin in de time honored sassar. Sum pepil tink dat as long as dey go to church twice on a Sunday, and twice a Sunday nite, dat dey am on

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him, and when we left de krockerdile we journed to a soger water shop for dat purpose. I told him dat I didn't drink nuffin but soger water, and when it was poured out, he sed I had better take "a stick" in it for my stomjack sake, so I told him to put it in, and he did, and de fust ting I node I didn't noe nuffin, and de nex ting I node, I found myself home in bed at Anty Clawson's, wid de doctor on one side and a tin pan on de odder. I took an emetick and it woodn't stay on my stomjack, I was so bad. I am told dat I was found on a sellar door fass asleep, and was carried home widout my hat, which was stolen from my wenerable hed, on a wheelbarrer.

Now I noe how prone womankind and mankind am to gossib and slanderize, and I speck de fust ting I heah will be dat I was drunk and dat I went on a spree, but de fust one in dis congregashun dat sez it, I'll find dem two dollars and take der cote till its paid, and den I'll read him or her out ob dis community. It am yet to be shone wedder odder folks can't be Goughed as well as John B., derefore I warn you all not to luff your tongnes run 'bout me. I'm determined to scrutinize my character at all hazzards, and I'll stick to myself like warm tar to a darkey's head. I don't feel in good trim to-night; my hed am as holler ob ideas as a dried bass drum, but nex week, if I hab helf you may look out for a lecture dat will be remembered.

Will brudder Eshmal Jacobs pass round de sasser, and as I got nuffin lass week I spect a fuss rate kollecksbun dis time.

LECTURE LXXXIX.

ON SHAKSPEARE.

LAMBIYOUS SATILITES—

As I hab chowsin to become pussonal in my lecturs ob late to you, and as I see by de contents ob de sasser, de only rule I hab ob judgin in such matters, dat you like 'em radder muchly, I shall continue to 'lucidate 'pon folks in partickelyer, raddar den tings in general.

De gemman whose karracter I shall lug up dis ebenin, wus once berry popelar, and rote a good menny plays and tings, and sed some ob de bess texts in de catalog. I 'tend to dewide wid you de nolege I hab ob

DE POS'LE SHAKESPERE,

a gemman dat, gis as like as not, you hab he'd spoken ob afore.

Mr. Shakespere wus a hostler by trade, but gub it up in he youf to foller de actors. He was a fuss-rate school-boy, and always wore an imperial and tite buttoned jacket. His life wus one long contest fur bread and butter, gis de same as your humbly serbent's, me, myseff. He was born at "Stratford 'pon an oven," so I heard a man once say, and dat 'counts for his habin sich a *hard* time ob it fru life. It am sed dat he wus born ob poor *but honest* parents, as if all poor parents wus not honest. Howeber, dats got noffin to do wid me.

I sumtimes tink Massa Shakespere wus a cullerd man, kase in one ob he books he says to heseff, "Happy fur me

I am black"—and again he says sumfin looks as black to him as he own face. I don't sert it, howeber, as a fack, to be laid doun fur futur proceeding.

Shakespere went fru a great deal. He has been oftener murdered and susansided den enny odder man libin. He was fust killed in de battle ob Bozesfields, when he wus a humped backed tirent, and offered a whole kingdom fur a hoss. Horses war scarce den and no mistake. De nex time he died, he run heseff fru de body wid he own sword in de tent, wid Mark Antony, or sum ob dem fellers. Den he cum to life agin and married a berry nice young woman, a darter ob an old codger in de toun ob Wenis, nie de mountain dat am all de time sick at its stomjack, and constantly throwin' up.

Well, he got jellis ob he wife wid one Mike Cashio, a buck ob de times, and arter kickin up a fuss ginerly, and murderin Mrs. Othello in her bed, he killed heseff, gis as he took a sarcumcised dog by de tale, and smoked him dus wid a cheese nife, but it didn't make a dif a bitterance to him how menny times he'm killed—not it. He was quainted wid a lot ob witches dat lib in de mountains ob Scotland, and I speck dey used to fotch him to life gis as ofin as dey pleesed. Well, arter he kicked up sich a muss in Wenis, he went to Skotland, and turned soger man, and jined a Scotch company wid de bagpipes fur a band. Well, here he done up sebril fitins, and married a tarter by de name ob Mrs. Macbeff, which made dem call *him* Macbeff. She took it into her head to be a Queen, and made her husband kill off old Dunkin, who cum to Mrs. Macbeff's login house. Here poor Shakespere was in anudder muss, and notwidstandin de witches sed he coodn't be killed agin by nobody born ob a woman, and as all men are born ob womins in general, Mr. Shakespere Macbeff tort he'd hab a good time a libin out he days; but a

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plank, an in I walked as proud as de hen at de head ob her brood ob one chicken. When I got in dar, I was astonished and putrefied at de sights I seed. On one side was a row ob Wenis ob Medicens, and on de odder, a row ob Apollo Belwedero in a state ob nakedness dat I tink shood be acted on by de Moral Deformed Society. Fig lebes must hab bin mity scarce in de country whar dese tings war made. It struck me as bein curious dat no colored woman, man or child was in de exhibition, and I don't know de reason why, kase I'll turn dem out agin de world on shape. It was quare to me, too, dat de sogerin police wood pass dese naked statues and wink at de immodesty ob de ting, and I'll bet de post office against de Astor house, dat if dese same sogerin police was to see me or you in de same state ob inosence in de street, no matter how beautiful a nastytude we might assume, dey wood take us afore old Matsol, and we git tree monffs at hard labor. Dey got a good menny beastly statues dere—deres one whar a great big nasty snake hab tackted a lion wid his wife and children, and he's makin sassage meat ob dem at a wonderful rate. Dere am annudder ob a young woman dat was a gwane to market almost naked on a hoss, to sell eggs, when a big devourin lion, called a Amezon, jumped 'pon he hosse's neck and am in de act ob killin de hoss, while de young wowan am a killin de lion wid a spear she shakes ober his head, derefore de statute desemble Shakspeare.

I can't tell you much 'bout what I seed in dere to-nite, sacrifise it to say, dat arter seein all I cood, I leff, and was a comin home to come here and lecture, when I seed a sine dat a krockerdile was to be seen, and as I was still firstin for nolage, I went in to see it. Wile dar a wite man scraped my acquaintance, and was mity friendly. He sed he had heard ob me so offin, dat he wanted me to take a drink wid

him, and when we left de krockerdile we journed to a soger water shop for dat purpose. I told him dat I didn't drink nuffin but soger water, and when it was poured out, he sed I had better take "a stick" in it for my stomjack sake, so I told him to put it in, and he did, and de fust ting I node I didn't noe nuffin, and de nex ting I node, I found myself home in bed at Anty Clawson's, wid de doctor on one side and a tin pan on de odder. I took an emetick and it woodn't stay on my stomjack, I was so bad. I am told dat I was found on a sellar door fass asleep, and was carried home widout my hat, which was stolen from my wenerable hed, on a wheelbarrer.

Now I noe how prone womankind and mankind am to gossib and slanderize, and I speck de fust ting I heah will be dat I was drunk and dat I went on a spree, but de fust one in dis congregashun dat sez it, I'll find dem two dollars and take der cote till its paid, and den I'll read him or her out ob dis community. It am yet to be shone wedder odder folks can't be Goughed as well as John B., derefore I warn you all not to luff your tongues run 'bout me. I'm determined to scrutinize my character at all hazzards, and I'll stick to myself like warm tar to a darkey's head. I don't feel in good trim to-night; my hed am as holler ob ideas as a dried bass drum, but nex week, if I hab helf you may look out for a lecture dat will be remembered.

Will brudder Eshmal Jacobs pass round de sasser, and as I got nuffin lass week I spect a fuss rate kollecksbun dis time.

LECTURE LXXXIX.

ON SHAKSPEARE.

LAMBIYOUS SATILITES—

As I hab chowsin to become pussonal in my lecturs ob late to you, and as I see by de contents ob de sasser, de only rule I hab ob judgin in such matters, dat you like 'em radder muchly, I shall continue to 'lucidate 'pon folks in partickelyer, raddar den tings in general.

De gemman whose karracter I shall lug up dis ebenin, wus once berry popelar, and rote a good menny plays and tings, and sed some ob de bess texts in de catalog. I 'tend to dewide wid you de nolege I hab ob

DE POS'LE SHAKESPERE,

a gemman dat, gis as like as not, you hab he'd spoken ob afore.

Mr. Shakespere wus a hostler by trade, but gub it up in he youf to foller de actors. He was a fuss-rate school-boy, and always wore an imperial and tite buttoned jacket. His life wus one long contest fur bread and butter, gis de same as your humbly serbent's, me, myseff. He was born at "Stratford 'pon an oven," so I heard a'man once say, and dat 'counts for his habin sich a *hard* time ob it fru life. It am sed dat he wus born ob poor *but honest* parents, as if all poor parents wus not honest. Howeber, dats got noffin to do wid me.

I sumtimes tink Massa Shakespere wus a cullerd man, kase in one ob he books he says to heseff, "Happy fur me

I am black"—and again he says sumfin looks as black to him as he own face. I don't sert it, howeber, as a fack, to be laid doun fur futur proceeding.

Shakespere went fru a great deal. He has been oftener murdered and susansided den enny odder man libin. He was fust killed in de battle ob Bozesfields, when he wus a humped backed tirent, and offered a whole kingdom fur a hoss. Horses war scarce den and no mistake. De nex time he died, he run heseff fru de body wid he own sword in de tent, wid Mark Antony, or sum ob dem fellers. Den he cum to life agin and married a berry nice young woman, a darter ob an old codger in de toun ob Wenis, nie de mountain dat am all de time sick at its stomjack, and constantly throwin' up.

Well, he got jellis ob he wife wid one Mike Cashio, a buck ob de times, and arter kickin up a fuss ginerly, and murderin Mrs. Othello in her bed, he killed heseff, gis as he took a sarcumcised dog by de tale, and smoked him dus wid a cheese nife, but it didn't make a dif a bitterance to him how menny times he'm killed—not it. He was quainted wid a lot ob witches dat lib in de mountains ob Scotland, and I speck dey used to fotch him to life gis as ofin as dey pleesed. Well, arter he kicked up sich a muss in Wenis, he went to Skotland, and turned soger man, and jined a Scotch company wid de bagpipes fur a band. Well, here he done up sebril fitins, and married a tarter by de name ob Mrs. Macbeff, which made dem call *him* Macbeff. She took it into her head to be a Queen, and made her husband kill off old Dunkin, who cum to Mrs. Macbeff's login house. Here poor Shakespere was in anudder muss, and notwidstandin de witches sed he coodn't be killed agin by nobody born ob a woman, and as all men are born ob womins in general, Mr. Shakespere Macbeff tort he'd hab a good time a libin out he days; but a

young feller named Mike Duff fixed his bizness for him, and he wus killed agin. Den he went in black fur heseff dat time, and went ober to anudder country, and passed himseff off on a young lady (named Ollfeelyer) as Gimblet, de Prince ob Dunkirk. Here de witches sent de ghost ob old Shakespere, de fadder ob de Pos'le Sam, who 'peared to him in de nite time in steel soger cloze, and when he seen he son, he trowed he beaver hat up fur joy. Dis suckumstance set de young man crazy, and he killed old Pompylonius, he fadder-in-law dat wus to be. Dis upset de hed-geer ob de young woman, and she went crazy too, and drowned herseff in de canal. Her big brudder, Mr. Leartus, or Lazarus (I can't remember names bery well wid dis cold I got in my hed,) and he had a regler fite, and stuck he gizzard wid a pison sword. Den he died agin—and one would suppose he'd seen 'nuff ob dis world ob bubbles. But no! de nex ting you find him as "King Lear," an old reprobate, full ob bligard talk and foolosofy. He, howeber, by dis time, hab got putty old and moss worn out. His children all cut frum him, septin one, and she humbugd him too a little—but altogether, dey set him crazy agin, and he goes out in de woods in de equinoxtail storm, and dies agin.

In readin his history, I was in hopes dat dis wus an end ob him, but it was not so. He agin revisits de arf wid a seemin detarminashun to see a little fun, as he had done bloody deeds 'nuff. So de witches fatten him up, and name him, dis time, Falstaff, and de fuss ting he did wus to go arter de wimin. He went doun to a little place called "Winsor," and mixed in wid some odder men's wives, who dumped him into de riber out ob a cloze basket. Dis gub him a cold in he institushun, and he cotched de edderwednesday in histroat. When he cum out ob dat he jined Prince Hall's army, and was cut to pieces at de battle ob Bunker's

Hill, in de year 1976, since which time it is sposed he hab bin sassagefied to lay still in he grabe. Dere hab bin a good menny fellers since his time who hab tried to palm demseff off fur de veritable Shakespere, but dere efforts hab neber succeeded. His mantel wus too big intirely fur enny ob dese latter gineration fellers to ware. It obercum dem too much, and I tell *you*, my frens, notwithstandin what 'straordinary talents may be claimed by parents fur der children, dere neber was but *one* Shakespere dat eber lived, and I don't belebe he'll condescend to lib agin, no how.

Dere now, you noe all 'bout de Pos'le Samuel Shakespere. I found out what I hab told you by hard study only. I had to read Shakespere moss all fru to get de tred ob he history, which I unravel to you.

No applause if you please, de nabors complain ob it.

Will Brudder Cornelus Maffews pleese pass 'round de time honored sasser.

LECTURE XC.

POLITICIANS.

BLUBBED BRUDDERS :

IT am not my plan at present to 'scuss de warious kinds of politicians in 'ticular, but only in gineril. I'se not gwine to examine dere shells—wedder dey be hard or soft—I leaves dat to Anty Clawson, whose bizness it am to nee all 'bout shellfish, and derefore may be said to be fishally connected wid de subjic.

What I want to interduce to 'lighten your dark understandins, am de polly-tishuns in de lump. I don't mean dat I want to interduce dem to you pusonally ; no 'mount ob bad pennies in de sasser would make me do dat. An' you may be glad 'nuff dat you're black in de face—for dat's all dat perwents you from fallin' inter de hans ob dese fellers. An' I want you to take kere an' not let me ketch you practisin' speeches by yoursefs, to 'stonish your mates an' make believe you'se bad as de wite man. It's only a wite man kin do politicks, an' I hopes dey will allers keep up de 'stinction 'tween dem an' de 'stinguished scions ob Africa.

A polly-tishun has no opinions ob his own ; he am like a straw ; hold him up, an' he'll pint wich ebber way de wind ob poplar 'pinion blows him. Ef a platform breaks down, it don't hurt him, for he am like a cat dat allers lites on its feet ; an' he runs rite up on anudder wun, an' hoorays as ef he allers belong dar. 'Tween 'lecshun times he is quiet 'nuff, like an ole coon asleep in de top ob a holler tree, libin'

on his fat ; but wen 'lecshun kums, he gits lively like frogs in spring. Den he gits a bank note changed into sixpences, purpus to spend for treats wid ebbery body. He wares an ole hat, to look like a wurkin' man, an' he puts patches on his nees. He makes his arms sore, shakin' hands wid ebbery body, an' 'tends to be 'tickler anxious 'bout de helf ob your wife and children. He is as sly as a possum ; see him wid a 'ligious man, an' he'll look an' talk like a minister in a camp meetin' ; meet him haf an 'our after talkin' to sum wild feller, an' you'll hear wurds dat, ef dey aint swearin', soun' wery much like cussin'.

His nateral home am de top ob a stump, an' he keeps to it so long sumtimes, dat he looks as ef he growd dar—an no dout it wood be a good ting ef he did. But he hates to git off it, kase when he cums doun, he's no bigger den odder pepil, an' not a bit better nedher. On it he gits as noisy as a wind-mill, and he's driv by de same power—wind. Wen he tauks an' rites he allers picks de longest words out ob de dickshunary, to kiver up his idees like wid a blanket ; an' it 'peers as dough he was at panes to tuck de words in, under an' all 'round his thoughts, so dat no wun can see 'em, ef he's got enny, wich menny pepil dout—an' wid good reason. Or if ever he let's any idee 'pear, it's allers in sich a dress dat it may be 'splained to mean jist the contrary ting.

'Bout religion he never sez much, 'ceptin' dat men should be liberal in dere 'pinions, which he is hessef, for he goes to ebbery church in his naborhood regular, and belebes in 'em all alike.

Wen lecshun's ober, he grows smarter in his 'pearance, don't ware ole hats enny more, an' puts on hole trowserloons. He berry offen gits uncommon short-sited after dis ewent, an' can't see de frens dat wus most useful in gittin' him office. To be sure, dey deserve it, for 'sociatin wid polly-

tishuns, an' I don't pity 'em ef dey is forgot. Sumtimes he can't eben 'member de promises he made 'fore 'lecshun, an' ef he do, why "circumstances makes it impossible to kumply."

De polly-tishun am as spry as de cat, as kunnin' as de fox, as sly as de possum, an' as wexious as de skunk. Ef enny ob dis kongregashun tries to be a polly-tishun, I'll fotch him up 'fore de hole kongregashun, and 'blige him to 'fess de error ob his ways.

Will Brudder Squash please to circulate de sasser?

LECTURE XCI.

WOMAN.

SHEEPS OB MY PASTORE—

HERE I is agin! feelin dis time 'bout as strong as a pipe stem in a gale ob wind, but no matter how strong or week I is, I is here to do my duty, as Capt. Creighton sed to de poor fellers 'bord de San Francisco. I is almoss ashamed to kommence lecturin dis ebenin, fur I hab got sich a skitish subjeck to handel dis time, and (bein single mysef), noein so little 'bout dem, dat I is afeered I shall put my foot squar into it, afore I is fru. Neber-de-less, as I hab receibed an inquest from sum ole batchelor, as I 'speck, to lecture on de fair sex, I will say sumfin to you consarnin de

FEMALE WOMAN.

In handlin dis subjick, I got to be mity nice and

carful, or else I is sure to hab de hole race ob kalico doun on me like a hat full ob sweet potaters—kase ef dar am enny animile dat hates to be told de truf more den anudder, it am dis same female woman—and de reson fur dat am omnibus 'nuf, frum de fack dat dey am so flattered and lied to by de hemale race, dat dey kan't bare to heer de truf no more den a slidin pond will bare a bullefent.

De almanack sez—and who nose more den de almanack? (sept an Alderman, maybe) dat in de time ob creashun, de woman was made lass. I kan see de wisdom ob natur in dis, kase ef she had bin made fuss, she'd a kicked up such a muss wid de rest ob de kritters, dat tings woodent a went as smooff as dey did.

Arter all de odder beasts was done, and dere skins dried, den man wus made to rule ober dem, and den woman wus made to rule ober de man, and frum dat day to dis, she has done it to perfection, and fulfilled her mission to de letter. True, dey don't all take de same mefod to rule—sum *ledes* him wid a silken string, like the showman leads de bullefent wid a little cord, and odders dribe wid a rod ob iron.

Natur when he made *man*, tort he had done sumfin grand, but when he formed all de little fancy bits ob clay, and turnd out a woman in all her lubliness, he seed plainly dat he'd toped de climax ob beauty. When I lean back in my char at twilight, and haff shut my eyes, and corntemplate what woman wus afore de old sarpint tempted her in de Garden ob Eben, I git lost in develtre and go to sleep.

It wus a happy tort to make Mr. Adams a wife, fur he'd a found dis a dead, bleak, awful world widout her, notwidstandin she got him kicked out ob Paremdice.

Eber sence dat old sarpint tempted de woman, she hab had de debil in her to a more or less extent, and what makes it wuss fur us poor he-fellers, am de fack dat dey am all

made so beauful, dat you kan't no more tell which am de debils and which de angels 'mong dem by gis lookin at 'em, no more den you kan tell a rotten nut till it am cracked. It hab bin sed by able foolosefers, dat a bad woman am de worst ting on arf. I gess dem fellers neber got a rotten persimon in dar mouff wid no water handy.

Sum married man say dat de woman am wuss den de debil when dey am a mind to be. Dey say dat she noes too much, dat she noes 'zackly when to make de bed wid thorns or fedders, when cold mutton and cold coughfee am to be sarbed up, and when no dinner at all, am best für de comfort and happiness ob de husband. One feller ses he can make his wife do gis as *she's* a mind to at enny time. Anudder ses, as long as he kan bring home lots ob cash, and gub his wife plenty ob spendin money, its all rite, but on de kontrary it am quite de reworse. Now I don't pertend to say nuffin 'bout dese tings on my own hook, derefore I isn't 'sponsible, but dey may rail aginst woman as much as dey like, dey kan't set me up aginst dem. I hab always fru life found dem to be de fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, de fust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust bess and lass in de sick room. What wood we poor debils do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly and as helpless as we plese, a woman's arms am open to recebe us. She it am who gubs us our fuss dose ob castor oil, and puts cloze 'pon our helplessly naked lims, and cubbers up our foots and toeses in long flannel petticoats, and it am she who, as we grow up, fills our dinner basket wid doenuts and apples as we start to skool, and licks us when we tare our trowsers. It am she who in our manhood makes de moon brighter and bigger, and de stars to twinkle in de ferminence wid de splendid glory (for take woman out ob de world, and night would lose de moss ob its beauty). It am *she* who robs

trouble ob haff its sting, when de trouble ain't 'bout anudder woman. It am she who teaches us wortue and goodness fru life, providin she ain't bankrupt in boff ob dem hersef. It am she who makes de sweetmeets and homemade kakes. It am she who watches in de sick room, and gubs you de calomal and jollop, and rubug and curren jelly—and it am she who sticks to you in de lass hour ob life, and consoles de troubled spirit as long as it clings to dis mortal body. Who kan help lubin *women*? I can't, and I don't car who nose it—wid all her faultshoods, I lub her, and I won't heah no body spoke agin de sex no how. Ef I'd a bin Adam, and Ebe had bin sent to me, dare needent a bin no snake tempted her, fur de debil wood hab bin in me as big as a cowcumber, and I'd a tempted her mysef, and ef enny ob you will go to de Crystal Palace and see Mudder Ebe a standing dere, as Mr. Powers ses she was, I don't tink you kan blame me fur ownin up.

While Brudder Elemuel Ceasar Chaff passes round de sasser, de kongregashun will pleese sing to de tune ob de useal ducksholiday, de perspirin words ob de posel Goldsmif—

> "When lubly woman stoops to folly,
> And finds too late dat man betray:
> She might as well be gay and jolly,
> As to kick up a fuss about it."

LECTURE XCII.

ABOUT THE OLD ENEMY.

BLUBD BRUDDREN AND SISTERN :

WHAT *ile* am to de steam bulgine, *sciance* am to de human intelleck. It keeps it from rustin. Ef it wasn't fur ile de machinery wood become damp and rusty, and ef it wasent fur sciance, de mechenery ob de tinkin apperatus ob man wood be in de same sitewashun, kase water kannot produce wus kloddings to de axel-trees ob de steamboat, den ignumrence can do to de axel-trees ob de brane. Derefore, I dewise you all to keep your brane pan as dry ob ignumrence as possible, and make free use ob de ile ob sciance. You can apply it wid de fedder ob useful nolege, and den see how easy it will be to confound de moss brilliant ideas ob de men dat hab passed before you, and dose dat hab passed behind you. Habin settled dis pint, as de hungry boarder sed on swallerin de coughfie, I will draw your 'tenshun (and I suppose dats 'bout all I will draw frum you to-nite), to de great subjick fur 'siderashun dis ebenin.

Sum ob you dat am easily scart, may be frightened when dey cum to see de animal dat I purpose to introcumduce to you. But I don't car. It am necessary dat you shood be 'lighted on all subjicks. I had tackled all kinds ob animals fur your intertainment and nolege, and now you will see what an awful feller I tackled for your sakes dis time.

De feller I introcumduce to you on dis 'portant caishun, am an old friend ob yours. De reson I tink you all know him, am bekase I hab herd almost ebery one ob you men-

shun his name in connecktion wid almost eberything you talk 'bout. I may as well tell you, widout keepin you in suspenders enny longer, dat I 'tend to lecture dis ebenin on de chap none to eberybody, as

DE DEBIL.

Don't be scart, my frens, I am not gwane to bring him here in his "proper personage," as we say in Latin. He won't be here no more to-nite, den he always has bin. I hab offen herd folks say dey ment to raise de debil, but dere am no record ob de fack being done, 'cept de record found in de komic almanick, whar dat good old man, Loronzo Dow, raised him in de Western country out ob a barrel ob cotton. Wedder dat story am true or not, rests wid the konshence ob de almanick.

De debil am an old customer, I tell you. We fust heah ob him in de shape ob a snake in de garden ob Eden (whar, as I told you a week or two ago, he played de debil wid mudder Ebe), and frum dat time to de present, he hab taken up he abode all ober creashun. Sumtimes he am found in de hart ob de miser—sumtimes on de lips ob de clergy, and he makes a perfect randavious ob de loafers mouth, fur he am always in it.

He am none by seberel odder names besides his right one. I don't noe ob any one in de whole range ob my 'quaintances, who hab so menny recognized "knick" names as he. He am called Old Knick, Satan, Belzebub, Old Harry, Old Scratch, Jimmy Squarfoot, Old Horns and Tail, Old Fellow, Old Brimstone, and fifty oder names too well known to menshun.

Dere am no use for me to 'tempt to describe dis feller to you, kase dere am nobody dat nose nofin 'bout him, and all my resarches outside ob de pictur book hab bin in wain.

De pictur books paints him wid horns, foots, and tail, like an ox—wid a face like an owl, and a body like a man. But folks, generly, don't seem to 'bleve dat am his dogertype likeness, or else dere words belie dem most consumtively. De fack am, no two pepil dat I hab met during my studies on the subjick, seem to tink he am alike. For instinc, how often you hear sich remarks as dese on de Rialto. One man will say to annuder, "Good mornin, it am devlish cold to-day." Yes, ses de odder feller, but it wus as hot as de debil yesterday, and upon my word, sich warm wedder ab brought de flesh off ob me, 'till I am devlish thin." "Well," sez de fust spokesman, "hot wedder acks different wid me. I always get deblish stout in de summer time."

Dere, you see one man hab de idea ob de debil bein cold and stout, while de odder tink he am hot and slim. See de infrence! Den again you will heah men say dat sumbody wus as mad as de debil 'bout sumfin—and de nex minit you will heah de remark dat sumbody wus devlish civil. So I might go on and state dese contradictory notions all nite, widout making de fac more crystalised.

De wite trash paint de debil black, but in de Africa dey paint him wite—dere you see de infrences again—an' which am right. Eben Foolosefer Greely kan't deside wid enny satisfackshun to de kommunity—but ob corse he'd go his deff on black. Nobody eber seen dis debil, aldo he hab bin on arf from the fust morning de world was made, and dere nebber hab bin enny 'counts ob he deff, eder by telegraph or newspapers, up to seven o'clock to-nite, kase I've bin watchin fur de news all de week sence I 'cluded to lecture 'pon his lowness.

Ef dere am one fellow hated more den unudder, it am de scoundrel mentioned in de tex. He am nebber menshuned in what am termd good society, but he am as big as a

wood-chuck in dere midst all de time. Sum folks go so far as to 'spress dere dislike to him in poetry, by requesting eberybody

> "To whip de debil round de stump,
> Ebery crack will make him jump."

I hab no doubt, judgin frum his moral character, dat he richly deserbes tarin and feddrin, besides bein licked, like—like—de debil. He must be a dredful bad feller, and his influence muss be severely felt in dis country, when it costs ober a hundred millions a yeer to support churches and preecher mans to fight wid him, and keep down his power. Dere am no noein whar he cum frum zackly. One poor old blind gemmon, by de name ob Milton, wrote a beauful piece ob poetry, describing his dounfall, but all his theory am nocked flatter den Tom Hyer nocked Sullivan; when we refleck dat he wus wid Adam and Ebe, in de garden ob Paradise; sence which time sum say he hab taken up he abode in Wall street.

In 'clushun, 6thly, I will cut de subjick short. I don't meen curtailin de beast, but de lectur 'pon him. De fack is, I don't like to be too familliar wid him on no account—fur I, wid de rest ob mankind, hab ebery reson to be afeered ob him, fur ef he once claps his harpoon in you, you am a goner.

Sum say dere am no debil—dat's a lie, my frens, fur ef he wus out ob de way, dere wood be no murder, no more lawsuits, no more rum drinked, and consequently no more prisons. Dere *am* a debil, and he is alibe, and he am arter ebery one ob you, and he will take eben bets dat he will hab you.

He am always playin round your konshences, and ef you don't look out, he will slip into your heart, and make it a hard shell afore you know it. He am capable ob coming to you in enny shape, or in enny form he choose, and dats de

reson one pusson tinks him so different frum de odder. Dats de reson he am *hot* to one, and *cold* to de odder. Oh, you poor deluded sinners, I dewise you to be on de alert, as de 'lecshun bills say, and keep your eye skinned fur future futurity. Try to go tru de world like a man—be kind and charitable to all—stick to your friends—be honest, and always speak de truf, and de debbil will not bodder you much—he don't like sich company—and he generly gubs sich lolks a wide birf. You will, ob corse, find it hard to ward off his berry 'fectionate influence, but stick to de determination to kick him off, and you will finally reach de odder side ob Jordan, de only place where he am none not to exist.

Wid dese reflecshuns, I drop de subject like de monkey dropped de hot potato. I cood paint out de horrible hole where he libs, tell you de natural smell ob de place, de color ob de flames, and de state ob de fremometer, but I won't. I lebe dat fur de preechermans, meny ob whom do nofin else —and frum sum ob dere descripshuns, you wood tink dey gis cum frum de place itself.

Will Brudder Napoleon Sampson Augustus Puttyhed pleese pass 'round de sasser, and look out fur tin shillings and free cent pieces—neder ob which I take.

LECTURE XCIII.

THE LOBSTER.

My Deah Woolly Heds—

You will find de tex I hab chosen fur lucidation dis ebenin, in de bottom ob de sea, close under de rocks, but as sum ob you, speshly de fair sex, mout object to go dere to look fur it, I will tell you where you can see a dogsearatype likeness ob him, which may answer de purpose ob dose folks dat am not so 'quisitif as odders You will find him in sum ob de spellin books, rite along side de letter L, and agin in Massa Goldsmith's book 'bout de animiles. De tex 'luded to, am often seen at de markets also, and am one ob de moss familiar subjicks dat I cood fotch up frum de deep waters ob oblivion, to spread afore your darkened intellecks. De feller I shall dissect to-nite, am called in de English tongue,

DE LOBSTER.

I 'spose you wood all radder *hab* him den heer tell ob him, but dats gis like de darkey, and a good menny wite folks, too. Dey kan't heer ob nofin good widout wantin it. Dere am more selfishness in de world den menny pepil am apt to suppose.

De lobster, my frens, am one ob de moss curious interestin fellers dat runs in de mud. He ain't half so beautiful as de rinosinhos, nor as lively as a flea. I tink, howeber, he am ob de flea species, or de flea am ob de lobster species, gis which you like. Dey am boff some on a nip, gis

like de sportin man. He libs in a shell, like de clam, but am no more relashun to de clam family, den I am to Samuel Shakspere.

When de world wus made, dere wus a good menny tings created dat wood tax de wisdom ob de author ob de bess foolosofers dat ebber libed. Adam was consulted by letter about it, but found no use to put him to, and he sent word dat all critters dat coodent be used muss be devoured, and mankind hab bin hard at de lobster eber sence—but de more dey eat de more seems to turn up.

It hab always bin a mystery to me, and I may say to odder lightened foolosofers ob de day, to make out what de lobster wus fust intended fur, afore it wus decreed dat he wus to be eat up. It mite hab bin a wrong decree, but de poor ting had no way ob defendin its cause. He coodent call a conwention to proteck his rites, like de wommin ob de present day. He coodent mount de rostrum and speechify —folks wood only laff at him—derefore his desendents do all dey kan to show dar disgust fur de imposition flicted 'pon dem, fur dey am never put into de pot dat dey don't blush all ober wid de heat ob resentment.

When human nature made him in de fust place, I belebe dat it wus a speriment gis to see how ugly a ting cood be created, and how odd a customer cood be made to lib. I hab often tort dat it wus fust intended to make him a cupple ob legs, and place dem in de middle ob de body, so he cood walk upright, like de dandies and de owl, but dis speriment was 'bandoned when it wus taken into 'siderashun dat nobody cood make glubs to fit his claws, kase you see ef he had bin made wid legs, his claws wood ob corse be his hands. Ef he had bin made to walk uprite, he wood hab made a good companion, or perhaps a kind ob waiter to de old debbil heseff, and a pretty pair dey wood hab made fur a small

party. Howeber, legs wus found not to answer, fur de moment it wus tried, he kommenced boxin wid a monkey, and so to git him out ob sight, he wus thrown oberboard into de sea, and dar he lib in fine style eber sence. His creashun wus a grand speriment in menny ways, fur he am de only animile dat libs, dat combine de two sex, hemale and shemale, in one, and Nateral History sez dat "dis fac alone makes dem de moss wonderful ob all creashun, and wordy ob de study ob de scientific, and ob corse dat means me."

I cood go on splainin singelar tings 'bout dis double-jinted feller all nite, but it wood be no use; all you care about him, am to stuff your bred baskets wid him, and while you are tarin his insides out, you no more car how dey got dar, den I car who's de nex Presemdent. You got no more soul fur siance, den a goose has fur music. Dere am one or two tings connected wid him besides his tale, dat may howeber strike you on de nolege box, as bein bery queer. One ob dese am de fac dat it am as much trouble fur him to git a new cote upon his back, as it is fur one ob us fellers, and he is compelled by de force ob sarcumstances and de grofth ob his body, to change his jacket ebery year, gis like de skool boy. De great difference, howeber, am dat gettin a new jacket always makes de lobster sick abed fur a few days, so he hab to be doctored, and de same operashun in de corse ob de skool-boy's life, make a holiday fur him.

De lobster is a kute feller. He ginerly hides heseff away doun on de bottom ob de sea, behind a rock, or in a bunch ob coral, or sea-weed, and dere he sticks fur hours on de lay fur wictims, gis like de gamblers ob de city. When a little fish comes along fishin fur bugs, he will find, to his utter 'stonishment, a big claw cum doun on him like a slege hammer, and afore he recubbers frum he fright, he am in de jaws ob deff and de lobster.

You see he steals fur a libbin, and fights like a mad woman when he gets kotched at it. Take him alltogedder, claws and all, and you will find him a *hard case*—let him git a chance, and de *impression* he will make upon you, will sassagefy you ob dat fac. You mite better play wid a steel trap den 'tempt to make a pet ob one ob dem, ef he's no bigger den a piece ob red putty.

Dere; you noe all about de lobster now, and speck you feel greatfool fur it. I tort it wood be a subject dat wood meet your *tastes*, and I felt sure you wood greedily devour it. Ef enny ob you feel as ef you wood like to see furder into de subjick, gis bring him to me wid a little sweet oil, ki-an pepper, mustard, winegar, and such tings, and I'll show you how wonderful we are made, in less den no time.

As I see a good menny *ducks* here to-nite, we'll konclude by singin de useal ducks holiday, or ducksolegers, I don't car which, kommencin wid—

Lobsters, great and small,
We fondly lub you all;
Bile dem nicely in de pot,
And bring dem out pipin hot.

You can sing it to long metre, short metre, or meet her by moonlite alone.

Will Brudder Dave Leonidus Mark Antony Petis pleese to honor de 'caishun by passin round de sasser. He will den hab a fuss rate chance ob showin off dem *yeller* glubs dat he hab held ober he hed all de ebenin. Is camfene smell nateral to dat kind ob goat skin.

LECTURE XCIV.

THE MONKEY.

CURRIOUS CUSTOMERS—

IT am berry currigen to your humble speeker to see sich a crowd ob pussons assemble har each lectur nite. De reeson ob sich crowded houses am owin to it bein free. You will allers find free consarts an free lecturs crowded, no matter how poor de intertainment am dat's offerred. Dat I call a noble zample ob "our *free* institutions," as de politishions say. I hab bin inquested to lectur on a currious an by no meens sublime subjick dis ebenin, an darfore I will pleese de brudder by scribein de culiarities ob a feller you all despise, but nebberdeless he muss be induced to your dark intellects.

You will find de subjick fured to in all de jimalongical substitutes or carawans in de country, an in all de museums, edder stuffed in a glass case or runnin round de floor wid a string tied to he middle. I speck you begin to smell sumfin like a rat as to who de feller am; but ef not, I'll tell you plump an squar, widout wishin to insult you, dat I wish to call your 'tention to—

DE MONKEY.

De monkey am s'posed, by sum ob de nigerent peepils, to be de connectin link atweene de ingin rubber mare maid dat belongs to Mr. Barnum, and de culler'd man. Odders tink dat dey am cross grained atweene de possum and de kange-

roo ; but my deluded frens, sich am not de fack. Dey am a stinck race by demseffs, an dey noe too much for de wite man, and de culler'd man too. Dey noe nuff to keep dar jaws closed, so dey won't hab to work an take care ob demseffs like us fellers, an de way some ob dem does fool de wite trash am a caushun to lawyers.

Dar am sebril kinds ob monkeys, called by different names, de same as de different tribes ob ingins, an range from de big rang-a-tang, five foot high, to de little whinein monkey no bigger den a kitten, wid a tail as long as de Pilgrim's Progress. Dey am cubber'd wid hair, like a hair trunk, an dey luff dar wiskers grow in de French fashion. You muss not tink dat dem dandies you meet in Broadway wid dar face cubber'd up with hair till dey look like a rat a peakin true a bail of oakem, am rang-a-tangs, kase dey aint; for de pure breed hab got a narrative attached to dem dat dese dandies wouldn't fatig demseffs to carry round, less it war fashunable ; but I tink dey am radder shamed ob demseffs, for looking so much like a big monkey, an for fear dat sensable peepil will take dem for de pure speches, dey had dar coats cut off as short as posable, jis to luff all de world see dat dey hab not got a tail. Ef de tailors war to cut dar coats longer, menny dat now pass for human beins would be in fear to lemenade de treet, leest de show shop man kotch an kage dem.

But dey needn't bin a fraid, kase dey wood be foun ob a tirely different speeshes from de monkey as soon as dar high coat collar were turned down fishently to show dar ears. Now you noe de reeson dat de dandies wares de high collar and de short tail coat.

De monkey am de moss decetful of all human nature. When you got your eye on him, you'd tink butter wouldn't melt in he mouf ; but de minnet your back am turned, he

am cuttin up de old debil hesseff. His face am so full ob ingin-rubber dat you can't tell wedder he am a cryin or a laffin, widout a close specshun ob de muzzels. When dey am dressed up in man's or wimmen's close, dey look so much like de culler'd poperlashun dat it makes a darkey mad to look at him. But den dey needn't feel dat way, kase dar muss be a line drawn, an a conneckshun link sumwhar.

De monkey infek de souffern reegons ob de atmosfere, todder side ob de equinoxtail line, an am found in large communities round Cape Cod, an dar dey lib wid as much independence as de Mormons, an like dem hab as menny wibes as dey like. Dey hab a king mong dem, who hab as much rite to rule his tribe as de ill-begotten neffew ob his unkle hab to rule obber France.

History sez dat wen de monkeys git too menny for de wite peepil dat lib whar dey am, an wen it becums dangerous for a spectable female to lebe her home for feer ob bein nocked doun by dem, den the wite folks go hunt dem, but dey am too full ob de injin rubber an telemgraffick fluid to be kotched. Den de wites resort to cullerd man's cunniagness to stroy dem. Dey git a dozen baskets an fill dem wid rice an 'lassus, an set em doun 'bout a hundred yards apart long de road, an dey lay tree or four clubs long side ob de baskits. Den de wite folks hide demseffs away. Putty soon de monkeys smell de rice, an cum out ob de woods arter it, but none ob dem dar go nie to it, an dar they stand for a hour chatterin jis like Kongress men obber de spiles ob office. Well, bime by de lady monkeys bein more feerless den de ress, go up to de baskets to eat de rice, an to scure it to demseffs dey grab a club. Den de ole he fellers rush upon dem like a hawk on a chicken, to take it from dem, an dey grab anudder club, an den a fite begins, an ginerly one haff am killed or babby wounded, so dat dey can be kotched an tried. Dese

facks make me tink dat dey am like de politishuns ob de day, kase jis sich fites am goin on 'bout de gubberment pap, but de fite am all wind wid dese latter fellers; but dey try to termenate one anudder, an dey try it putty hard in de Six Ward, but dey all seem to come off second bess.

I cood tell you a good menny nannygotes 'bout de monkey, but I hab kept you out ob your beds too long now. James Arlington Goff Tappin Johnson, pleese pass round de sasser.

LECTURE XCV.

POMPEY'S WEDDING.

(*A Fact.*)

DELITED LAMS—

HERE I is agin, feelin as fresh as a noreaster, but I hope to be less cuttin. My 'fections am as strong as a locomotive fur you, and as warm as free o'clock in dog days; and notwithstandin I buse you sumtimes fur to make you better, my hart clings to you like molasses to a ruff stick. I say dis on dis caishun, not so much to raise a big colleckshun, as to luff off de honest feelin dat lays hid under de leff side ob dis worn out west-cote.

Since de lass time I had de pleasure ob distressin you frum dis old nostrum or desk, I hab seen a little fun. I've bin to a weddin way out in dat kountry ob clam-shells and ledder chips—Jersey. I wont tell you whose bin a gittin married, till I tell you how I was fooled out ob de job.

De odder Saturday nite, Anty Clawson and me—me and

Anty hab made all up agin, and I am aguane back dar to lib; we cum to a neutral understandin 'bout tings; I am to hab pan-kakes de same day dey am cooked; de clam flitters am to hab clams in dem; de coughfee am to be trong nuff to run on all caishuns, and clear itself out; derefore I tink I will hab less grounds to find fault wid; and anudder ting am, de gutta percha steaks and doe-nuts am to be pounded afore dey cum on de table, to sabe jaw-bone exercise.

Well, as I was sayin, me and Anty Clawson wus agwane fru Senter Market at a late hour, in order to git tings cheap, when who shood I spi wid a tin kettle but Brudder Pompy and Brudder Reigh, a standin at a clam stand, a gittin dere kittles full. I tort frum de looks ob Pompy dat sumfin 'straordinary wus gwane on, kase he looked full nuff ob happyness to bust. Ebery now and den he'd swaller a raw clam hole. Tinks I to myseff, inside my hed, Pompy muss be in lub, and am habbin a little Fourth ob July to heseff, so I called he frend aside, and I axed him what's de matter wid Pompy.

"Don't you noe?" sed he.

"No," sed I.

"Well, den," sed he, "Pompy am gwane to git married to Sister Martha Maria, on Monday morning, at Coggysvill, nie to Patterson, and he am now gittin a few clams fur de weddin brakefast.

I wus damfounded, to tink how de outdatious Pompy dare do sich a ting, and not let me noe it; not ebin gib he old shepherd de job; but I dident say nufin to nobody, and nobody did so to me, but when Monday cum, I gis took de depot and went to Coggysvill, gis to see cf it wus true. When I ribed, de ceremony wus ober, but matrimony wus dar in all its glory. Julius was dar, too, and he made no

reson one pusson tinks him so different frum de odder. Dats de reson he am *hot* to one, and *cold* to de odder. Oh, you poor deluded sinners, I dewise you to be on de alert, as de 'lecshun bills say, and keep your eye skinned fur future futurity. Try to go tru de world like a man—be kind and charitable to all—stick to your friends—be honest, and always speak de truf, and de debbil will not bodder you much—he don't like sich company—and he generly gubs sich lolks a wide birf. You will, ob corse, find it hard to ward off his berry 'fectionate influence, but stick to de determination to kick him off, and you will finally reach de odder side ob Jordan, de only place where he am none not to exist.

Wid dese reflecshuns, I drop de subject like de monkey dropped de hot potato. I cood paint out de horrible hole where he libs, tell you de natural smell ob de place, de color ob de flames, and de state ob de fremometer, but I won't. I lebe dat fur de preechermans, meny ob whom do nofin else —and frum sum ob dere descripshuns, you wood tink dey gis cum frum de place itself.

Will Brudder Napoleon Sampson Augustus Puttyhed pleese pass 'round de sasser, and look out fur tin shillings and free cent pieces—neder ob which I take.

LECTURE XCIII.

THE LOBSTER.

My Deah Woolly Heds—

You will find de tex I hab chosen fur lucidation dis ebenin, in de bottom ob de sea, close under de rocks, but as sum ob you, speshly de fair sex, mout object to go dere to look fur it, I will tell you where you can see a dogsearatype likeness ob him, which may answer de purpose ob dose folks dat am not so 'quisitif as odders You will find him in sum ob de spellin books, rite along side de letter L, and agin in Massa Goldsmith's book 'bout de animiles. De tex 'luded to, am often seen at de markets also, and am one ob de moss familiar subjicks dat I cood fotch up frum de deep waters ob oblivion, to spread afore your darkened intellecks. De feller I shall dissect to-nite, am called in de English tongue,

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LECTURE XCIV.

THE MONKEY.

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De monkey infek de souffern reegons ob de atmosfere, todder side ob de equinoxtail line, an am found in large communities round Cape Cod, an dar dey lib wid as much independence as de Mormons, an like dem hab as menny wibes as dey like. Dey hab a king mong dem, who hab as much rite to rule his tribe as de ill-begotten neffew ob his unkle hab to rule obber France.

History sez dat wen de monkeys git too menny for de wite peepil dat lib whar dey am, an wen it becums dangerous for a spectable female to lebe her home for feer ob bein nocked doun by dem, den the wite folks go hunt dem, but dey am too full ob de injin rubber an telemgraffick fluid to be kotched. Den de wites resort to cullerd man's cunniagness to stroy dem. Dey git a dozen baskets an fill dem wid rice an 'lassus, an set em doun 'bout a hundred yards apart long de road, an dey lay tree or four clubs long side ob de baskits. Den de wite folks hide demseffs away. Putty soon de monkeys smell de rice, an cum out ob de woods arter it, but none ob dem dar go nie to it, an dar they stand for a hour chatterin jis like Kongress men obber de spiles ob office. Well, bime by de lady monkeys bein more feerless den de ress, go up to de baskets to eat de rice, an to scure it to demseffs dey grab a club. Den de ole he fellers rush upon dem like a hawk on a chicken, to take it from dem, an dey grab anudder club, an den a fite begins, an ginerly one haff am killed or babby wounded, so dat dey can be kotched an tried. Dese

facks make me tink dat dey am like de politishuns ob de day, kase jis sich fites am goin on 'bout de gubberment pap, but de fite am all wind wid dese latter fellers; but dey try to termenate one anudder, an dey try it putty hard in de Six Ward, but dey all seem to come off second bess.

I cood tell you a good menny nannygotes 'bout de monkey, but I hab kept you out ob your beds too long now. James Arlington Goff Tappin Johnson, please pass round de sasser.

LECTURE XCV.

POMPEY'S WEDDING.

(*A Fact.*)

DELITED LAMS—

HERE I is agin, feelin as fresh as a noreaster, but I hope to be less cuttin. My 'fections am as strong as a locomotive fur you, and as warm as free o'clock in dog days; and notwithstandin I buse you sumtimes fur to make you better, my hart clings to you like molasses to a ruff stick. I say dis on dis caishun, not so much to raise a big colleckshun, as to luff off de honest feelin dat lays hid under de leff side ob dis worn out west-cote.

Since de lass time I had de pleasure ob distressin you frum dis old nostrum or desk, I hab seen a little fun. I've bin to a weddin way out in dat kountry ob clam-shells and ledder chips—Jersey. I wont tell you whose bin a gittin married, till I tell you how I was fooled out ob de job.

De odder Saturday nite, Anty Clawson and me—me and

Anty hab made all up agin, and I am aguane back dar to lib; we cum to a neutral understandin 'bout tings; I am to hab pan-kakes de same day dey am cooked; de clam flitters am to hab clams in dem; de coughfee am to be trong nuff to run on all caishuns, and clear itself out; derefore I tink I will hab less grounds to find fault wid; and anudder ting am, de gutta percha steaks and doe-nuts am to be pounded afore dey cum on de table, to sabe jaw-bone exercise.

Well, as I was sayin, me and Anty Clawson wus agwane fru Senter Market at a late hour, in order to git tings cheap, when who shood I spi wid a tin kettle but Brudder Pompy and Brudder Reigh, a standin at a clam stand, a gittin dere kittles full. I tort frum de looks ob Pompy dat sumfin 'straordinary wus gwane on, kase he looked full nuff ob happyness to bust. Ebery now and den he'd swaller a raw clam hole. Tinks I to myseff, inside my hed, Pompy muss be in lub, and am habbin a little Fourth ob July to heseff, so I called he frend aside, and I axed him what's de matter wid Pompy.

"Don't you noe?" sed he.

"No," sed I.

"Well, den," sed he, "Pompy am gwane to git married to Sister Martha Maria, on Monday morning, at Coggysvill, nie to Patterson, and he am now gittin a few clams fur de weddin brakefast.

I wus damfounded, to tink how de outdatious Pompy dare do sich a ting, and not let me noe it; not ebin gib he old shepherd de job; but I dident say nufin to nobody, and nobody did so to me, but when Monday cum, I gis took de depot and went to Coggysvill, gis to see of it wus true. When I ribed, de ceremony wus ober, but matrimony wus dar in all its glory. Julius was dar, too, and he made no

"bones" in inducin me to de family. De bride looked splendiferous; her eyes shine like stars in de furninence afore daylite in de mornin, and she blushed like a biled lobster when I shook her lubly hand. Pompy wus all out on de caishun; blue buttoned brass cote, wid high-heeled shirt-collar, pink vest, red crawat, and odder fixins. He wus as full ob animation as a skruce beer bottle, and seemed as redy to go off. I wus doun on him fur not luffin me noe about it, but he polegized and sed it wus de bride's wish, so ob course I wus like de feller dat wus cotched in de act, I hadn't a word to say fur myself. I wus vited to stay to dinner, and I tell you what, we had a first-rate programe: clam soup, fried clams, clam pie, and odder tings in season, in de greatest confusion.

But de fun dident kommence till arter dinner. As soon as de table wus clared off, de flo wus clared fur a dance. Brudder Reigh took doun dat good old fiddle, Brudder Pompey siezed his tamborine, and Brudder Julius took up his bones, and den de music begin to ring out on de air, and *sich* music—it was sweet nuff to make de angels stop on dere errants ob mercy and listen to it frum de clouds. We all danced to our harts' contents. Fust we had de *Scotch-ich*, den we had de *elbow-lord-o*, den de *resowair*, den cum de *pole-cat*, den de cowtilion, and den de jigs on all fours. We danced till you'd a tort hebin and arf was a cummin togedder. We swassaged up and doun, lemonaded all round, and when dat was ober, clam-soup was serbed, wid crackers and skruce beer. At sum weddins dey gub you Hidesick wine, but *we* had stomacksick skruce beer which am jist as good in fly time. When we had done wid all dat, we marched to de railrode in single file, two by two, whar we ribed jist fibe minutes afore de depot left, and home we cum in de forward deck, a singin all de way. When we cum fru de tun-

nel, eberybody tort dey heer de car brake doun, but it wus only Pompy and Martha Maria a kissin radder strong. Dey boff survived, but de shock wus radder too much fur a maiden lady in lielock pink silk, who pertended to faint in a young Irishman's arms. I ribed home safe wid de rest, kase dat dident happen to be de day fur de rail-rode axidents.

Pompy hab gone to Bohucken on a weddin tour, and he writes me by de furrin male dat he's as happy as a hog in an apple bin at a sider mill, and I sincerely wish you war all as happy as Pompy and he young bride. Ef you should meet Martha Maria at enny time, don't look squint-eyed and noein at her, kase none ob you don't noe what you may cum to yet; and above all, keep dark.

De kongregashun will pleese sing de usual ducksholiday as soon as Brudder Porter takes up de collecckshun. Brud-Pierce will lede de trubble. Brudder George De Barrentone and little Johnny may turn de hand organ on dis portant caishun. Sister Jemima Ducklegs will lead de alltoes.

LECTURE XCVI.

A HARD SUBJECT.

INLITEND SINNERS—

DE subjick dat I chose fur lucidashun dis time, am one ob de herdest, when it am cooked in a proper way, ob enny I hab as yet tempted to exasperate to you. It am so common to you all, dat I noe you look 'pon it as beneaf your notice, but nebber de less, it will serbe as an instrument to beat nolege into your tick heds. I derefore will call your 'tenshun to de

BRICKBAT.

which I lay 'pon de desk. Now you will all be mity astonished when I tell you dat dis brick, ruff and onsmoff as it am, am gis as good as you am, and in some instances, a good deal better, fur it kan't commit enny sin nor nuisances. It am made ob de same matereal as you is, and de only difference dat I can see, am de fack dat de brick hab bin put fru de fiery furnace *afore* it am a brick, and you fellers hab *yet* got to go fru de brimstone. De Samest sez dat human natur

"Made us ob clay and formed us man,"

don't it? Well, what difference to dat am a brick made? Don't de man in brick-kill make it ob clay, and form it brick? Well den, whats de inference? Why, dat de man am as good as de brick, and dat some men am *bricks*, and nothin shorter. Bricks and mankind am closer connected den mose

people wood at first consebe. De brick hab stood his frend aginst wind and wedler fur centeries, and notwidstandin it am gittin de cold sholder ob de berry class it hab proteckted fur ages, sence de rage fur wite marble hab set in, and de brown granite hab become fashunable, still it finds a bery prominent place in all sibilized kountries.

De brickbat follows sibilizashun as fast as a hungry dog wood a piece ob raw meat tied to a bull's tail—in fact, sibilizashun seems to karry it wid her whareber she goes ; fur as soon as she steps her foot in a kountry, bricks seem to start out ob de ground. You may no more speck to find de brick 'mong sabage nashuns, den you mout speck to see de works ob Samuel Shakespere 'preciated in a hog pen. Derefore I say unto you, suspect de brickbat as a friend ob dose two sweet sisters, Peace and Sibilizashun. I noe you am reddy to say dey ain't always found 'mong de peaceful and sibilized, kase dey am found in all kinds ob rows at 'lecshun fites. But my frens, ef dey am found flyin 'bout like fedders in a gale ob wind in de Six Ward sumtimes, am dat de fault ob de bricks ? Ob corse not ; it am de fault ob de men, as Judge Bigbean said when he heard de lass case ob seduckshun, and his 'pinion wood hab bin considered gis as good as law, ef de Jury hadent a spilt it by layin de whole blame 'pon de plaintif, which, in dis partickler case, wus a woman in loose slebes and looser morals.

We am all too apt to look doun 'pon folks dat cum frum gis as good stuff as we did. Whars de difference, I ax you agin, atwene de man and de brick ? When man was formed out ob de clay, a nose and a mouf wus put 'pon him, and de bref ob life wus blown in it, and he jumped up reddy to start a newspaper. Spose de same ting had bin done to de brick, woodent he bin gis as good as we ? Ob corse he wood. Don't we, when boff ob us hab becum useless to de world,

return to brick dust? Ob corse we do. Well, den, who 'mong de greatest foolosefers dat eber cramed his hed wid nolege, kan see de difference? Not one, my frens, derefore dat pint am settled.

De brick am a useful ting, and seems to be thort ob more den menny tings possessin' more beauty and rale worth. Sum men am so covetious ob dem, dat dey take home a hat full almoss ebery night.

Dere am a man dat libs 'pon de fust floor 'bove me, dat muss hab a room full by dis time, fur he hab bin berry industrious a bringin dem home. Sumtimes he has a bigger lode on den odders, and den his hat am so heaby, it makes him stagger like a punkin on de end ob a rattan stick. I don't noe what he dus wid dem, as I neber see him bring enny ob dem out. Once a cart backed up in front ob de house, and I specked to see a hole lode go 'way, but not a brick cum out—all de cart took, wus ashes frum de barrel on de walk.

When old Hipopotomus, de Greek foolosefer, came frum Ireland, and seen a brick fur the fust time, he spent six weeks and a fortnight a tryin to find which way de grain run; but as he coodent find out, it went aginst *his* grain to work enny longer, and so he bandoned de job, hopin dat C. Edwards Lester might detect it, wid de rest ob his mares nest, and publish de result ob his resarches wid his attack 'pon Presemdent Pierce in de Lundon Times; but as yet he ain't told de London people nofin 'bout it.

I wood tell you how de brick am made ef I cood. I went to a brick-yard wid dat 'tenshun, but as I found I wood hab to bring de hole yard, kill and all, wid me to do so, I 'cluded dat it wood be easier fur you to go to de yard dan fur me to bring it along. I axed de man which he tort wus de moss perfect bricks, and he sed 49's fellers. Wid dis

startling information ringin in your long ears, I will cave in fur de ebenin, as soon as Sister Angelina Sofaria Abgil Jinkins passes 'round de sasser—and while she am doin de same, I will state dat I nebber wus haff in need ob frens and dimes as I am on dis 'portant caishun.

LECTURE XCVII.

THE FLEA.

FOUL AND FAIR SEX—

I RISE to nite full ob fried clams and spurior nolege fur your edicashun. De clams I got at Anty Clawson's, and de nologe I got frum books and 'sperience, during my sojourn, or sogerin (gis as you mind to call it), in dis wicked world, and whale ob tears.

Fried clams am berry good in dere place, and dere place am in de stumjack ob de human body. But oh, my poor ignumrunt frens, nolege am better. Clams puff you up, and make you feel mity big in your pusson—but nolege goes to de hed, and de more you hab ob it, de lighter it seems—de more you noe, de less you tink you noe. Clams vanish in a day, but nolege sticks in your head like a chesnut bur to a cow's tail. Derefore you see de tilulity ob fillin de hed as well as de stomjack.

My useal unquenchable thirst fur nolege hab led me to contemplate sum tings fur splainificashun dis ebenin, dat may strike 'pon your emty nolege boxes as bein queer.

I shall introcumduce to your notice on dis 'portant caishun, one ob de liveliest and most industrious fellers in dis

kommunity, and one which I noe you hab spent hours in constant sarch arter, so curious was you to find 'em. I shall derefore, widout leaf or licence, tell you all I noe 'bout

DE FLEA.

De flea, my frens, am one ob de most curious suckers in de world, as his history will fully probe. He belongs to de species ob de politishun, de elemfent, de grasshopper, de porkepine, and de soger man.

Dere am nobody nose 'zactly whar he cum frum, nor whar he am a gwane to—but ebery body nose when he am present, and dats all dey noe 'bout him.

When Mr. Noah bilt he Ark, and took in a hemale and shemale ob ebery kind ob beast and fowls, he muss hab forgot to take de flea abord, or else de picture books lies like a Jew-pedler, kase I've bin a sarchin dem all ober fur to find him 'mong de odder animals agoin in de Ark, and he ain't dar.

Derefore it am naturally infused dat Massa Noah eder dident want to be trubbled wid de costomer, or else he coodent kotch him to take aboard. I guess finally he wasent dar at all, kase in all de 'counts I hab read 'bout dat xpedishun ob Massa Noah wid de Ark, I neber see his name menshuned. Den de natural inquiry am—whar *did* he cum frum? I will tell you. He cum out ob de saw-dust, fur it am a well none fac, which almoss ebery carpenter and odder foolosfers will tell you, ef dey nose it, dat hemlock saw-dust will breed fleas. Ef you fill a little bag wid saw-dust and luff it lay whar de sun and rain will hab full power 'pon it, you will see de liveliest bag in 'bout free weeks, dat you eber seed, and as far at a distance as you kan keep frum it, de better it will be fur your peace and quietness.

I say dese tings unto you, me myseff. I said de flea be-

longed to de specie Politishun. Wharefore? you will ax; I will splain. De politishun and de flea am alike, kase you don't noe whar to find eder ob dem. Dey hop, skip, and jump 'bout so, dat dere am no putting your finger on eder ob dem. De politishun hab bin none to jump frum one platform to anudder, and show as astonishin agility as de flea dare do. See de infrence!

He am like de elemfant, kase he karries a trunk, and dis trunk ob his, am what he uses as a suckshun hose to suck de blood ob us poor mortals—he runs it in de pours ob de skin, gis like de fireman puts *his* suckshun hoses into de water, and den he goes to work, and ginerly lebes wid his trunk full ob de licker ob life. He am fifty times stronger den de elemfint, kase he kan jump more den a hundred times he lenf, and dats what de elemfant kan't do no how he can fix it. Woodent Mister Elemfent look nice a tryin to jump ober Trinity Church? What a row it wood kick up in Broadway! Woodent folks stare?

De jumpin qualities ob de flea brings him in de family ob de grasshopper as near as fifty-first cousin. What makes him a relashun to de porkempine, am de fac dat I discubbered fru de Tell-lie-scope, and dat am, dat his body am cubbered all ober wid little squills at de jints which stick up sharp like pints ob needles—and de reason why he am like a soger man, am bekase his hole body am cubbered ober wid a coat ob mail, made in jints, gis like de old soger coats ob male wus made afore de dragoon killed Saint George, ober dar in Ireland.

De flea am a happy feller, and seems to enjoy his Jimnastick exercises as much as de fellers in silk tights and shirts, who make a libin by tumblin in de circus on a piece ob second-hand carpet.

In moral principal de flea am a scoundrel in ebery sense

ob de word. He has no compunkshun in attackin his enemy when he am asleep, and two fleas will keep a feller on a spring bed all nite, and worry him almoss to deff. He is a backbiter ob de worst character, and deserbes all de smashins he gits frum eberybody. Dere am little none regardin his moral character, as nobody kan keep his company long enuff to find it out. It am not none wedder he belebes in de mariage tie. He may be in fabor ob temperance, but I'll be sworn on de almanack dat he will take a *nip* whenever he kan git de chance. Dus endef de chapter.

Dere will be a meetin ob de society fur loungin 'round de Park Fountain and de coal boxes on de corners, in dis room on Saturday nite nex, to take into 'siderashun de necessity ob providen winter quarters.

De komitee appinted to foller de sogers, nie de band, will report on dat caishun. Dere duties hab bin berry great fur de lass few days, as de soger companies am berry prebelent gis now, and dey stand in need ob new boots.

De kommittee pinted by dis kongregasun to see what kind ob 'bacco I chaw, and what kind ob coffee I drink, will report as soon as dey confer wid de Bishop Doane. Committee. Luff em cum to question me on dem pints, dats all.

Will Brudder Jemes Jargon Bennet please pass round de sasser dis time. He hab bin away so long dat all he frens will like a peep at him.

LECTURE XCVIII.

REFLECTIONS ON POLITICS.

FELLOW CITIZANS—

As de 'lecshum am all ober, and tings hab taken a different turn to what dey used to wus, I tink it am time I had a few words to spoke to de wite folks bout demseffs—tings am gittin to sich a pitch—derefore I will call dis lectur de

SECOND PISTOL TO DE NEW YORKERS.

I shall on dis 'tickler 'caishun diwide my subject into sebril pieces, like de Yankees dos de turkey at home at Tanksgibbin time, and like Rusha wants to do abroad.

Fustly—Arter lookin abroad on de university ob natur, and see how tings grow up in dis world, it makes me laff to corntemplate de prisumpshun ob you New Yorkers. You tink you *nose* more den odder folks—so you do frum your gutters. You tink you got de puttiest city in de kountry—so you hab ef you take de dirt out ob it, and extract sum ob de sass frum your omnibus drivers.

Secondly—You tink bekase you hab a free skule on ebery corner, dat your wisdom am more 'sperior and solid den your nabors'.

Thirdly—We'll see 'bout dat.

Fourthly—You hab gone and turned out *twenty* faithful sufferers fur de cities good, and upset de tea room and spilt all de tea frum de dummyjohns, gis bekase dey stole de pepil's money, and now you hab gone and poled in *sixty* odder

fellers, who will steal gis forty times as much, bekase insted ob dere bein atey hans to poke into de public meal-bag, dere will now be, 'cordin to de rule ob tree in Dave Ball's rufmatic, gis one hundred and fifty. I suffered dat up all by myself, on de hed ob a barl wid a piece ob stick lass Sunday mornin on de warf. Now ef you call dat *wisdom*, I'd like to know what price de teachers in de free skules git a monf for dissemblin edicashun and nolege fru de pepil. Common sense mout hab teached de sober second thoughts ob de wite folks dat sixty lofers wus more xspensif to keep 'pon public pap den forty wood be, kase dey am all such big eaters.

Sixly—Whar am all de money cumin frum, to keep all dese fellers? Whar will dey all bord? De tea room am busted; de Sitty Hall aint big 'nuff to 'commodate dem, and derefore dey'll have to sleep in de Stashun House. Now don't you all tink, on taken a retrograde aspeck of tings, dat you deserbe a big club wid a bladder on de end ob it, ober your heds?

Ninely—I do, ef you don't.

Fifely—You New Yorkers don't noe more den you ort to, no how, and de wust ob it am, you won't lern. When Mr. Kowshoot, or Cowsnout, or whateber his name wus, de Hungry un, cum here like Yankee Doodle, wid a fedder in his hat, a ridin on a pony, you formed yourseffs into a kurmittee ob de hole, and you tort you'd make pollytical capitol out ob him. You flocked to see him, and ass-corted him tru de streets all in your soger close, eber so nice. You guv him dinners and suppers, tree or four times a day—made speeches and punches, and killed ostrages at ebery meal you ate—drinked, danced and blowed up de xcitement till you tort you had him all moulded to your purpose. You got dollar sartificates printed, for which you neber paid till dis day, and sold enny quantity, which munny, togedder wid de tou-

sand dollars and firty-one cents Brudder Greely gub him frum de pocket ob his old white cote, he quietly took, and insted ob sain my name am Hains, as de feller did to Massa Jefferson, he said, "my name am Elick Smiff," and sloped—or else he sed, "my name am Elick Slope," and smiffed, I forgit now which, but it *matters not*, as de tragedy man always say.

Twelfly—As soon as you found you coodent use him, you all went to work to blygurd him; all de papers cum out aginst him, and am still heapin insult 'pon his name, gis bekase he node too much fur de holl pack ob you.

Sebenfly—Deres anudder feller comin dat you want to ass-afy gis de same, so you kan speechefy and git into de dinner, and git de dinners into you. His name am Kostza, or Cotchta, and am anudder Hungry-un, who am willin to live and die one. You ain't satisfied ob makin asses ob yourseffs once, but want to do de same likewise agin also. You want to get up a public reception to show off your soger cloze, and set de tax payers a swearin. Ebery Councilman wants to make a speech for Buncum, and only tink ob sixty 4th ob July speeches to him in de middle ob winter, while putty and peanuts am on de riz daily.

Thirdly—I'm disgusted wid you!

Ately—You send men abroad to brag ob your sitty, and den luff your own ackshuns belie ebery word your furrin corrispondents say—you are a money seekin pack a set, and you don't noe nufin else. Siance am a dead letter to you, and I mite lectur till I'm wite in de face, and you woodent noe nufin 'bout it den. You got your pollyticks all in a snarl, so dat a man wid kommon gumpshun, don't noe who's who, nor which am what. De Free Soilers say dey am Soft—soft free soil means mud, derefore dem fellers muss go fur muddy streets. De Hards I spose wood hab iron houses,

iron pavements, iron hosses and iron konshences. I don't noe nufin 'bout dem myseff, kase I ain't no pollytick, no how. I wus standin, on 'leckshun day, a readin a 'leckshun bill, wid an arm on it wid a hammer in de hand, dat nominated a lawyer fur some orfice, and was a tinkin what dat workin man's arm had to do wid a lawyer dat wanted a place, when a wite man sung out to me, "Say, Julius, am you a Hard or Soft?" I submit, I didn't noe his full meanin, so I told him "boof."

"How kan dat be?" sed he, right back.

"Why," sez I, "I'm hard 'bout de heel and hed, and soft 'bout de hart and shin."

"Well, what ticket am you gwane to vote?" axed he, again foolin me.

"I only wote one way," sez I.

"Which way am dat?" sed he.

"Fur higher sallary," sez I.

"Do you tink you'll git a majority?" sez he.

"I don't want none ob dem fellers," sez I; "I only want my wages raised;" and dats de text I want you all to 'sidder 'pon on your way home to-nite.

Fourthly and lastly—You Yorkers bild high church steples; put a bank to burst on ebery corner, and twelbe taberns on ebery block, and den you call it de great emporium ob de new world. It mite wid more truff, be called de great *rumporium* ob bad licker. Put that in your pipes and suck it in wid your 'backer.

Will Sister Fanny Fern pleese pass round de sssser. She hab got independence and talents 'nuff fur to do ennyting dats rite in de site ob de lord and man. Besides, dere am a large number ob de kongregashun dat wood be mity glad to git a squint at her.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

PROF. JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL GOING ON A TOUR TO EUROPE.

GREAT MEETING.

THE "Hall ob Siance," in which the learned and distinguished Prof. Hannibal has held forth for the last four years was densely crowded last night by a large and enthusiastic meeting of his congregation. As soon as all the candles were topped, an aged "brudder" arose in the desk, and in a tremulous tone, read aloud the following letter from the sage and philosopher:

Anty Clawson's Seller, Noon-time, April, 1854.

BELUDED LAMS OB MY FLOCK—

IT am wid sorrow in my heart, and drefful pain in my limbs, dat I find myseff cumpell'd to forego de pleasure ob lecturin to-nite to you. Ob late my helf hab bin as poor as my pockets, and ef I don't git no better fass, I'll hab to trow up (I don't mean emeticly spoken) my posishun—or as de preacherman's say, resine my call ober you. De fac am, I is sinkin in helf and funds daily, and derefore I rite dis to say dat ef you is not sassagefied, you kan git anudder shepherd as soon as sou pleese, as I is 'tirly too full ob rumatism and regret to fulfil my duty towards you. 'Spectfully yours,

J. CÆSAR HANNIBAL.

On the readin of this touching letter from the aged Professor, a young brudder behind a ruffle shirt and a large moustache, arose, and addressed the congregation in the following strain:

"BRUDDERN AND SISTERN—

Fur de fuss time in my life, I rise to speak in public, but dis is sich a 'strordinary 'caishun, dat I wood feel as guilty as ef I had stolen a sheep, ef I war to set still and not gub my voice in favor ob doin sumfin to help our worthy friend and distructor, Brudder Hannibal. For de lass four yeers, we hab sat .under his weakly teachin, and all muss admit dat he has unlocked he dark lantern ob siance, and luffed de full lite refulgintly fall 'pon our heds. He hab labored till he am sick wid disease, and haff ded wid de rumatism. Derefore I say unto you, in de language ob de Pos'le Napoleon, 'Let's go in and do sumfin fur him to help him out ob he trubbles,' " saying which, he used a very large white hankerchief in relieving the probosis, and sat down.

Then an aged sister arose (whose name we learned to be Aunty Belcher), and in a very animated tone, thus addressed the assemblage:

"Ain't you a putty set ob niggars, to luff dat good ole man lay dere in dat seller, doubled up like a jack-knife wid de rumitism, when you all got 'nuff to eat, and mor'n 'nuff fur your own good, to drink. You young fellers dats got money 'nuff to go roun rasin de debil and eatin fried clams ebery night, why don't you shell out and do sumfin terable fur de ole man? I'll bet a half dollar chunk, dat I done more fur him sence he'm bin sick, den enny odder sister in de crowd—but I don't go and blow 'mong de gossipers and back-biters what I do. *What I do, I do,* and dats my bizness I kan only say I blush fur you all, wid all de cullar I got.

Let's be up and doin, as de bumble bee sed to de tumble dumb beatle. Much as I hate de hull race ob hemale man, as I offin told de poor ded and gone Peter Belcher, I'd only like to be a man fur that old bennerable man's sake fur 'bout

two days, or two days and a haff, I'd show you ole slow coaches wat cood be done."

She had scarcely taken a seat, when a middle aged "brudder" mounted the desk and said:

"LADIES AND GEMMON—

I spose I got a right to spoke on dis question. Ef eny ob you doubt it, I'll gis tell dem smack in de teef dat I hab paid as much as eny odder member ob dis 'siety, to keep de ole Professor at our helm. Now I got somfin to say 'bout dat man dat you will all deter in ef you got common sense. In de fuss place you all know dat he hab done more to frow a hello 'round de kullar man, den eny cullard man libin."

Several voices—"here, here, good."

Speaker—"Shut your mouf, or I will mine—it don't make no difference to me which closes, only I won't be interrupted. I wus gwane to say dat Prof. Hannibel am de moss siantificest man wat am, and I go in fur gettin him on he feet agin widout allowin him to do no more work. How is it wid de preacher mans? When enny ob dem gits de brown-kritters in de troat, or de yeller ganders in de back, or a bile on de panorama ob de stomjack, de fuss ting am a woyage to Urope. Now I'd like to ax dis kongregashun ef our ole belubed Professor ain't as good as eny ob dem fellers—he may not be, spiritly speakin, but as a bodily subjick, I say he am. Derefore I offer dis rebulushun to de crowd. I rit it myseff, and derefore I better read it myseff.

Resolbed, dat wharas our ole and long suspected shepherd hab bin sick and laid up on de shelf like a pair ob skates in August, for de lass six monfs, and wharas we look 'pon him as one ob de lites ob de age, in de dark walley ob sciance, we, his fellow citizens and members ob his 'siety fur de 'spresshun ob ignumrence and elewashun ob useless nolege

and fundimental sciance, do hereby pledge ourseff to raise 'fishent funds to send him to Urope, and that he goes forf-with directly immediately."

Three cheers were here given by the people. The speaker continued—

"Now, my frens, dere am a fuss-rate chance to send de Professor wid a frend ob his. I larned lass nite dat de Editor ob de Picayune, who also hab bin sick a long time likewise, and who stops writein fur de benefit ob he helth and his reders, am a gwane to Urope on a tower ob obser-washun."

Voice—"He'd better go in a ship, I tink."

Speaker—"I am sure he will see to his gittin a passage on de same ship wid him, as a sort ob left hand kompanion and general philosopher. And den, my frens, see what adwantage his trip will be to us. He will hab more sciance and knowledge to kommunicate den wood fill a sugar hogs-head. We would be de gainers by it, fur he would tell sich lots bout all he sees on de odder side ob Jordon. Shall we send him or not—dats de question?"

Here the enthusiasm knew no bounds—the whole house rose and cheered, and waived their hats and handkerchiefs, and cries of "yes," "yes," came from every quarter.

Speaker—"I mobe de kollecshun be started dis nite.

Sister Belcher—"I second de moshun."

Young man in ruffle shirt—"I fird it."

Speaker—"It am mobed and second dat the kollecshun be started to-nite. All dose in favour ob dat fac, and de pintin of myseff, Brudder Cowlip, Brudder Longheal, Brudder Highrump, Sister Biglip, Sister Belcher, Sister Flatsmeller, and Sister Anty Clawson, as a kommitte to raise de balance, will pleese say I."

Speaker—"Carried without a cornsenting voice. Now I

mobe dat de sense and de rebolushun ob dis meetin be carried to-nite to de old man."

Unanimously carried.

The collection was taken up by the speaker, who on this occasion, used his hat, and the meeting dismissed.

LECTURE XCIX.

THE RESOLUTION.

CHILDREN OB SIANCE—

A CHICKEN pot-pie dinner, wid mince pie fixins, coodent a bin more acceptable to your poor worn-out shepperd, den de recete ob your kind rebolution, wich you passed at your lass meetin. Your inwitation to go off to Urope on a sea-woyage, hab cheered up my old wedder-beaten and most broken heart, and sent a frill ob joy clar doun in my stockins. Ob all tings in dis world dat I hab wished, wus to be able sum day to cross de briery deep, and see old Massa Neptun, a riden on a see hoss, attended by a plattoon ob maremaids, a dashin de wabes each side ob he chariot, wid a five tined pitchfork. I am told dat Urope am full ob siance, and all dat it wants to bring it out in full and fulgent glory, am a man wid brane abuve de ordinary calender to pint out its beauties. I can assure you all, dat ef dar am enny siance worf knowin, I'll find it out and splain de hole ting, as plain as a pictur on a tea-bord.

As soon as I git your rebolushun, and felt sartain dat I wus sure to be gwane, I mediately writ a note to de Editor ob de Picayune in de followin strain :

"Anty Clawsons's, Most Nite.

"Dear Sir—De members ob de 'Siety fur de 'spresshun ob ignorence and elewashun ob useless nolege, and fundimental Siance, whose teacher I am, as you am aware, hab, in consequence ob my long and severe sickness, koncluded to make up a puss to send me to Urope fur de benefit ob my institushun. And larnin in a direct way dat you, wishin a laxashun fur your own benefit, hab taken passage fur de toun ob Urope, derefore I ax you, as an old frend, to endebber to git me a passage on board de same ship wid you. You noe my 'stinguished position here, and I feel it woodent be lowerin myseff a bit to go wid you. Ef you will name de ship you intend goin in, I will do my bess to honor it wid my kumpany.

"Yours mity sick,

"PROF. J. CÆSAR HANNIBAL."

To dis note I recebe dis reply:

"Prof. Hannibal—Dear Sir—I should be rather pleased than otherwise with your company on my intended tour to Europe, as I may be enabled to extract much scientific knowledge from your over-stocked brain, on the passage. I intend to sail in the ship "Sunny Side," Capt. Adams, laying at the foot of Pine street.

"Truly yours, ED. OF PICAYUNE."

De day arter I git dis note I feel mity proud, and I rode doun to de aforesaid ship, and sure 'nuff, I found her 'tirely new frum stem to starn. I crept up de ladder at de side, and ax fur de Captain. A gemmon cum up to me, and ax me what I wanted.

"Captain Adams," sez I.

"Well, sir, here I am," said the gemmon.

"What," says I, "*you* de Captain?" You see I wus sprised beyond all bribulashun at his 'pearance. I spected to see him in wite trowsers, wid he shirt hangin ober de top ob dem, wid a tarpolen hat on he hed, and a big spy-glass in he hand, gis like I seed de ship captain in de theatre, dat nite I go dar to study character—and on seein him widout

no big whiskers, nor spy-glass, nor tarpolen, put gis dressed up in close like shore pepils, it stonished me, and I looked at him wid all de eyes I had in my hed, and specks too. As soon as I recubber myseff a little, I made de obserwashun dat I wus glad to find him a desendent frum de fuss family. Dat de Adams wus de fuss on record on spectability.

He smiled, and sed "Yes."

Dat kinder made us familiar, and I ax him ef I cood hab a passage on bord his ship, as an old frend ob mine and de fun lubbin public, wus a gwane wid him, and I'd like to see Jorden wid him.

"We can give you a steerage berth," sed de Captain.

"De steerage," sed I, "dat muss be in de hind part ob de ship, nie unto where de man stands dat steers ship, arn't it?"

"Not zackly," sed he, as he turned to de cook, a young cullard man, and ax him to show me de steerage.

I soon cum to be 'quainted wid de cook—he herd ob me ofin—so I cluded to bunk wid him on de woyage. We went all ober de ship, and I found de royal poop deck in de rite place. De jib-boom wus dere too, and so wus de royal top gallan main sheet. De skuddin sail booms war all dar also, and dar wus de bow-split a stickin rite out like Horace Greeley's principles. De hen-coop wus rite, too. De main jib-boom, top sail tenor reefs and cross-sticks war all lashed to de stanupsticks. Ebery ting looked done up as nice as a sore shin in de Hospital—and as I liked de looks ob de hole kraft, I made a bargain wid de Captain afore I cum away. I told him dat de kommittee wood call and *square de yards*—I tort I put de sailor to him at once.

So now, my frens, you pursebe dat it am all fixed, and I sail in bout one week, ef you fellers don't back out wid de money.

Afore I go, let me warn you all how you behabe yourseffs—don't luff me find, when I cum back, dat you all bin raisin de debbil, and brakin tings bout toun. Do keep abuve sich tings, luff de wite trash do it, but you keep out ob scrapes.

Ef it am de Lord's will to send me back to you, I will hab more to tell you den all de gossip eber had. I shall see Mrs. Cobugg, de Queen ob de British—and all de Lords and Ducks, and de rest ob dem fellers in red welwet cloaks, wite fedders and flowin ribbons, and yellow high bootes wat we see in de theatre.

Den I shall cross de canal ober dar, and see de frog-eaters and de soges. I'll go see Mons. King Napoleon, at de fooleries, or Tulteries (gis which eber you like), den I'll see de fields ob Elishea, and all dem tings. Folks pear to tink I shall hab difucalty in gittin along in Paris, on count ob de language, but I don't fear it, as I noe sebril French dielect, ef not more—so you needent be trubbled bout me on dat count.

I recebe sebril inwites to cum to tea, frum sum ob de sisters, all ob which I will tend to ef ole John R. Rheumatism will let me.

Ob corse I want dis letter read to de kongregashun, and as I shall frum time to time rite you pistols frum abroad, I may as well on dis caishun, pint Brudder Samewell Ledderpate, who kan rede and rite, to rede dem to you frum de time-honored desk ; he will call a meetin wheneber he gets a letter. All I kan say in 'clushun am, let de kollecksbun succede.

Yours, in Siance,

J. C. HANNIBAL.

THE PROFESSOR GOES TO EUROPE.

PACKING UP OF CARPET BAG—HIS VOTE OF THANKS.

BLUBBED SINNERS—

As de ship in which I is to cross de briery deep will start in 'bout a nour wid me on bord, I muss be brief (as Jack de Giant-killer sed to de Giant when he cut off his hed), wid dis letter. In fac, I hab only time to tank you all indiwidually and pussonly, fur de menny kindness and presents bestowed 'pon me.

Sebril have sent to me fur my autograph, and I is sorry I habent time to set fur it, or I wood send one to all who mout wish it. Dere hab bin sich a call fur locks ob my har, dat in one week I found my hed sheared as close as a sheep just arter sheerin time—in fact, it's clipped so tight dat I kan scarcely shut my eyes to go to sleep—and one low cullard man on de wharf, while I was gubbin orders 'bout my baggage, ax me ef I war trainin fur a prize fite. Dat made me mad, and I sed no more har goes off dis ole hed now how. So all dem sisters dat dident get no har, hab got to do widout har, fur I muss stop de rabages to preserbe de crop. It seems dat ebery ting I got, am looked 'pon as a curiosity. Massa Barnum rites to me fur a suit ob my ole close to put in a glass case, in de Museum. I is sorry I only got one suit to my back, or he cood hab it. I happened to hab an ole pair ob boots, which de kongregashun gub me second hand 'bout two yeers ago, and I sent him dem—so you fellers kan look out fur dem. Now you all see de penalty

ob bein a grate and populus man. Dere am no noein, in case I cood raise a new suit ob close, what my old close wood bring at aucshun by de piece.

I hab to axknowledge menny presents to make me confortable on de woyage. One brudder sends me a big second-hand tin bason, and sez I'll find more need ob it fur de fust week I'm out, den ennything else I got. He accompanies it wid a bottle of brandy, which he ses always follows its use. He tells me in a perlite note not to be afraid ob it, as all temperance societies am null and woid durin sea sickness.

I hope de followin pussons will except my tanks fur de followin tings :

Aunty Belcher, fur two bottles ob brandy, a shillin worf ob doe-nuts, and a mince pie ; Sister Florindia Pacilia Gemima Ferningham, fur tree jars ob sweet-meats, two pair of socks, a pocket handkershief, and a jug ob root beer ; Sister Kate Lutts fur a dozen biled crabs, and haff a dozen biled eggs wid salt.

Sister Rosemary Prenalla Childfield, fur twenty-five fried clams in a carpet-bag.

Brudder Pete Clawson fur a dog, a pound ob crackers, and a jewsharp.

Brudder Hyatt, de shirt man, fur a blue, red, and wite ruffle shirt, to 'pear afore de Queen in, also a wite neck-cloth to wear on dat 'portant 'caishun.

Sister Bets Green fur a bushel ob raw clams in de shell. I antisipate much luxery wid dem when I git in de gulp streme.

And lass, doe not least, my tanks am due to sum stranger who sends me a kork screw, a bottle of Mustang Liniment, a box ob pills and sum syrup of sassafarillay, sasagefax, and gum humfry root fur de rumatism.

My lastin tanks am also dew to Brudder Elemuel Gusta-

vus Porkfoot, fur de fine toof comb and razor strap he sent by male frum Boston.

Dats all I belebe I got to be tankful fur in dis world frum frens. I hab berry little time left now to say nofin to you 'bout your latter ends. I is gwane away now, and I hope when I cum back, to be as well agin as possible. All de sites I see, I will tell you about, so dat de lite ob siance and universal nolege will shine in your dark paffs tru life. Now, all be good children, and recollect dat de Almighty am de fadder of us all, and see dat you do a child's duty to him. Good-bye till you hear frum me frum de odder side ob Jorden, eder through de spirit-rappers or odderwise. Yours, stepin abord ship,

J. C. HANNIBAL.

FIRST EPISTOL FROM 'UROPE.

'UROPE, London, July, 1854.

MY LONG NIGLECTED FLOCK—

I SPECK some ob you, speshily dose who had only a promiscus akquaintance wid me, begin to tink, by dis time, dat I hab forgotten you altogedder and wasn't neber no more a gwane to rite to you; but dose dat nose me better nose me best. De reason dat I hab not epistolized to you befo'e am bekose I bin so bizzy wid de Lords and Ducks, de nobility and sich like, in England, dat I haben't had time to haff comb my har, luff alone rite to such trash as you fellars. When I allow myseff to tink ob de contrass betwene you low wite and black commoners obber dar and de pepil I swasheate wid here, my nose inwolentarily turns up as much as its flatness will permit. I don't noe dat I shall

ebber come back to you agin, for I lede a berry different life here to what de scrapins ob de sasser wood allow me to hum. I speck to git a wite wife afore de winter's obber, for mind I call *you*, a darkey am considered *some* in dese diggins ; but I will splain dat fac in a future period, and as I is commenced to write to you, I may as well as not begin at de beginnin' ob my wo'age and splain tings as I got long.

Well den to begin. You all nose when I left de warf on de 19 ob April, just as de bell in de soup house rung for dinner. Well, we bore down de bay as cheerful and as light as a butterfly in de sunshine. De passengers war a talkin wid dere frens on de poop deck, who war gwane to see dem off, and lebe dun at Staten Island. De stars and stripes whor a flyin' at de stearn. De pilot was a gubbin orders to de man at de big weel what's fast to de seller door, a swingin' on behind to turn de ship round wid. De captain was a pullin' off his go to meetin cloze and a puttin' on a free dollar and a half suit. De mate was arrangin' de watches ob de crew—so de steward sed—but I didn't see not one watch 'mong de hole ob dem. De steward was bizzy gittin up dinner, and I sat alone on deck. No frens come to lebe *me* at Staten Island, and put me to de 'xpense ob a dinner on bord—so dere I sat cogitatin and foolosifizein.

Putty soon all de wite folks set down to dinner, and all ob dem eat and drink all dey cood, and gub toast 'bout "safe return" and all dat sort ob ting. While dey was eatin' New York begin to grow smaller and smaller, fust de men on de warf turned into boys and de horses to dogs, den de fust fell to babies and de odder to poodles ; den de steeples and de masts ob de ships at de warfs all begin to git muxed up togeddir as tick as ingin meal in a hoe cake ; den it all begin to go down in de water, and it gradually sunk in de bay wid only here and dere a steeple dat stuck up like a big handle

for some big giant to pull de city up again wid. All dis time we was bein' towed wid de tugg, not a sail had been stuck out. After dinner de tugg come long side and de frens jumped abord, some a laffin, some a cryin, and some as grabe as an owl full ob huckelberrys. Soon as de tugg was gone, de steward ax me in de caboose to dinner, but my heart was too full ob good-bye to eat, so I took my seat near de carbuncle, and kept under de American flag (where all good men can set down in peace) and watched de movement ob tings all round me. Now de captin was up to he eyes in biziness. He stood on de poop and sung out to de men to luff go de royal stilyards, hellyards and tanyards, and splice de main brace ; den he wanted all de royal top balance sails set, and den he gub dem orders to squar demseffs. All dis time de hind quarter and de fore quarter ob de ship was a tryin' dere best to see which cood dive deepest in de water and go up de highest in de air ; at fust I tort it was fun, and tort de bows had de best ob it, when I noticed dat de sides ob de ship had commenced de same game, and den it was down stern to up bows, and down bows and up stern, for ebber so long. Presently my watching de fun kinder made me dizzy, and putty soon de stripes on de flag begin to blow like a corkscrew, and de stars seemed to snap and crack, and it seemed to wind itseff around my head till I coodn't hold it up no longer. I sung out for my frind de steward, who said I was sea-sick, but I node better, and I told him so ; he, howeber, helped me to my birth and a tin pan, both ob which I clung to wid eagerness. I can't tell you zackly how I felt, but I tort at one time dat my stomjack had been turned into a swill barrell and somebody was a stirring it up wid a long stick, which stick was in my troat and I coodent git it up. If enybody had jis den picked me up by de heels and a quietly trode me ober-bord, I wood say nofin but,

"Tank you, sar." I hab heerd ob fellers habin tings trowed up in dere teef, and felt bad bout it—de Lord nose I had nuff trowd up in my teef dat time, and I felt like trowin up teef and all. I jus come to de 'clusion dat gwane to sea am annodder impersition practiced upon dis community dat I must look into—and I was den in a fair way to *look* into it and feel into it too.

De fust nite wore away, but de next mornin' it was wuss. About daylight I hear somfin out doors go *whoo-whoo whoo-oo*—flap, flap! went de sails—creek, squeak! went de masts dat stick up in de ship, and creake! creake! skreem! s-k-r-e-n went de old ship herseff, as she begin to rare and pitch like a baukey horse. "What's de matter?" ax I as loud as I cood holler. "Lay still, you bloody niggar!" said an ole sailor. "We're in a gale, and want all land-lubbers in bed." Now dere *was* confusion. De captin run on de poop and sung out, "haul down de main sheets." At dis a young lady in her berth screached out to know if de main sheets war on her bed, and she fainted. Another *old* lady, when de captin ordered all hands aloft to reef top stalls, begged to be excused as she didn't feel well enough to stir. I staggered up to de hatchway to see whar de danger war, when a wave ob de sea come kersouze all obber me, and floted me back agin. All de passengers was now heavin, and as if dat wasn't enough, de captin gub orders for de ship to heave too, and she hove too. De hen coop broke loose, and de chickins went to cackilin—de mate went to swarein—de wind howled—de rain fell—de men swore—de captin yelled—and you best believe I wished myseff back in Anty Clawson's seller, however humble it mout be.

But dere is no use ob my dwellin' on dis disagreeable subjick—like everything else, even a bad sermon, it had an end. At last my woyage had an end, and so must my letter dis

time. My receptun in 'Uurope, and my short comeins and long-goings, will form a text for my nex. Good-bye.

Yours, in de cause ob
Siance and Nolage,
JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL.

SECOND EPISTOL FROM 'UROPE.

SHEEPS OB MY FLOCK OB DE FOLE :—

IT wus a day in lubly May when I 'ribed in London —it wood a bin like a May day in de States ef it had bin warm 'nuff, and it hadent a rained all de time; de sun 'peared to be ashamed ob sich conduct, for he neber showed he face de hole day—I woodent a none from eny xternal sarcumstances dat surround de horison ob my wision dat it wus de twenty-fibth ob May if it hadent a bin for de blessed almynack, dat I always carry for reference to de wedder, and 'how to take ink out ob linen.' Dat good ole book put me *rite* in spite ob ober coats and numberellers.

As our geodly ship neared de city, I found dat my comin ober had bin telegraffed by de under Atlantick line, and dat my hourly expectation was looked for wid impunity. I kinder looked fur some public demonstrashun to be shown me, but, my dear lams, judge ob my surprise wen I hear my approach herelded wid de blazeandry ob cannon from de Naby ships in de downs and all along de channel, till I reach de city. Here I found all de sogers out and flags a flying in all directions. You mout bet your dinner wid safety to your stumjack dat I felt proud ob de compliment and de 'caision, and pullin off my ole wite hat like Jineral

Jackson did when he landed by de Battery, I walked in de city in front ob de sogers. I hadent bin walkin dar long befo'e I noticed dat I wus looked 'pon as a queeriosity, like de alagator in the Museum, and putty soon a feller in blue close wid wite buttons, behind a ledder stock, walked up to me under a hat bound round on de ages wid patent ledder, and sez he to me, sez he :

"Your a stranger 'ere, I perceive, sir, and it mout be you don't know that your a breakin von ob de regelations ob de military to be valkin 'ere ; you must come hoff from there or I must take you hoff."

"Why, who be you ?" I 'dignently axed, "dat you dar 'proach a furrin gemman in dat style—it's next door to a consult !"

"I'm number 495, 1st section," answered de man.

"Section ob what !" I naterly axed.

"Section ob police," said he, as stubbern as a nigger wid de sulks.

"Well," sez I, wid all the fire ob my natur, "your a pretty police to come up and coast *me* in dis kind ob style—don't you nose me ? Don't you nose, you nignumrampus, dat *I* am Professor Hannibal, from ole Warginny, but more recently from New York, in de biggest country on de globe ! Don't you nose," continued I, warming up wid de subjick, and a heaby ober coat, "dat all dis parade, all dis firin, and all dis display ob flags am for me, kase I come to trow lite on de cause ob Sciance, and run down America ? Ef you don't know it afore, luff me dispell your benited ignumrance and tell you dat's de fac !" At dis de feller begin to laff, and sed he hadent the least idea ob it.

"I mout spected as much," sed I, "when I refleck on de ignumrence ob a nashun widout public skules."

"See 'ere, my dark friend," returned de policer, "I'm

afraid I'll hev ter hintroduce yer to the keepers of the Lunatick mad house establishment ; you don't seem to be altogether right under the hat."

"What makes you tink Ise crazy ?" axed I in 'stonishment.

"Why, to 'ear you talk sich nonsence as you do, about this 'ere parade, as the firin ob de cannon and the flyin ob the flags, wus all intended for you."

"Why, in de name ob all dat is sciantific, wat is all dis fuss kicked up fur, if not fur me, sa-ay, ain't I 'ribed ?" mildly inquired I.

"Vy, for hour beloved Queen—you hold fool, don't yer know it's 'er birth day, and it's allers hobserved by a demonstrashun ? And, hold feller, we'd show you a sight as you'd remember to go 'ome and tell, if the harmy wusn't gone hoff to fight the Rushers !"

Well, when he told me dat, I felt de starch go rite out ob my shirt collar, and felt it wilt—I felt as cheap as tree cents a haff a peck, and I come to de 'clusion dat I'd bin sold ; so to end de matter I axed de policer in to take a drop ob "Barclay's entire." He took a quart, and he and I was sworn frens eber sence. He scorched me to a lodgins, and gub me all de inflammation he cood 'bout tings in general.

When I went fur lodgins, de ole lady at fust sed to de policer dat she hadent a spar room in de house, but as soon as she *see* me she changed her mind.

"Are you one ob thim poor hoppressed people Mrs. Butcher Store has so beautifully wrote on, from that barberous savage country, North America ?"

"Yes mum," sez I, wid an eye to de lodgins, and seein she was one ob de rite kind fur me to lib in klober wid.

"Well," sez she, puttin on her specks, "in de name ob heaven, 'ow *did* you git away from them—'ave you bin beaten much, or branded wid 'ot hirons, do let's look at you."

I frankly tole de ole woman dat I wasn't much hurt, and hoped to find a silum under her hospitel roof.

"You shall 'ave the best room in de 'ouse," returned she; "there's honly a poor newspaper editor got it now, and 'e must take the hattick room till you leave, or he must leave altogether, I don't care which."

I tanked her for her preference and due 'preciation ob de cullered man, and was shown to de room. I was not long in unpacking my wardrobe from de crown ob my hat, and makin myseff at home. How de editor and de ole woman settled 'bout de room I neber node, all I heard 'bout it was 'bout ten a clock de same night. I hear a voice, goin up stairs in big shoes, say—"I'm d——d if I'll stand it, to be turned out of my own room for a runaway buck nigger; I'll show her in the morning!" Dat's de lass I heard ob it; ef he did show *her* its more dan he did heseff, fur he nebber showed heseff to me.

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Yours in klober

JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL,

S. A. N. Sarcher Arter Nolage.

THIRD EPISTOL FROM 'UROPE.

BLUBED SCIPLES—LAMS OB DE FOLE:

DE reson dat you hear from me so often am bekase I keep on ritein all de time. When udder shepards come abroad dey always rite home to dar congregation wedder dey got annyting to say or not, an' I don't see but what I got jis as good a rite to say nuffin in free full fools ob sheet cap as dey has. If enny ob you see annyting you don't jis zackly like in my letters, why you know you can lebe de congregation and make all de noise wid your big feet you kin on goin out. Who cars for dat. You needn't tink to put a bridle on my tongue for no sich sallary as de sassar affords me. Dar, you got it now—chaw pon it and if you don't like, spit it out.

When I luff off in my last pistole to you, I was in logins. De next day, I started to go and find de man dat hires de close in which furriners hab to dress up to be presented at kort. Well, arter sarchin up and down de treet and gittin' a haff a dozen policers to read de kard wid de adress 'pon, I at lass found de place, de man, and de close at de same time. De gemmon war berry perlite and I found no dificulty in fittin my shape.

Kort dident set dat nite, or in odder words, Mrs. Coburg, de lubly Queen dident recebe company till free nights arter; you see kort sets wid de gentry in de nite time, so I made a corntact wid de gemmon to send de close to my logins so I cood dress up dar and go up to de Duckingham Palace in full glory and a handsome cab. He said I must present my

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letters ob introcumducshun, if I had enny to de nobility, before de nite in dispute. So when I got home I looked 'mong my crimdentals and dar I found two, one from de kommittee to de Lord High Chandiler—de man what furnishes de Palace wid candles, and one to de Arch Beship of Cranberry, and as neider was sealed I took de liberty ob readin em ober afore I took em to de gemmon. As some ob you may not hab met wid de kommittee afore I started, and derefore cood not had hurd it, I will send you a copy ob one dat all may noe what perfect bricks dat kommittee was.

New York, April 10, 1854.

Rev Grand High Arch Beship ob Cranberry.

Dear Sur—Allow us, de kommittee on de hole, to induce to your faber and table, our dearly belubed and highly 'steamed shepard Prof. Julius Cæsar Hannible, who hab labored dese fibe years in de kaus ob siance and transgression. You am no dout fully quainted wid his Lectures by dis time, and noe how hard he hab labored to dispel de cobwebs ob ignumrance from de inner chamber ob de darkened intelleck ob mankind. He hab worked so hard in de kaus, dat he hab worn out two desks wid his fist, and de fird am now quakin in de seams. Dis labor ob lub, ob corse, *you* will 'preciate.

De kommittee trusts dat you will xkuse dem for sendin de Professor to you, but noein you to be de hed ob de church and de wite gown fellers, and feelin you must take an interest in siance, we pack him up direct to you, hopin you will induee him to de Queen, Prince Albert, and de rest ob de Royel Family. If you could pervail on him to Lectur before de Queen she wood be ready to say wid us dat he am sum pumpkins. Hopein when he dines wid you dat you will see dat he don't git drunk (for it disagrees wid

him awfully), and you may enjoy piece and felisity, we subscribe ourseffs your humble servents.

Bros. PETE CLAWSON,
SAM'L LEDERPATE,
LEM FLATSMELLER,
CLEM GREEN SPREADFOOT,
GEORGE AUGUSTICE BROWN TOMKINS HALE COWSNOUT,
SAMUEL MARK ANTONEY LAFAYETTE SMITH LUTTS, Jr.,
GEORGE WASHINGTON BENTON NAPOLEON PITT SOLOMON SAMPSON LEE,

Sisters, ANTY JEMIMY CLAWSON,
FLORINDA PERCILLA SQUASHEM,
ARABELLA FLORINTINE LUTTS,
SUKEY ANN DAVISON,
SALLY JANE RAWDUN,
CONSTANTENIA EPHRATUS BEECHER ANN LONGHEEL (darter ob Anty Rachel Longheel, ob Babalon, L. Iland).

De truff hab better come out, as de Judge sed to de teaf, and I is willin to admit afore eny jury dat I war mity proud when I read dat letter. When I finished it I jumped into a cab and took it to de Arch Beship myseff, and as soon as he read my kerd he was "hat 'ome," so de feller in breeches and a peck flour on he hed tole me at de doe.

I found de Arch Beship in a black gown and his studdy; studdy was de name on de do'e ob de room he war in, and dats de way I node it. De Arch Beship was berry kind and talkatif. He was ebedently pleased wid de letter, kase he laff rite out in two or tree grins at a time, and when an

Arch Beship laff you may bet your pile dar am sumfin in de wind. I speckted he wood ax me 'bout church matters, and I was berry nerbus, kase all de church matters I nose am 'bout de bill due de carpenter for shinglin de skule house were I lectured on Long Iland lase summer; but I was glad nuff to hollar rite out loud in de house, when he sunk de church and spoke 'bout the general prodick ob de country. "I understand," obserbed de Beship, "all your lectures, except your allusion to a peculiar kind of soup which you seem to be very partial to, and which you might naturally expect at my table; but which I could not purchase, the materials being unknown in this country, and it has caused me much anxiety."

"What kind ob soup was it sar?" ax'd I, 'sposin I had mentioned some new kind ob soup some time which I met somewhar.

"Clam soup," said he. "Is it any better than ox-tail or Muligatawny?"

"Oh yes, indeed," sez I. "If de children ob Israel Putnam, when dey war in de wilderness 40 days, hab only had a few hundred clams, tings would hab been better wid dem."

"Where do dey grow?" ax he.

"All long shore," sez I, "and dar am two kinds, de soft shells and de hard shells."

"Oh, I'm very glad you have called upon me," said de Beship, quite animated, "for you have elucidated a point upon which I have been bothered for years. I did not know what the American papers meant by 'Hards' and 'Softs,' and was foolish enough to suppose that they were the names of two political parties; but now I see they simply have reference to the peculiar shell of the clam. Am I right?"

"Oh yes, indeed," sez I, "you see de lublers ob de

'Softs' am opposed to de lublers ob de 'Hards,' and dar de fight begins and ends. Be bess people take sides; President, Senator, and Congressmen, am all in de clam ring."

"Dus de Presemdent go fur de *hards* or de *softs* ?" axed he.

"Dats nebber bin found out," sez I. De 'softs' claim him, but de 'hards' say he's only foolin dem—dat he's a hard all ober."

We set and tauked morn a nour on de tings in de States, and I poured all de information I cood into his hed, which I trust will be ob use to him. At lass he 'vited me to stay to dinner, which, arter a few persuashun, I did, but I kant tell you no more in dis 'pistol, kase I use up all de paper. Gub my lub to all requiring frens.

FOURTH EPISTOL FROM 'UROPE.

My Beluded Lams and Sheeps:

I send you annudder 'pisle frum de Inglish side ob Jorden, and in doin so agin I resure you ob my lub and proteckshun. You may some ob you hab nuff stuff in your hed to recomlect dat in my fuss 'pisle to you I kinder skoffed at de idia ob my comein back to you, and you may recommember too dat I hinted like a broad-toed kick 'bout luggin in a wite wife. I can only tell my deah sistern, in order dat dar mines may rest easy in de tin-panum—as we say in Latin—ob de hed, dat I was only speckelatin, and dat dar am no truff in de rumor. I'd just gub all dat may come in de sasser to-nite to some charity institushun, if I was only in de midst ob you, behind dat ole desk a poundin de true nolage ob siance into your coconuts agin; but while I is here, like Mr. Napoleon Bonny-part was at de Iland ob Elbow, in xile,

why I can only rite ob tings I see till de happy hour comes when you send me 'fishent funds to satisfy de crawins ob de human natur in de brests ob de sea captins—so dey will bring me home high and dry.

I luft off whar I stoped in my lass 'pisle. You luff me I belebe at de Arch Beship ob Cranberry's, a taukin to him on a confab 'bout hard clams. Well, to curtail de ting as de man did when he bit the pup's tail off, I dined dar on a dinner dat wood make a New York Alderman good natured for a week, and arter dinner I got his promise to induce me to de Queen's kort on de followin nite.

Accordinly on de followin ebenin, de close from de feller I tole you all 'bout who hires dem tings, come, and as good luck wood hab it, he sent a feller along to dress me up. Arter two 'ours hard dressin I war reddy—de only ting 'bout de close dat I didn't like was de fack ob de caffs ob de tites being on de rong side for me. It war right behind when de fullness ob my caffs am on de outside ob de leg—some pepel's caffs am in de hed. As soon as I war reddy I flung myseff into a cab and off I started for de Buck ob Dukeingham's Palace. I rung at de doe and de Royal High Waiter luff me in as soon as he read my letter from de Lord High Arch Beship. I had a long train ob royal high fellers to pass in de hall. Dere was a feller in purpil welwit wid flour nuff on his head to feed a young family a day. In fack, dey all went into the flour, and in my pinion, dat's one reson flour am so high—kase you know de ole sayin in de Almack, dat a wilful waiste makes a wofull want, and if dat aint a wilful waiste ob flour, den my calkalatin apperatus am out ob de siferin book. I ax'd de royal high waiter who de fat feller jis named was; he tole me he was de royal high Buttler to de Queen. He looked more like a Royal High Beef-eater to de Butcher. Well, as I passed on, I

incountered de Royal High Boot-black to Prince Halbert, de Royal High Knife cleaner, de Royal High Footman, de Royal High Coachman, and he *was* a Royal high feller, 6 foot 6 in he stockins. Dere were seberal Royal High odder fellers stowed round de hall, who looked as if dey held a festewation to drink all de beer dey cood, and see how much de institushun ob mankind will carry about wid dem widout fallin in de gutter. Presently I war ushered into a big room, which beats all de gold and fixins I ebber *did* see, sich paintin, gildin, looken glasses, gold furniture, gold chairs, gold sofas, gold tables, gold shandilers, wid more den ten tousand lites in dem, and gold ebberyting all ober. When de door opened de lite and shine come out like a flash ob lightnin on a gooseberry bush. It was so bright it made me wink my eye, at which an old lady, who was a lookin at me, smiled and put her fan up to her face. She was de Royal Dodger, or Dowger, or somfin like dat. All de fellers in de hall, and in fack, all in de room stared at me as if dey dident nebber see a cullerd man afore, and I gess dey dident in dese close and in dis place. Mind I call *you*, I wanted to back out as bad as ebber a rat wid his nose in a trap ebber did in he life. But it war no use; I'd put myseff in de close. I'd begged and todied to get dar as much as enny odder republican ebber did, putty near, and I was bound to blaze for once. When I got fairly into de room, I was astonished to see de pepil. Dere was de Lord High Chemberlin, who has charge ob all de chambermades. Dere was Lord Derby, de one who was named arter de celebrated race hoss by dat name. Dere was de Chandiler, de candle-maker dat I spoked 'bout in my lass. Dere was sogers in ebbery kind ob beauful close, and dere was rambassadors from ebbery country, in gold and broidered close—some wid wigs and some wid not. Near me sat de Duchess of Sunderland,

"Uncle Tom's" friend, and soon as she seed me, she ax all 'bout Mrs. Haireyt Butcher Stowe and Uncle Tom. She tole me dat de high cheer and gold fixins in one corner ob de room was de trone, and dat putty soon her Royal Highness wood enter tended by her mades of honor.

While I was waitin for de show to come off, I ax de Dutchass who all de different folks was. She node em all. Dere was nuff Lords, Dukes, Barrens, Dutchasses, and Lord Highs, to keep a nation poor for ten senterys. Dey all bowed to me as dey passed, and if I dident spread myseff dat time den I don't noe how its done—dats all. Dere was a Royal High band on a big shelf fenced in wid gold bars in one corner ob de room, and dey played "God sabe de Queen," and odder libely airs, but not one darkey tune did dey noe. I pitied dar ignumrence, but it war best, for jis as sure as dey a started a jig dese ole legs ob mine wood hab begun to break down in spite ob de debil heself. I felt jis like it. I had to wait a berry long time before de Lady Queen made her appearance, and you fellers will have to wait a week befoe I tell you how she looked or did, kase dis 'pisle am too long now. I larnt de most ob de Lords and Dukes names present, and if you behabe youseffs I'll send you a list, for it will be handy in namin de babies as dey come young into de world. You best belebe, I'm in high company now. De Dutchass ob Sunderland hab wited me to dinner, and I'm a goin—sure ting.

Now, my stingy frens, open your hearts and pockets when de sassar comes to you for me, for mind *me*, it takes all I can rake and scrape to lib here. I kind a feel abub habin de sassar now a days. When I get home I'll see if somfin more *restarchee*, as we say in French, can't be found fur de purpose

FIFTH EPISTOL FROM 'UROPE.

BRUDDERN BLEBERS :—

IF ole Miller hadent a found out jis zactly when dis world was a guane to be destroyed and burnt up like de tinder in de tinder box, a man ob common sense would naturally spose dat it was bilt to lass for ebber. When you cum to zamon de foundation 'pon which it am construed, it wood 'pear to enny body wid an idia abub a noyster butcher, dat it were made a purpose to stand. Wedder ole Miller am rite or not, de folks ober here, speshly dose dat lib in Dukeingham's Palace, seem to tink it am good for a few years yet, and hab made 'rangements 'cordingly. Sich pepperations for libin and fixin up to stay I nebber *did* see, as is fully apparent on ebbry hand fruout de emens Palace.

Dese solid bits ob reflexshuns crossed de horisen ob my mind as I set by de side ob de Dutchass ob Sunderland awaitin for de Queen and her train to enter de room. You will recomlect dat you left me a settin dare at de close ob my lass 'pistle. Well, arter settin dare 'bout a nour, de door ob de anty chamber wus opened, and de lord high chambermaid rushed in, in close so tite dat he coodent laff, and raisin a wite stick wid a gould ball on de end ob it, he turned red in de face wid de effort, but he cood only get out two werds, and dem werds was—"De Queen." As soon as he sed dat, dere was a buzzin in de room, like stirrin up a nest ob bumble bees—fans clattered, silk dresses rattled, laces fluttered, handkerchiefs flourished, and all rose to dar feet as de grand cortage, or cordage—I forget which am rite—

entered de grand hall, which I discribe to your darkened intellecks lass week.

De fust dat come in wus de lord hie chambermaid, a flourishin de stick afore mentioned; den come twenty ladies, dressed in wite and colored frocks, a walkin two by two, arm in arm; dey had nofin wid dem but fans and poker-hankerchiefs. Dey war de Royal high grand arch nose-wipers to de Royal family. Rite a behind dese she fellers come Prince Albert Coburg, lookin like a Dutch hurrah, arm in arm wid de lubly Queen; and den come four ladies wid touls on dere arms, a holdin up de Queen's trail; dey war high arch wipers to all de royal family too. Arter dem cum all de royal children, all washed and dressed up as if it wer de Forf ob July; den followed some more wipers and washers, and den nobody else. As soon as de pesession commenced to mobe in de room, de band up on de big shelf begin to play, and all de pepil jined in de train, walked round de room tree times, to show dere close and wigs, den we all opened rite and leff, and luff de Royal family 'proach de trone, where Her Majesty took a seat and a pinch ob snuff. Den all de folks bowed to de Queen, den to each other, and goe'd and set down agin. De Prince took his stand along side her Majisty, wid de snuff box. De Queen don't like him to mingle wid de ladies at kort, kase he am sich a debil ob a feller 'mong dem, and dey sich debil ob fellers 'mong him too. She keeps him berry close to her apron strings, and for all dat dere am more young Alberts runnin round London den wood fill a meetin house.

As soon as the Queen was cleverly seated and all de Royal hie arch fellers had taken their stand cordin to Hoile, de presentations begin—ebery body was introcomduced to de royal hie arch chambermaid, and he introcomduced dem to her royal hieness. All de furrin rambassendoors was

toted up and kissed her hand and fell back ; and bom by it come my turn ; my heart fluttered like a washerwoman's day's work on de line in Desember, but I node I hadent done noffin bad 'sept dressin up in dese close, and I plucked up my fitein apperatus and wid de Dutchass ob Sunderland on de one side, and de hie arch Beship on de odder, I walked up as bold as a sheep to a bunch ob clober. As I mobed up de room more den a hundred eye glasses took good aim at me, and de Queen herseff leveled a pair at me dat must hab cost more den fibe dollars. Arter takin a good look at me, de Royal hie arch chambermaid told her my name. She knowed me at once, and said she was a constant reader ob my Lectures in de N. Y. Picayune, and complimented me bery hiely on my great nolage ob Science and wonderful sence ob human nature. She complained 'bout not gettin de paper regular, and gabe orders to de lord hie arch Stewat ob de Palace to pay me 4 shillin English money for a year's subscribe to de paper. She'll be sure to see it certin sure in future. I speck de Picayune folks will be mighty prowd ob dis fac. Arter axin me many questions 'bout my future corse in futurity, she induced me to all de children and de Prince ; den I kissed her hand like de rest ob de crowd, and I fell back into obscurity to let a fat Dutch woman take my place. As I fell back I seed a door open to an ajoinin room, and I seed a long table filled wid 'freshments, and folks a goin into em like a hungry crowd at a poor-house. I megitly boged for dat room, and de way I laid in a supper and shampain was a kaushun to big eaters. Arter eatin and drinkin my full, I leff tru a different hall to what I entered, and I wer bowed out by at least a dozen big wigs and broad taild coats. I felt a little dizzy when I got to de treet, and I called a cab and told de ca[illegible]n to dribe me home tru Hide Park. I got [illegible] t roll'd. Dats de lass

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I node till I felt almity cold. I woke up and tort I bin a dreamin I was in de ole ship and fell ober bord; and sure nuff I found myseff up to my neck in water. De darned drunken cabman had upset me in de lake. He had dumped me in and luff me to drown, for he was gone. You may bet your lass shillin dat I hollered sum. My hollerin soon brot a policer, and arter gettin a rope, fibe odder fellers, and a long hook, dey got me out; but I was in a putty pickle. De man's close, wid all de gould 'broidery on dem, was spiled, and I stood dar as mad as a lunitic assilam. De police war gwane to take me into de stashion house, but on splainin tings, and dey findin out *who* I was, dey got anodder cab and took me home, when I treated all hans and went to bed. When I woke up in de mornin I found I hadent slept none all night, and all I dreamed 'bout was swimmin, Queens, shampain, police, station-house, Dukeingham's Palace, and sich tings. I cotch a mity cold dat so stoped de diagram ob de troat dat de borax woodent work, and I cood hardly speak in de morning for de broun critters in de oil factory canal.

Dar, now, you got my sperence 'mong de nobilty and sich like—see dat you lay de moral ob it all to de flatterin unshun ob your soles, and hurry up de funds to bring me home.

Good by on dis side ob Jorden—de poor ober here find it a hard road to trabell indeed.

JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL.

SIXTH EPISTOL FROM 'UROPE.

INDULGINT DISSIPLES:

As de worm feedef on de ole chese, so does you feed and grow fat 'pon de nolage I send you. Your inquest for me to go to de French nation hab bin complied wid at last accounts, and here I is in Paris full ob French soup, sower wine, and gratitude for bein here safe ober dat nasty Channel. Mabe some ob de fellers dat aint studded nabigation in particulor and gografy in general don't noe what de Channel luded to in de text am. I stop de main train ob my 'pisle to liten dem. De Channel am an arm or leg ob de sea, dat hab by some axcident during, a heaby rain, or de flood mabe, got away up mong a dozen bilen' springs, dat continually biles up like an ole drudge, among a lot ob hills, belongin to John Bull on de one side, and France on de odder. It biles so strong dar dat de big iron ship dat took me across was tosted 'bout like a fedder on de end ob a blow-pipe. Ebbry body, man and hoss, was sick goin ober, but like pullin teef, it war soon done. Two hours fotched me across and all my insides up. One ole dog wid a fat man, or a fat man wid a dog, I mean, was berry sick, but he stuck on deck like tar to a darkey's heel. De Captain looked at him kind a sorry, from under a pair ob toof-brush eyebrows, and opened his big whiskers in de middle an sed to de ole fat feller, "Be of good cheer, my hearty, you'll be better as soon as you reach the pint yonder." "Retch a pint," sed de ole feller; "why, Captain I've retched a quart already!"

As soon as I ribed in Paris, I coodent say nuffin to nobo-

Arch Beship laff you may bet your pile dar am sumfin in de wind. I speckted he wood ax me 'bout church matters, and I was berry nerbus, kase all de church matters I nose am 'bout de bill due de carpenter for shinglin de skule house were I lectured on Long Iland lase summer; but I was glad nuff to hollar rite out loud in de house, when he sunk de church and spoke 'bout the general prodick ob de country. "I understand," obserbed de Beship, "all your lectures, except your allusion to a peculiar kind of soup which you seem to be very partial to, and which you might naturally expect at my table; but which I could not purchase, the materials being unknown in this country, and it has caused me much anxiety."

"What kind ob soup was it sar?" ax'd I, 'sposin I had mentioned some new kind ob soup some time which I met somewhar.

"Clam soup," said he. "Is it any better than ox-tail or Muligatawny?"

"Oh yes, indeed," sez I. "If de children ob Israel Putnam, when dey war in de wilderness 40 days, hab only had a few hundred clams, tings would hab been better wid dem."

"Where do dey grow?" ax he.

"All long shore," sez I, "and dar am two kinds, de soft shells and de hard shells."

"Oh, I'm very glad you have called upon me," said de Beship, quite animated, "for you have elucidated a point upon which I have been bothered for years. I did not know what the American papers meant by 'Hards' and 'Softs,' and was foolish enough to suppose that they were the names of two political parties; but now I see they simply have reference to the peculiar shell of the clam. Am I right?"

"Oh yes, indeed," sez I, "you see de lublers ob de

'Softs' am opposed to de lublers ob de 'Hards,' and dar de fight begins and ends. Be bess people take sides; President, Senator, and Congressmen, am all in de clam ring."

"Dus de Presemdent go fur de *hards* or de *softs* ?" axed he.

"Dats nebber bin found out," sez I. De 'softs' claim him, but de 'hards' say he's only foolin dem—dat he's a hard all ober."

We set and tauked morn a nour on de tings in de States, and I poured all de information I cood into his hed, which I trust will be ob use to him. At lass he 'vited me to stay to dinner, which, arter a few persuashun, I did, but I kant tell you no more in dis 'pistol, kase I use up all de paper. Gub my lub to all requiring frens.

FOURTH EPISTOL FROM 'UROPE.

My Beluded Lams and Sheeps:

I send you annudder 'pisle frum de Inglish side ob Jorden, and in doin so agin I resure you ob my lub and proteckshun. You may some ob you hab nuff stuff in your hed to recomlect dat in my fuss 'pisle to you I kinder skoffed at de idia ob my comein back to you, and you may recommember too dat I hinted like a broad-toed kick 'bout luggin in a wite wife. I can only tell my deah sistern, in order dat dar mines may rest easy in de tin-panum—as we say in Latin—ob de hed, dat I was only speckelatin, and dat dar am no truff in de rumor. I'd just gub all dat may come in de sasser to-nite to some charity institushun, if I was only in de midst ob you, behind dat ole desk a poundin de true nolage ob siance into your coconuts agin; but while I is here, like Mr. Napoleon Bonny-part was at de Iland ob Elbow, in xile,

why I can only rite ob tings I see till de happy hour comes when you send me 'fishent funds to satisfy de crawins ob de human natur in de brests ob de sea captins—so dey will bring me home high and dry.

I luft off whar I stoped in my lass 'pisle. You luff me I belebe at de Arch Beship ob Cranberry's, a taukin to him on a confab 'bout hard clams. Well, to curtail de ting as de man did when he bit the pup's tail off, I dined dar on a dinner dat wood make a New York Alderman good natured for a week, and arter dinner I got his promise to induce me to de Queen's kort on de followin nite.

Accordinly on de followin ebenin, de close from de feller I tole you all 'bout who hires dem tings, come, and as good luck wood hab it, he sent a feller along to dress me up. Arter two 'ours hard dressin I war reddy—de only ting 'bout de close dat I didn't like was de fack ob de caffs ob de tites being on de rong side for me. It war right behind when de fullness ob my caffs am on de outside ob de leg—some pepel's caffs am in de hed. As soon as I war reddy I flung myseff into a cab and off I started for de Buck ob Dukeingham's Palace. I rung at de doe and de Royal High Waiter luff me in as soon as he read my letter from de Lord High Arch Beship. I had a long train ob royal high fellers to pass in de hall. Dere was a feller in purpil welwit wid flour nuff on his head to feed a young family a day. In fack, dey all went into the flour, and in my pinion, dat's one reson flour am so high—kase you know de ole sayin in de Almack, dat a wilful waiste makes a wofull want, and if dat aint a wilful waiste ob flour, den my calkalatin apperatus am out ob de siferin book. I ax'd de royal high waiter who de fat feller jis named was; he tole me he was de royal high Buttler to de Queen. He looked more like a Royal High Beef-eater to de Butcher. Well, as I passed on, I

incountered de Royal High Boot-black to Prince Halbert, de Royal High Knife cleaner, de Royal High Footman, de Royal High Coachman, and he *was* a Royal high feller, 6 foot 6 in he stockins. Dere were seberal Royal High odder fellers stowed round de hall, who looked as if dey held a potewation to drink all de beer dey cood, and see how much de institushun ob mankind will carry about wid dem widout fallin in de gutter. Presently I war ushered into a big room, which beats all de gold and fixins I ebber *did* see, sich paintin, gildin, looken glasses, gold furniture, gold chairs, gold sofas, gold tables, gold shandilers, wid more den ten tousand lites in dem, and gold ebberyting all ober. When de door opened de lite and shine come out like a flash ob lightnin on a gooseberry bush. It was so bright it made me wink my eye, at which an old lady, who was a lookin at me, smiled and put her fan up to her face. She was de Royal Dodger, or Dowger, or somfin like dat. All de fellers in de hall, and in fack, all in de room stared at me as if dey dident nebber see a cullerd man afore, and I gess dey dident in dese close and in dis place. Mind I call *you*, I wanted to back out as bad as ebber a rat wid his nose in a trap ebber did in he life. But it war no use; I'd put myself in de close. I'd begged and todied to get dar as much as enny odder republican ebber did, putty near, and I was bound to blaze for once. When I got fairly into de room, I was astonished to see de pepil. Dere was de Lord High Chemberlin, who has charge ob all de chambermades. Dere was Lord Derby, de one who was named arter de celebrated race hoss by dat name. Dere was de Chandiler, de candle-maker dat I spoked 'bout in my lass. Dere was sogers in ebbery kind ob beauful close, and dere was rambassadors from ebbery country, in gold and broidered close—some wid wigs and some wid not. Near me sat de Duchess of Sunderland,

"Uncle Tom's" friend, and soon as she seed me, she ax all 'bout Mrs. Haircyt Butcher Stowe and Uncle Tom. She tole me dat de high cheer and gold fixins in one corner ob de room was de trone, and dat putty soon her Royal Highness wood enter tended by her mades of honor.

While I was waitin for de show to come off, I ax de Dutchass who all de different folks was. She node em all. Dere was nuff Lords, Dukes, Barrens, Dutchasses, and Lord Highs, to keep a nation poor for ten senterys. Dey all bowed to me as dey passed, and if I dident spread myseff dat time den I don't noe how its done—dats all. Dere was a Royal High band on a big shelf fenced in wid gold bars in one corner ob de room, and dey played "God sabe de Queen," and odder libely airs, but not one darkey tune did dey noe. I pitied dar ignumrence, but it war best, for jis as sure as dey a started a jig dese ole legs ob mine wood hab begun to break down in spite ob de debil heself. I felt jis like it. I had to wait a berry long time before de Lady Queen made her appearance, and you fellers will have to wait a week befoe I tell you how she looked or did, kase dis 'pisle am too long now. I larnt de most ob de Lords and Dukes names present, and if you behabe youseffs I'll send you a list, for it will be handy in namin de babies as dey come young into de world. You best belebe, I'm in high company now. De Dutchass ob Sunderland hab wited me to dinner, and I'm a goin—sure ting.

Now, my stingy frens, open your hearts and pockets when de sassar comes to you for me, for mind *me*, it takes all I can rake and scrape to lib here. I kind a feel abub habin de sassar now a days. When I get home I'll see if somfin more *restarchee*, as we say in French, can't be found fur de purpose

FIFTH EPISTOL FROM 'UROPE.

BRUDDERN BLEBERS :—

IF ole Miller hadent a found out jis zactly when dis world was a guane to be destroyed and burnt up like de tinder in de tinder box, a man ob common sense would naturally spose dat it was bilt to lass for ebber. When you cum to zamon de foundation 'pon which it am construed, it wood 'pear to enny body wid an idia abub a noyster butcher, dat it were made a purpose to stand. Wedder ole Miller am rite or not, de folks ober here, speshly dose dat lib in Dukeingham's Palace, seem to tink it am good for a few years yet, and hab made 'rangements 'cordingly. Sich pepperations for libin and fixin up to stay I nebber *did* see, as is fully apparent on ebbry hand fruout de emens Palace.

Dese solid bits ob reflexshuns crossed de horisen ob my mind as I set by de side ob de Dutchass ob Sunderland awaitin for de Queen and her train to enter de room. You will recomlect dat you left me a settin dare at de close ob my lass 'pistle. Well, arter settin dare 'bout a nour, de door ob de anty chamber wus opened, and de lord high chambermaid rushed in, in close so tite dat he coodent laff, and raisin a wite stick wid a gould ball on de end ob it, he turned red in de face wid de effort, but he cood only get out two werds, and dem werds was—"De Queen." As soon as he sed dat, dere was a buzzin in de room, like stirrin up a nest ob bumble bees—fans clattered, silk dresses rattled, laces fluttered, handkerchiefs flourished, and all rose to dar feet as de grand cortage, or cordage—I forget which am rite—

entered de grand hall, which I discribe to your darkened intellecks lass week.

De fust dat come in wus de lord hie chambermaid, a flourishin de stick afore mentioned; den come twenty ladies, dressed in wite and colored frocks, a walkin two by two, arm in arm; dey had nofin wid dem but fans and poker-hankerchiefs. Dey war de Royal high grand arch nose-wipers to de Royal family. Rite a behind dese she fellers come Prince Albert Coburg, lookin like a Dutch hurrah, arm in arm wid de lubly Queen; and den come four ladies wid touls on dere arms, a holdin up de Queen's trail; dey war high arch wipers to all de royal family too. Arter dem cum all de royal children, all washed and dressed up as if it wer de Forf ob July; den followed some more wipers and washers, and den nobody else. As soon as de pesession commenced to mobe in de room, de band up on de big shelf begin to play, and all de pepil jined in de train, walked round de room tree times, to show dere close and wigs, den we all opened rite and leff, and luff de Royal family 'proach de trone, where Her Majesty took a seat and a pinch ob snuff. Den all de folks bowed to de Queen, den to each other, and goe'd and set down agin. De Prince took his stand along side her Majisty, wid de snuff box. De Queen don't like him to mingle wid de ladies at kort, kase he am sich a debil ob a feller 'mong dem, and dey sich debil ob fellers 'mong him too. She keeps him berry close to her apron strings, and for all dat dere am more young Alberts runnin round London den wood fill a meetin house.

As soon as the Queen was cleverly seated and all de Royal hie arch fellers had taken their stand cordin to Hoile, de presentations begin—ebery body was introcomduced to de royal hie arch chambermaid, and he introcomduced dem to her royal hieness. All de furrin rambassendoors was

toted up and kissed her hand and fell back; and bom by it come my turn; my heart fluttered like a washerwoman's day's work on de line in Desember, but I node I hadent done noffin bad 'sept dressin up in dese close, and I plucked up my fitein apperatus and wid de Dutchass ob Sunderland on de one side, and de hie arch Beship on de odder, I walked up as bold as a sheep to a bunch ob clober. As I mobed up de room more den a hundred eye glasses took good aim at me, and de Queen herseff leveled a pair at me dat must hab cost more den fibe dollars. Arter takin a good look at me, de Royal hie arch chambermaid told her my name. She knowed me at once, and said she was a constant reader ob my Lectures in de N. Y. Picayune, and complimented me bery hiely on my great nolage ob Science and wonderful sence ob human nature. She complained 'bout not gettin de paper regular, and gabe orders to de lord hie arch Stewat ob de Palace to pay me 4 shillin English money for a year's subscribe to de paper. She'll be sure to see it certin sure in future. I speck de Picayune folks will be mighty prowd ob dis fac. Arter axin me many questions 'bout my future corse in futurity, she induced me to all de children and de Prince; den I kissed her hand like de rest ob de crowd, and I fell back into obscurity to let a fat Dutch woman take my place. As I fell back I seed a door open to an ajoinin room, and I seed a long table filled wid 'freshments, and folks a goin into em like a hungry crowd at a poor-house. I megitly boged for dat room, and de way I laid in a supper and shampain was a kaushun to big eaters. Arter eatin and drinkin my full, I leff tru a different hall to what I entered, and I wer bowed out by at least a dozen big wigs and broad taild coats. I felt a little dizzy when I got to de treet, and I called a cab and told de cabman to dribe me home tru Hide Park. I got in de cab and off it roll'd. Dats de lass

I node till I felt almity cold. I woke up and tort I bin a dreamin I was in de ole ship and fell ober bord; and sure nuff I found myseff up to my neck in water. De darned drunken cabman had upset me in de lake. He had dumped me in and luff me to drown, for he was gone. You may bet your lass shillin dat I hollered sum. My hollerin soon brot a policer, and arter gettin a rope, fibe odder fellers, and a long hook, dey got me out; but I was in a putty pickle. De man's close, wid all de gould 'broidery on dem, was spiled, and I stood dar as mad as a lunitic assilam. De police war gwane to take me into de stashion house, but on splainin tings, and dey findin out *who* I was, dey got anodder cab and took me home, when I treated all hans and went to bed. When I woke up in de mornin I found I hadent slept none all night, and all I dreamed 'bout was swimmin, Queens, shampain, police, station-house, Dukeingham's Palace, and sich tings. I cotch a mity cold dat so stoped de diagram ob de troat dat de borax woodent work, and I cood hardly speak in de morning for de broun critters in de oil factory canal.

Dar, now, you got my sperence 'mong de nobilty and sich like—see dat you lay de moral ob it all to de flatterin unshun ob your soles, and hurry up de funds to bring me home.

Good by on dis side ob Jorden—de poor ober here find it a hard road to trabell indeed.

JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL.

SIXTH EPISTOL FROM 'UROPE.

INDULGINT DISSIPLES:

As de worm feedef on de ole chese, so does you feed and grow fat 'pon de nolage I send you. Your inquest for me to go to de French nation hab bin complied wid at last accounts, and here I is in Paris full ob French soup, sower wine, and gratitude for bein here safe ober dat nasty Channel. Mabe some ob de fellers dat aint studded nabigation in particulor and gografy in general don't noe what de Channel luded to in de text am. I stop de main train ob my 'pisle to liten dem. De Channel am an arm or leg ob de sea, dat hab by some axcident during, a heaby rain, or de flood mabe, got away up mong a dozen bilen' springs, dat continually biles up like an ole drudge, among a lot ob hills, belongin to John Bull on de one side, and France on de odder. It biles so strong dar dat de big iron ship dat took me across was tosted 'bout like a fedder on de end ob a blow-pipe. Ebbry body, man and hoss, was sick goin ober, but like pullin teef, it war soon done. Two hours fotched me across and all my insides up. One ole dog wid a fat man, or a fat man wid a dog, I mean, was berry sick, but he stuck on deck like tar to a darkey's heel. De Captain looked at him kind a sorry, from under a pair ob toof-brush eyebrows, and opened his big whiskers in de middle an sed to de ole fat feller, "Be of good cheer, my hearty, you'll be better as soon as you reach the pint yonder." "Retch a pint," sed de ole feller; "why, Captain I've retched a quart already!"

As soon as I ribed in Paris, I coodent say nuffin to nobo-

dy, ebery ting was so Frenchy. *De fust ting dey did was to excruciate me fully to see if my face compared wid my passpot. De sogers eyed me from hed to foot, and dey all bowed as ef dey had a double-barrelled hinge in de middle ob dere backs, and luff me pass on. I tink from de fuss dey made wid me, dat dey must hab taken me for Fustin Trowsers de One, Emprior ob Hitietite. De fust ting I did arter gitten fru de Custom House(I don't like de customs ob dat house, no how), was to find my way to a eatin house. As soon as I sat down a waiter come to me wid all de grace ob a grasshopper stepin ober a newly plowd field—den my trubble wid de tongue begin. De waiter understand jis nuff English to put him to sleep, so sez I, "Hab you eny soups?" "We we!' sez he; "ze soup am ze potash." "No! no!" sez I, "not potash soup, some odder kind; wat you got?" He handed me de programe ob de wittels, and dar I found out dat soup means potage. Dey had all kinds ob em—dar was "Potage de Tartar," made frum de juice ob tar barrels, I spose; and dar was "Potage de Nigre," made out ob boiled niggers, I speck; so I turned from de page ob soups, arter lookin in wain for clam soup, in disgust to de more solid, and I begin to spell 'em out, and afore I node it I had absolutely grown humped back, busted my shirtcollar all to slivers, and split my bess trowsers, in tryin to makeout de crooked names; so I fell back and called for pork and beans, but not a pork had dey—dey dident noe him—so radder dan not starbe to deff, I jis pinted to de fust ting on each page ob de list and I got a fust rate dinner; tru it was cooked up so I coodent tell wedder I was a eatin frogs, rats or chickens, but I tort "notin wentured notin got," and went in.

When I was full I feel better toward mankind in general, and French cooks in particular. De bustin ob my shirt

collar and its radder siled condition rendered it hiely consniptious dat I shood hab a new one afore I went to see Lewis Napoleon, to whom I had letters ob deduction; I seed shirts in de shop winder, so I boged in and I pantomimicked to de feller (who seemed to be strung on wires) behind de counter, dat I wanted de shirt. He looked as wild as a hungry hauk at me; he dident noe wat I ment, and here I made the orful discubery dat insted ob my wearin a shirt all my life, I hab bin wearin a shimmeese. At home you noe only de far sex indulge in tings ob dat name, but in Paris ebbery man and woman wars de shimmeese, but de he-shimmeese am made jis de same as ober dar, and so am de she-meseese. Arter I bied de shimmeese I ax for a hotel, and I was 'sprised to find dat ebberybody's house was a hotel, so it was easy findin one. Thither I went and kinder slicked up a little to go and see Napoleon Lewis. At fust I was kinder fritend at de soger mans dat swarm de treets, and den arter I got ober dat, I had to laff at deir trowsers. Dey'm fust rate pants to steel apples in, I tell you; dey'm big nuff round de seat and legs to hold a bushel ob taters, and so tite at de bottom dat nofin kin fall out; a feller mite carry nuff provishions to last him a week in 'em and noboddy wood noe it. Dese fellers in dese trowsers am all ober Paris, as tick as crows 'pon a ded hoss, and 'bout as bizzy. As soon as I spit on my boots and rubbed dem off wid my toof-brush (dat's a handy practice in trablin), I call'd a cab and dribed rite off fru de Bull Yards to de "Hotel de Fooleries," whar de Emprior am libin in klober wid he young bride—de women am all arter Lewis—eben Queau Wictoria, de bold ting am 'bout presentin him wid her garter, so he kin judge ob de size ob her leg. Dis from de mudder ob sich a brood ob Alberts am hiely senuary. My pisle hab got so long I muss cut it off here,

dy, ebery ting was so Frenchy. De fust ting dey did was to excruciate me fully to see if my face compared wid my passpot. De sogers eyed me from hed to foot, and dey all bowed as ef dey had a double-barrelled hinge in de middle ob dere backs, and luff me pass on. I tink from de fuss dey made wid me, dat dey must hab taken me for Fustin Trowsers de One, Emprior ob Hitietite. De fust ting I did arter gitten fru de Custom House(I don't like de customs ob dat house, no how), was to find my way to a eatin house. As soon as I sat down a waiter come to me wid all de grace ob a grasshopper stepin ober a newly plowd field—den my trubble wid de tongue begin. De waiter understand jis nuff English to put him to sleep, so sez I, "Hab you eny soups?" "We we!' sez he; "ze soup am ze potash." "No! no!" sez I, "not potash soup, some odder kind; wat you got?" He handed me de programe ob de wittels, and dar I found out dat soup means potage. Dey had all kinds ob em—dar was "Potage de Tartar," made frum de juice ob tar barrels, I spose; and dar was "Potage de Nigre," made out ob boiled niggers, I speck; so I turned from de page ob soups, arter lookin in wain for clam soup, in disgust to de more solid, and I begin to spell 'em out, and afore I node it I had absolutely grown humped back, busted my shirtcollar all to slivers, and split my bess trowsers, in tryin to makeout de crooked names; so I fell back and called for pork and beans, but not a pork had dey—dey dident noe him—so radder dan not starbe to deff, I jis pinted to de fust ting on each page ob de list and I got a fust rate dinner; tru it was cooked up so I coodent tell wedder I was a eatin frogs, rats or chickens, but I tort "notin wentured notin got," and went in.

When I was full I feel better toward mankind in général, and French cooks in particular. De bustin ob my shirt

collar and its radder siled condition rendered it hiely consiptious dat I shood hab a new one afore I went to see Lewis Napoleon, to whom I had letters ob deduction; I seed shirts in de shop winder, so I boged in and I pantomimicked to de feller (who seemed to be strung on wires) behind de counter, dat I wanted de shirt. He looked as wild as a hungry hauk at me; he dident noe wat I ment, and here I made the orful discubery dat insted ob my wearin a shirt all my life, I hab bin wearin a shimmeese. At home you noe only de far sex indulge in tings ob dat name, but in Paris ebbery man and woman wars de shimmeese, but de he-shimmeese am made jis de same as ober dar, and so am de she-meseese. Arter I bied de shimmeese I ax for a hotel, and I was 'sprised to find dat ebberybody's house was a hotel, so it was easy findin one. Thither I went and kinder slicked up a little to go and see Napoleon Lewis. At fust I was kinder fritend at de soger mans dat swarm de treets, and den arter I got ober dat, I had to laff at deir trowsers. Dey'm fust rate pants to steel apples in, I tell you; dey'm big nuff round de seat and legs to hold a bushel ob taters, and so tite at de bottom dat nofin kin fall out; a feller mite carry nuff provishions to last him a week in 'em and noboddy wood noe it. Dese fellers in dese trowsers am all ober Paris, as tick as crows 'pon a ded hoss, and 'bout as bizzy. As soon as I spit on my boots and rubbed dem off wid my toof-brush (dat's a handy practice in trablin), I call'd a cab and dribed rite off fru de Bull Yards to de "Hotel de Fooleries," whar de Emprior am libin in klober wid he young bride—de women am all arter Lewis—eben Queau Wictoria, de bold ting am 'bout presentin him wid her garter, so he kin judge ob de size ob her leg. Dis from de mudder ob sich a brood ob Alberts am hiely senuary. My pisle hab got so long I muss cut it off here,

as de doctor sed 'bout de sore leg—and stop. My entertainment wid de Emprior and odder tings I must lebe to some prebious 'caison to you about in de Picayune.

Don't forgit de sasser, and belebe me as much French as posable.

JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL.

THE END.

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